ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1917

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1917

BOOKS BY MR. BRAITHWAITE

VERSE

The Five Wisdoms of Grainne, A Book of Poems. (In preparation.)

The House of Falling Leaves, 1908

Lyrics of Life and Love, 1904

PROSE

Going Over Tindel, A Novel. (In preparation.)

The Poetic Year for 1916, A Critical Anthology, 1917

ANTHOLOGIES

The Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse, 1913–1917. (In preparation.)

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1917 and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916 and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915 and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Yearbook of American Poetry

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1913 and Yearbook of American Poetry

The Book of Restoration Verse, 1909 (Brentano's)

The Book of Georgian Verse, 1908 (Brentano's)

The Book of Elizabethan Verse, 1906

ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1917

AND YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION

All the glamour about our present Renaissance of poetry carries with it a palpable danger: the danger of disintegrating criticism. My belief is that the year 1916 may be the pivot upon which the art of poetry in America will advance or recede. Poets are born — but fine poetry is encouraged by public patronage and appreciation. Neither patronage nor appreciation is to be had from the public, if criticism poisons the art at its root. The tradition of criticism is nearly always the attempt to do this: Francis Jeffrey stands as the typical example of the destructive critic, who gave us no insight into his personal knowledge of life, and now, nobody reads him except out of curiosity; Charles Lamb is a typical example of the creative critic, who seeks in his author a contact with life: he is not erudite but human, he measures rather than judges, and so we never cease to delight in his wisdom. With these examples, the right aims of criticism ought to appear quite positive. Contrary to popular belief — and the theory of literary individuals — criticism is not a judgment of literary styles and materials, but an interpretation of life through the creative use of language and expression. Not the form, but the substance is the main thing.

Life is supplemented by expression. Facts are never visualised except through spiritual recognition. Form — conventional or free — with literary or colloquial diction, is nothing but a chaos of words unless the theme or subject to which it gives being has glowed to the "Let there be light" of the imaginative emotion.

The year 1916 witnessed the development of the present growth in American poetry to the point where a critical reaction will be fatal to its further progress. This renascence, now firmly accepted by everybody as a definite movement in American life and literature, was fully a decade coming to maturity. It grew upon the fostering appreciation of the few who created a hearing for the art; that hearing established an audience, and the audience quickened the creative impulse of the poets. The Renaissance became a fact. The corollary to all this has been the evidence recently of an impulse to criticism which has taken hold of the poets themselves.

The last decade, while poetry was developing, criticism as a function of appraisal did not exist. There was, of course, a body of critical writing in America, but when it concerned itself with poetry, it dealt mainly with the past. This critical writing, which could praise Keats and Shelley, Poe and Emerson, would have hesitated to commend comparable poetic virtues in Hovey and Moody, even if a self-reliant study of contemporaneous values had been bold enough to hazard opinions. What Arthur Symons was doing in England nobody dared to do in America. Joel E. Spingarn gave comforting assurance ten years

ago, in promulgating the ideal of creative criticism, that America need not lack an accomplishment in disengaging contemporary literary values. It was Europe, and not America, that recognised Dr. Spingarn's humane scholarship. America chose to go barren of interpretative writing, dealing with contemporary literature.

Now, as I have said, there is an incipient critical utterance, mainly the work of a few, and led by poets who have until very recently been out of touch with the current of contemporary American art, and it gives warning of being destructive. It is for the good of the art of poetry that it intends to be destructive — so it claims. It is dogmatic, as all such criticism is. It denies taste to those who differ in opinion from itself, forgetting the proverb *de gustibus non est disputandum.* It clings to the tradition that artistic standards must be imported, and in applying those standards compares American poetry to a disadvantage with English and European poetry, forgetting that in all essentials of life, experience and culture, America is fundamentally and superficially different from Europe; and it has never yet in all the examples I have read of this criticism, understood the vital matter of substance and spiritual qualities, or given one-tenth of the attention to ideas and emotion that it has to questions of style and form, and to the discussion of rules and tradition.

The influence of this kind of criticism can do more harm to American poetry at present than any other influence whatever. The harm it does is by misrepresenting the art. If the public heeds

such criticism, audiences will diminish, and the consequent discouragement of the poets themselves will produce a decline in creativeness. It must be realised that no poet of to-day works and starves in obscurity till chance or influence brings a patron to reward him with fame and a competence, as was true in the past; fame and fortune for the modern poet are the gifts of public recognition and appreciation, and if these do not come before youth advances to that vague borderland where it is lost, the modern poet gives the best of himself to other things. That poets have made money during the past few years is no proof that poetry to-day is less an art than a profession, but under the dispensation of modern democracy it *does* prove that poetry must make good business to flourish as an art.

I will not admit that there is any such thing as a *new* poetry; there are *new* aspects and meanings to life; and poetry, eternal as the primary instincts of man, finds new symbols, images, and personalisations to express and interpret them; and so with the old formulæ of poetic forms and diction, old formulæ of criticism become inadequate by which to judge the new embodiments of poetic art. The fundamentals of criticism may be in Aristotle as the fundamentals of poetry are in the folk chants of antiquity and the communal chant of primitive peoples in the world to-day; but Professor Saintsbury has shown that centuries of practice have made the function of criticism a subtle evaluation of life in dealing with the direct evidence of creative literature; so poetry has advanced from the oral communal chant to a highly

developed organism in which formal diction and forms of fixed patterns are more or less standardised. Art is the evidence of spiritual forces in man's nature working through experience, reflective and active, and criticism is a luminous annotation of this evidence, defining through interpretation the degree of intensity in which the evidence presents the artist's attempt to realise truth and beauty.

Criticism has always lagged behind creation; which is natural, since it must first have a body of evidence upon which to work. When it does catch up it begins to pound with the guns of orthodoxy; it brings precedent and tradition as tests, and not finding the progressive era of new art adhering to the fundamentals of a past period, it fails to understand the impulse and aims of the new conceptions and embodiments. The first urge of incomprehension in art, is to attack the thing that cannot be explained in the common terms of the particular artistic medium; and so this criticism at once begins a destructive career. In orthodox criticism there is more energy than reason, more blind logic than evocative enthusiasm. In this you have again the contrast of Jeffrey and Lamb. The same intellectual temper which applies orthodox criticism to contemporary work will change its method when applied to the art of a past era and will come forward with a creative exposition of literature.

Contemporary painting, music, architecture and the drama have been fortunate in having trained creative critics in America, but poetry has lacked such interpreters. I do not mean to say there

has not been an occasional essay here and there which practised this method. And yet poetry is the one art through which America has nationally influenced European culture,— there will immediately come to the reader's mind the influence of Poe and Whitman in England, France, Italy and Germany — is the one art which during the past decade has brought the American spirit into the international comity of Western culture, though receiving the least critical attention of the interpretative kind. The future of American poetry depends seriously upon the present and future quality of criticism. I have the greatest faith that the quality of that criticism will be creative. A significant editorial recently printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript* on "Our Consumption of Art," suggests the hopeful tendency of American criticism in general, and it cannot be so general without concerning itself with the art of poetry in particular. "Ever and ever," it said, "the course of advance in criticism is away from the exposition merely of the forms and of the technique of the arts and on to the exposition of the emotions and ideas — to the spirit of the artists who determined and created these forms. . . . As this type of criticism increases in America, we shall be nearing the day when its value will tell in America's power to create art, for this critical insight informs its audience what are really the qualities of soul, of mind and of character which sufficed to the production of great art."

In the nineteenth century American poetry was differentiated by locality, though it was only in

New England that a group rose to the dignity and influence of a " school." The tradition of the New England group was English, its artistic culture was a provincial branch of British art. The culture of the northeastern seaboard about used up the nineteenth century in completing the exhausted reign of British ideals over the art in America. In Walt Whitman was the declaration of poetic independence, but it was not until 1900 that his thoroughly American principles were confederated into the spiritual constitution of native poetry. The two most conspicuous figures in American poetry at the end of the last century were Hovey and Moody; Moody reacted to European influences, in style and conception he adhered to the traditions of British culture; Hovey carried on the spiritual and emotional revolt of Whitman, and while refusing to go as far as the latter in the matter of form, yet practised an elasticity in the use of fundamental rhythms which gave him all the prestige of an innovator. He was the first link in the chain of continuity which America was creating in the art of poetry.

To-day American poetry is differentiated by aims, principles, and forms. Physical boundaries, in determining the character of expression, are obliterated. There are, of course, centralised forces, but they are forces of individual power, rather than propinquity of ideals. There are *tendencies* and *schools;* and they are struggling against each other for predominance. This is a state of affairs that has never happened before in the history of American poetry. And it proves two things that are of the utmost importance:

first, that the condition of American poetry is persuasively healthy, and secondly, that a continuity is defining itself underneath the shifts and changes of expression,— showing a rooted poetic impulse in the American people that is going to grow and develop into larger achievements of which the present accomplishments are only the significant and convincing indications.

The present accomplishment, if we take the year 1916–17, has variety in the individual and unity in the group. There are two groups opposed in the matter of form, though in the instance of a few poets we find them utilising two methods of expression, and sometimes producing a hybrid form of rhythm. Some of the work of Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher is of this character, and in each case the practice is a purely literary device rather than a natural and colloquial rendering of spoken sounds. Amy Lowell employs this form, too, and it is an effort to produce scale values in colour and sound, a combination of exact pictorial and emotional effects. Robert Frost may also be said to produce this form; but if you study his blank verse closely, and particularly the idioms of his lyrics, it will be seen that it is not a literary innovation that he achieves but the unconscious tone of colloquial speech in which the *sense* of sound moulds the rhythmic outlines. But this middle ground — on which stand some others that are important though not as notable in actual results as those I have mentioned — is flanked with work that is tenaciously conservative and traditional on the one hand, and work that is radical and revolutionary on the other.

Within both these limits of expression — the formal and free — there is a range of inventiveness that might furnish a thesis for the erudite, *but should be of little concern to the true lover of poetry only where, in either case, the invention fails to communicate adequately and appealingly the substance dealt with.* So much for the matter of form. It becomes a fallacy when you conceive it to be anything else than a kind of function performing through symbols the revelations and evocations *enjoyed* by the individual. After all it is only a medium, and as such must obey laws, but these laws, generally well defined in the abstract, change æsthetically in their manifestations, and the most convincing artist is he who can penetrate the veil of secrecy that surrounds them and force their elements into service.

It is worth noting here the essential differences and resemblances between the American and English poets of to-day. As to form most of the poets in England are working in the main current of English poetry. Certain distinctions they possess, a subtle verbal ease, not common to the conservative American group. This gives them a quality of magic that is delightful — a quality that is mellow, atmospheric, retrospective. This is offset in the work of the Americans by magical glamour, by a fiercer tussle with the issues of life, a vibrant sense of the destinies that envelop the mind and soul of man, and a stronger personal reaction to normal experience. It is a difference of culture, not spirit, that contrasts this English group of conformists from the Americans, but the advantage is certainly not all on the side of cul-

ture. It may produce a ripeness of art that has charm and distinction, but it loses a freshness, a buoyancy, a flexible adaptation of mood and sympathy toward the fermentations of new life. The anarchistic principle must violate culture to propagate a new and vivid content in poetry. Abercrombie, considered by many the greatest of all living English poets to-day, Masefield and Gibson, have done this. Davies, De la Mare, Hodgson, and a few others, traditional in methods, excel by the virtues of their talents. Behind them for the most part is a welter of clean workmanship, illumined here and there with a special quality of one kind or another, which can set no fair claim to be as good or better than our contemporary poets in America.

The spirit of the American conformists is a greater element of poetic strength than the culture of the English conformists. Beauty it regards as desirable, but truth is essential. And it is very largely this motive which has made so intense a response on the part of the American mind to the new art forms. That other group of American poets who practise free verse or *vers libre* have emancipated emotion for the full exercise of the intellect. Here the situation is similar to the situation among the English poets of to-day. The anarchistic principle has not only violated form but made substance yield a new significance. It is to art what the liberal influence has been in latter-day English politics. The particular merit of this group, mostly carried by two or three strong figures, is an intellectual advance over their contemporaries in both England and America. How-

ever is regarded the forms in which they write, they have revived a note of romanticism in American poetry, and given to its expression a stimulus that will impart a tone to invention of whatever pattern, and make it worthy of the intense substance which is the fibre and texture of our national existence.

The thing criticism should remember when it considers American poetry to-day is, that it must be studied as *American poetry.* It is already a little too old to be regarded as an experiment, and it is yet too young to render a judgment as to its ephemeral or permanent character. But it is worthy of the highest appreciation and the most sympathetic interpretation, because it has seized upon and embodied aspects of character and life hitherto unrealised in rhythmic expression, and registered them upon the spirit of the nation.

The examination of the year in the field of magazine verse has brought forth the richest harvest, presented in this volume, of my experience in this work. The reader should remember, in reading the selections in this "Anthology" that they are chosen from the poems printed in the magazines; and while there is a certain restriction in this appraisal of American poetry, the field is fairly and practically representative. Fifty per cent. of the poetry published in book form of the better quality, is now printed in the magazines, and this fifty per cent. represents the best work of the poets. Not only are the general magazines printing a larger quantity, but are insistent that what they print is the best; and added to the general maga-

zines are some eight or ten periodicals specializing in the art of poetry, making every effort to secure and publish the best work that is being written. It can very readily be seen that if no books at all were published, the magazines would be a sure and practical basis for a study of the production of present-day American verse. I do not mean to say that there is not work, and of the highest, originally published in book-form, but this does not minimize the adequate quantity of first-class work appearing in the magazines and representative of the yearly accomplishment of American poets.

Such poems as the following, included in this volume, will confirm, I think, for any impartial reader, this statement: "Earth" and "The Unknown Beloved" by John Hall Wheelock, "The Most-Sacred Mountain" and "To My Friend Grown Famous," by Eunice Tietjens, "The Wave," by Louis Untermeyer, "Guns as Keys: And the Great Gate Swings" and "A Bather," by Amy Lowell, "The Interpreter" and "Old Youth," by Orrick Johns, "Boyhood Friends" and "The Loom," by Edgar Lee Masters, "Artemis on Latmos," by Amelia Josephine Burr, "The Bunty Shoe," by James E. Richardson, "The Headland," by Arthur Davison Ficke, "Immortal Love," by George Edward Woodberry, "Eye-Witness," by Ridgely Terrence, "The Child of God," by Louise Driscoll, "These United States," by Benjamin R. C. Low, "An Ode of Dedication," by Hermann Hagedorn, "The Bonfire," by Robert Frost, "Memories of Whitman and Lincoln," and "The Song of the Uprising," by James Oppen-

heim, " War," by Eloise Robinson, " The Sons of Motaneira," by John Erskine, " Children of the Sun," by Wallace Gould, " The Secret," by Frederick Faust, " The Winter Scene," by Bliss Carman, " Songs Out of Sorrow," by Sara Teasdale, " Meanwhile," by Edwin Ford Piper, " Variations," by Conrad Aiken, " Summer" and " Autumn," by William Aspenwall Bradley, " Carl Tombs" and " Adelaide Crapsey," by Carl Sandburg, " Flying-Fish," by Charles Wharton Stork, and " The Seventh Vial," by Willard Wattles.

Of the books of the year, I think I can say with even greater assurance than last year that, " The excitement of finding first-rate poetry produced by American poets in our day has, perhaps, somewhat subsided with the public; and they are taking their gifts more soberly and solidly." The fear which I have often heard expressed during this past year of a declining public interest in poetry, is not, I think, true. We have hardly more than established a native art in the past few years, and like all establishments it was attended with excitement; but the era is just getting settled into its stride, and while there will be little excitement of surprise and self-satisfaction over the possession of a national art in the next few years to come, there will continue to be a wide, deep, and compensatory appreciation of American poets and poetry.

If there is any sign of this to be detected in " poetry " magazines, the augury is a comforting and convincing one. For " poetry " magazines come and go, like any other medium of periodical literature. Three new publications were wel-

comed to the field during the past year, *The Sonnet*, edited by Mahlon Leonard Fisher, *The Madrigal, A Magazine of Love Lyrics*, edited by Gustav Davidson, and *The Lyric*, edited by Samuel Roth. One magazine, *The Poetry Review*, was the "late lamented" of 1917. Miss Monroe's *Poetry*, in October reached its fifth birthday. With many of Miss Monroe's aims and accomplishments I have not been in sympathy, but that has been wholly apart from my admiration and appreciation of the miracle she has performed in making it possible to establish and edit a poetry magazine on the same practical and efficient basis as the general run of magazines. In spite of any criticism we may have to make of her judgment and sympathies (and who is it not open to criticism? it is a thing to be taken with grace even when not given in the grace) we cannot afford to have her magazine cease publication, and I most heartily hope she will succeed in her efforts to keep *Poetry* going for another period of five years,— and five times five years, if she has the strength — for everybody's sake. Her magazine has been one of service.

The volumes of poetry for the year have produced a richer contribution, taken all in all, than in 1916. Mr. Robinson's *Merlin*, Mr. Masters' *The Great Valley*, Mr. Untermeyer's *These Times*, Mr. Oppenheim's *Book of Self*, Mr. Bynner's *Grenstone Poems*, Mrs. Coates' *Collected Poems*. Mr. Hodgson's *Poems*, James Elroy's Flecker's *Collected Poems*, W. W. Gibson's *Collected Poems*, Mr. Erskine's *The Shadowed Hour*, Miss Teasdale's *Love Songs*, Miss Brown's *Road to Castaly*, and Mr. Ficke's *An April Elegy*,

are volumes which every one interested in poetry should possess. The year has been extremely rich in first volumes by poets. Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley, widely known for his brilliant prose-writings, has published two volumes of poems, one of which has all the elements for becoming one of the most popular books this autumn and winter. It is his racy collection of tales of the Cumberland mountain folk, *Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse.* His other book, *Garlands and Wayfarings*, has rare distinction of feeling and workmanship. Among the authors who have published their first collections this year, Mrs. Tietjens' *Profiles from China*, one of the very finest achievements of the year, Miss Cleghorn's *Portraits and Protests*, a long-desired gift from this able woman, Mr. Johns' *Asphalt and Other Poems*, a collection with magic touches, Miss Giltinan's *The Divine Image*, *A Book of Lyrics*, a rare expression of mystical vision, Mr. O'Neil's *A Cabinet of Jade*, lovely intuitional fragments of experience, Mr. O'Brien's *White Fountains: Odes and Lyrics*, symbolical strains of over-life, Mr. Shepard's *A Lonely Flute*, lyric whisperings of nature to the eternal, Mr. Johnson's *Fifty Years and Other Poems*, one of the lesser touched strings on the harp of life breaking into sound, and Mr. Middleton's *Streets and Faces*, touching common realities into flowers of understanding and affection.

The nation is at war. For nearly two years and a half we were spectators of, and now we are participants in, the European conflict. It is no

longer a European conflict, the battleground of the Great War is in the soul of Man. It was shifted there definitely by President Wilson when he declared before the whole world the principle for which the war must be fought to a victorious end for America and her Allies. *The world must be made safe for democracy!* The combat is not only being waged with guns; it is being waged with music and words of the spirit, with the dream-haunted laborers of words, building an edifice of ideals for human brotherhood. Economic oppression, social corruptions, racial hatreds, religious intolerances, are in the last defensive trenches against the attacks of Truth advancing behind the barrage of Beauty. Armies of the soldiers of the flesh, destroying with the terrible machinery of steel, and chemical agencies, shall pass: and armies of soldiers of the spirit, will go forward with the symbols of dreams and vision building in Beauty the spirit of man's life.

In these pages is the Collect for the times.

W. S. B.

The Feast of St. Rose of Lima, 1917
Cambridge, Massachusetts

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To the American poets, to the editors and proprietors of the magazines from whose pages are selected the poems included in the "Anthology," and to the publishers, for granting permissions to use poems which have already, or shortly are, to be included in volumes by the respective poets, I wish to offer my hearty thanks for their courteous and willing cooperation in this volume.

I wish also to thank The Boston Transcript Co., for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*, and to Dodd, Mead and Co., for material in an article contributed to *The Bookman* of which they are the proprietors.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using selections which were copyrighted by them, since appearing in the magazines, and before the publication of this "Anthology":

The Macmillan Co.: "Songs Out of Sorrow," in *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale; "The Broncho Who Would not be Broken of Dancing," in *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay.

Houghton Mifflin Co.: "A Nun," in *A Lonely Flute*, by Odell Shepard.

Henry Holt and Co.: "The Wave," in *These*

Times, by Louis Untermeyer; "The River," in *Portraits and Protests*, by Sarah N. Cleghorn; and "The Old Kings," in *The Factories and Other Poems* (new edition), by Margaret Widdemer.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Storm Music," in *The Red Flower*, by Henry van Dyke.

George H. Doran Co.: "A Blue Valentine," in *Main Street and Other Poems*, by Joyce Kilmer; "To the Maker of Song," by Hermann Hagedorn; "Fall In," by Amelia Josephine Burr; and "April 2nd," by Theodosia Garrison, and in *Fifes and Drums*.

Small, Maynard and Co.: "The Shepherd Boy," in *White Fountains: Odes and Lyrics*, by Edward J. O'Brien.

Alfred A. Knopf: "The Interpreter," "Old Youth" and "Dilemna," in *Asphalt and Other Poems*, by Orrick Johns.

John Lane Co.: "Goodbye," in *Celtic Memories*, by Norreys Jephson O'Conor.

Frederick A. Stokes Co.: "Grenstone" and "The Golden Heart," in *Grenstone Poems*, by Witter Bynner.

Ralph Fletcher Seymour: "New China: The Iron Works" and "The Most Sacred Mountain," in *Profiles from China, Sketches in Verse of People and Things Seen in the Interior*, by Eunice Tietjens.

The Lyric Publishing Co: "The Sons of Metaneira," in *The Shadowed Hour*, by John Erskine.

Thomas Bird Mosher: "Sancta Ursula (After Carpaccio)," "Summer" and "Autumn," in *Garlands and Wayfarings*, by William Aspenwall Bradley.

The Yale University Press: "The Asylum," in *The Burglar of the Zodiac*, by William Rose Benét.

The Cornhill Co.: "To the Mantled," in *The Heart of a Woman and Other Poems*, by Georgia Douglas Johnson; and "The Coward," in *The Divine Image, A Book of Lyrics*, by Caroline Giltinan; "Wistfulness" in *Light and Mist, A Book of Lyrics*, by Katharine Adams.

The Midand Press: "Annie," "The Boy on the Prairie" and "Meanwhile," in *Barbed Wire and Other Poems, Including The Neighborhood Series*, by Edwin Ford Piper.

The Four Seas Co.: "A Picture," in *One Who Dreamed, Songs and Lyrics*, by Arthur Crew Inman; "Sahara" and "Seasons," in *In the Red Years*, by Gerve Baronti.

The Woodberry Society: "Immortal Love," in *Ideal Passion, Sonnets*, by George Edward Woodberry.

Laurence J. Gomme: "The Smithy of God, A Chant," by Clement Wood in *Newark Anniversary Poems.*

Dodd, Mead and Co.: "Fatherland," by Olive Tilford Dargan, in *The Masque of Poets*, edited by Edward J. O'Brien.

"Age Invading" and "Ambition," in *The Child-Garden*, by Aline Kilmer.

TO THE MAKERS OF SONG!

Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again!
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.

Long was the winter, long our lips were dumb,
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.
Surely the time for making songs has come
Now that the Spring is in the air again!

The Spring! — with bugles and a rumbling drum!
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,
Now is the hour with singing to make vain
The boast of kings in Pandemonium!

Surely the time for making songs has come!

The Vigilantes — *Hermann Hagedorn*

EARTH

Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the deep and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express
In mind her hidden loveliness,

And from her cool silence stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream:
For the earth that breeds the trees
Breeds cities too, and symphonies,
Equally her beauty flows
Into a savior, or a rose —
Looks down in dream, and from above
Smiles at herself in Jesus' love.
Christ's love and Homer's art
Are but the workings of her heart;
Through Leonardo's hand she seeks
Herself, and through Beethoven speaks
In holy thunderings around
The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mould
Does in herself all selves enfold —
Kingdoms, destinies, and creeds,
Great dreams and dauntless deeds,
Science that metes the firmament,
The high, inflexible intent
Of one for many sacrificed —
Plato's brain, the heart of Christ:
All love, all legend, and all lore
Are in the dust forevermore.

Even as the growing grass
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.
Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily, or the rose;
And all man is, or yet may be,
Is but herself in agony
Toiling up the steep ascent
Towards the complete accomplishment

When all dust shall be, the whole
Universe, one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet and cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,
Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground —
How without terror or demur
We may entrust ourselves to her
When we are wearied out, and lay
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love,
All wisdom she, all thoughts that move
About her everlasting breast
Till she gathers them to rest:
All tenderness of all the ages,
Seraphic secrets of the sages,
Vision and hope of all the seers,
All prayer, all anguish, and all tears
Are but the dust, that from her dream
Awakes, and knows herself supreme —
Are but earth when she reveals
All that her secret heart conceals
Down in the dark and silent loam,
Which is ourselves asleep, at home.

Yea, and this my poem, too,
Is part of her as dust and dew,
Wherein herself she doth declare
Through my lips, and say her prayer.

OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day
  Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
  So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long
  Except upon his knees.
Yet this was but a simple bird,
  Alone, among dead trees.

The Bellman — *William Alexander Percy*

HIGHWAYS

Who's learned the lure of trodden ways
  And walked them up and down,
May love a steeple in a mist,
  But cannot love a town.

Who's worn a bit of purple once
  Can never, never lie
All smothered in a little box
  When stars are in the sky.

Who's sipped old port in Venice glass
  May thirst for better brew —
He's drunk an amber wine of sun
  And wet his mouth with dew!

Who's ground the grist of trodden ways —
  The gray dust and the brown —
May love red tiling two miles off —
  But cannot love a town.

The Masses — *Leslie Nelson Jennings*

THE LAND

I

I think it is not hard to love with ease
A little land, for there a man may go
From southern dawn to northern eve, and so
Compass within a day-time heart the seas
White on a sun-drenched cliff, and after these,
A river shining, and a purple hill,
And lights that star the dusk, where valleys fill
An evening with the tenderness of trees.
But only a great lover loves the great
Dim beauty of a lonely land, and seeks
Ever to keep renewed an hundred dreams,
Of plains that brood by wide unwearying streams;
Of how archangels hold red sunset peaks,
Winged with a flaming splendor desolate.

II

And I have known a man, who back from wandering,
Come when September rippled in the grain,
Fall straight upon his knees to find the pondering,
Grave twilight of his country once again;
And see the earth, and watch the sentinel corn
March as an army marches from the sight,
To where, below, the valley mist was torn,
Showing a river pendent in the night;
And black encircling hills that held the damp,
Sweet frost of autumn moonlight on their rim —
Until his heart was like a swaying lamp;
Until the memory came again on him,
Of brook and field; of secret wood; the yearning
Smell of dead leaves; an upland road returning.

III

Be not afraid, O Dead, be not afraid,
We have not lost the dreams that once were flung
Like pennons to the world; we yet are stung
With all the starry prophecies that made
You, in the gray dawn watchful, half afraid
Of visions. Never a night that all men sleep unstirred;
Never a sunset but the west is blurred
With banners marching and a sign displayed.
Be not afraid, O Dead, lest we forget
A single hour your living glorified;
Come but a drum-beat and the sleepers fret
To walk again the places where you died:
Broad is the land, our loves are broadly spread,
But now, even more widely scattered lie our dead.

IV

O Lord of splendid nations, let us dream
Not of a place of barter, nor "the State,"
But dream as lovers dream, for it is late,
Of some small place beloved; perhaps a stream
Running beside a house set round with flowers,
Or perhaps a garden wet with hurrying showers,
Where bees are thick about a leaf-hid gate;
For such as this men die, nor hesitate.
The old gray cities, gossipy and wise,
The candid valleys, like a woman's brow,
The mountains treading mightily to the skies,
Turn dreams to visions; there's a vision now
Of hills panoplied, fields of waving spears,
And a great campus shaken with flags and tears.

Scribner's Magazine *Maxwell Struthers Burt*

THE MOST-SACRED MOUNTAIN

Space, and the twelve clean winds of heaven,
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the slow six thousand steps of climbing!
This is Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.

Below my feet the foot-hills nestle, brown with flecks of green; and lower down the flat brown plain, the floor of earth, stretches away to blue infinity.
Beside me in this airy space the temple roofs cut their slow curves against the sky,
And one black bird circles above the void.

Space, and the twelve clean winds are here;
And with them broods eternity — a swift, white peace, a presence manifest.
The rhythm ceases here. Time has no place. This is the end that has no end.

Here, when Confucius came, a half a thousand years before the Nazarene, he stepped, with me, thus into timelessness.
The stone beside us waxes old, the carven stone that says: "On this spot once Confucius stood and felt the smallness of the world below."
The stone grows old:
Eternity is not for stones.

But I shall go down from this airy space, this swift white peace, this stinging exultation.
And time will close about me, and my soul stir to the rhythm of the daily round.
Yet, having known, life will not press so close, and always I shall feel time ravel thin about me;

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For once I stood
In the white windy presence of eternity.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Eunice Tietjens*

IN OUR YARD

Moses, Moses, seeing God
In a bush that burned,
Moses, Moses, hearing God
Advising, unconcerned,

I believe you, for myself
Saw him plain and heard —
Others saw a myrtle bush
That held a mocking-bird.

The Bellman — *William Alexander Percy*

THIS TATTERED CATECHISM

This tattered catechism weaves a spell,
Invoking from the Long Ago a child
Who deemed her fledgling soul so sin-defiled
She practised with a candle-flame at hell,
Burning small fingers that would still rebel
And flinch from fire. Forsooth not all beguiled
By hymn and sermon, when her mother smiled
That smile was fashioning an infidel.
"If I'm in hell," the baby logic ran,
"Mother will hear me cry and come for me.
If God says no — I don't believe He can
Say no to Mother." Then at that dear knee
She knelt demure, a little Puritan
Whose faith in love had wrecked theology.

The Sonnet — *Katharine Lee Bates*

TO A NEO-PAGAN

Your praise of Nero leaves me cold:
Poems of porphyry and of gold,
Palatial poems, chill my heart.
I gaze — I wonder — I depart.
Not to Byzantium would I roam
In quest of beauty, nor Babylon;
Nor do I seek Sahara's sun
To blind me to the hills of home.
Here am I native; here the skies
Burn not, the sea I know is gray;
Wanly the winter sunset dies.
Wanly comes day.
Yet on these hills and near this sea
Beauty has lifted eyes to me,
Unlustful eyes, clear eyes and kind;
While a clear voice chanted —
" They who find
" Me not beside their doorsteps, know
" Me never, know me never, though
" Seeking, seeking me, high and low,
" Forth on the far four winds they go! "

Therefore your basalt, jade, and gems,
Your Saracenic silver, your
Nilotic gods, your diadems
To bind the brows of Queens, impure,
Perfidious, passionate, perfumed — these
Your petted, pagan stage-properties,
Seem but as toys of trifling worth.
For I have marked the naked earth
Beside my doorstep yield to the print
Of a long light foot, and flash with a glint
Of crocus-gold —
Crocus-gold!

Crocus-gold no mill may mint
Save the Mill of God —
The Mill of God!
The Mill of God with His angels in't!

The Yale Review *Lee Wilson Dodd*

DILEMMA

What though the moon should come
With a blinding glow,
And the stars have a game
On the wood's edge. . . .
A man would have to still
Cut and weed and sow,
And lay a white line
When he plants a hedge.

What though God
With a great sound of rain
Came to talk of violets
And things people do. . . .
I would have to labor
And dig with my brain
Still to get a truth
Out of all words new.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Orrick Johns*

A DUNE SONNET

I was so lonely on the dunes to-day;
The shadow of a bird passed o'er the sand,
And I, a driftwood relic in my hand . . .
Sea winds are not more lonely when they stray

A little fitful and bewildered way
  In this wan acre, whose dry billows stand
  So pitilessly still of curve, so bland,
And wide, and waiting, infinitely grey.

In hollows I could almost hear them say,
The misty breezes — Run, we will not stay
  In this unreal and spiritual land!
  Our soul of life is calling from the strand,
Whose blue and breathing bosom leapt, or lay,
Or laughed to us in shots of silver spray!

The Masses *Max Eastman*

A PICTURE

Long surges of the summer sea
  Merge in the mists of beyond;
And swaying seagulls lazily drift
  And cry to cry respond.

Long stretches of the spray-flung coast
  Whiten the grayish sea
And moan to softly-tinted woods
  In solemn lethargy.

Long spaces of the cloud-hung sky
  Float in the azure deep —
And creep away in crowded heaps,
  Lulled in eternal sleep.

Arthur Crew Inman
The Poetry Review of America

THE TREE

O fair and forest tree
Where shall your great hands be,
In depths of shadows black
Or test in air?

And shall you hold the stain
Of sunlight or of rain
When I walk down the wood
And find you there?

And shall the moonlight soft
O'er swathe thee from aloft,
Like any faithful saint
To reverence wed?

Or shall the thunder crash,
And wave its burning lash,
Leaving a hundred monarchs
Stricken and dead?

The Boston Transcript *Harold Bullard*

FATHERLAND

Come fingered as a friend, O Death!
Unfrock me, flesh and bone.
These frills of smile and moan,
These laces, traces, all unpin!
These veins that net me in,
This ever lassoing breath,
Remove from me,
If here is aught to free!

To know these hills, nor wait for feet!
O, Earth, to be thy child at last!
Thy roads all mine, and no white gate
Inevitably fast.

To enter where thy banquets are
When storms are called to feast;
And find thy hidden pantry stair
When Spring with thee would guest;

Into thine attic windows step
From humbled Himalays,
And round thy starry cornice creep
Waylaying deities!

Though for my hand
Space hold out spheres like roses, and
Like country lanes her orbits blow,
My Earth, I know,
If thou be green, and blossom still,
That I must downward go;
Leave stars to keep
House as they will;
The winds to walk or turn and sleep,
Seas to spare or kill;
Behind my back shall sunsets burn
Bereft of my concern;
Each wonder past
Shall feed my haste,
Till I have paused as now
Beneath a bending orchard bough, —
An April apple bough
Where southern waters creep.

The Bookman *Olive Tilford Dargan*

THE WAVE

There was the sea again! The laughing sea,
Breathing its fresh and salty invitation;
Clapping its great, green hands and calling me
To pit my strength against its energy

And match its vigor with my own elation.
Impatiently it drummed upon the shore
And, having yearned for it a year or more,
I whipped the clothing from my eager body;
Flinging aside my threadbare thoughts, the shoddy
Fears and lethargic fancies of a day
Heavy with subterfuge and the decay
Of sophistries that only cheat themselves.
I heard the tide come racing down the sands,
Pounding a summons on the rocky shelves;
A savage welcome in its vehement roar.
I sprang out on the beach and slammed the door
As though to keep the humid world shut in.
I felt the salt winds sniffing at my skin,
The white-caps beckoning me with gay commands;
And, pulled along by unseen, rescuing hands,
I sprang into the water, once more free. . . .
Something had snapped the harsh, invisible bands —
It was the sea again, the laughing sea!

Out past the life-lines where the sea grew calm
  I floated, dreaming, on a watery breast,
  Of wonder with its secret unexpressed,
And beauty singing its unwritten psalm . . .
    Its healing bathed me with the balm
      Of rest.

I dreamed — and then, shocked from my languid
    mood,
  I heard new rumblings threaten and increase.
  This deadening quiet was a false release;
The clouds became an evil, black-winged brood . . .
    I must escape this torpitude
      Of peace.

      I struck out swiftly toward the land,
        Hand over hand;

Scooping at wastes of sea that flowed
Out of my reach,
Missing the silver line that showed
The beach.
I turned face-downward as I tried
A shorter stroke;
The breakers flung me on my side
And broke
Over me while the spume was churned . . .
The tide had turned!

Desperate now, I threshed my arms about
In a sharp trudgeon till a burning pain
Ran through my ankles that kept plunging out.
Harder I kicked, and slower; but in vain —
The tide kept pulling, and I made no gain.
The beach was empty and my smothered shout
Fell on the thunders with no greater stir
Than leaves on warring waters. And the rain
Came with a mocking gentleness, a purr
Of protest at my struggles. Doubly dear
Though life was then, the fervor of it passed;
The leaping radiance ebbed, and even fear
No longer struck with its insistent spur.
This frantic burst of power could not last.
I felt my body slipping — slipping — and
A giant roller started toward the land,
Sweeping the ocean with it as it came
And seized me with a swift and iron hand.
I floundered in a world of cold, green flame
And drank its icy hatred; heard my name
Under the thunder. I was ground and tossed
In some malignant mill-race; light was lost —
All I could see were hands, dark hands; a score
Of whirling tentacles that lifted, tore

And pulled me down again . . . and down . . . and
down . . .
I thought, is this the way that swimmers drown?

Some one was lifting me; some others bore
My limping body up the reeling shore
And voices coming out of nowhere cried
" That's what a fellow gets for being brave . . ."
" The trouble is, that there's a tricky tide . . ."
" Old man, you had a pretty durn close shave . . ."

And how it happened I can never see.
All I remember is a thundering wave
That came and caught me in security
And, in a breath,
Despairing of a softer remedy,
Forced me through war and death
To rescue me.
Stinging my soft complacence into strife;
Sweeping me out of languor back to life.

The Seven Arts *Louis Untermeyer*

A BATHER

Thick dappled by circles of sunshine and fluttering
shade,
Your bright, naked body advances, blown over by
leaves,
Half-quenched in their various green, just a point of
you showing,
A knee or a thigh, sudden glimpsed, then at once
blotted into
The filmy and flickering forest, to start out again

Triumphant in smooth, supple roundness, edged sharp
as white ivory,
Cool, perfect, with rose rarely tinting your lips and
your breasts,
Swelling out from the green in the opulent curves of
ripe fruit,
And hidden, like fruit, by the swift intermittence of
leaves.
So, clinging to branches and moss, you advance on
the ledges
Of rock which hang over the stream, with the wood-
smells about you,
The pungence of strawberry plants and of gum-oozing
spruces,
While below runs the water impatient, impatient —
to take you,
To splash you, to run down your sides, to sing you of
deepness,
Of pools brown and golden, with brown-and-gold
flags on their borders,
Of blue, lingering skies floating solemnly over your
beauty,
Of undulant waters a-sway in the effort to hold you,
To keep you submerged and quiescent while over you
glories
The summer.

Oread, Dryad, or Naiad, or just
Woman, clad only in youth and in gallant perfection,
Standing up in a great burst of sunshine, you dazzle
my eyes
Like a snow-star, a moon, your effulgence burns up
in a halo,
For you are the chalice which holds all the races of
men.

You slip into the pool and the water folds over your shoulder,
And over the tree-tops the clouds slowly follow your swimming,
And the scent of the woods is sweet on this hot summer morning.

Harper's Magazine — *Amy Lowell*

LITTLE LONESOME SOUL

Through the pure ether
And the heavenly air,
A little wandering Soul
Seeks everywhere its mother.

The little stars will play with thee;
The moon thy pretty boat shall be;
The sun himself thy horse is he.
Angels will guide thee in thy flight
Straight to the gates of golden light.
Why dost thou hide thee in the night?

Through the pure ether
And the heavenly air
A little lonesome Soul
Seeks everywhere its mother.

It trembles at its tiny wings;
It fears the harp the angel brings,
Nor knows the song the angel sings.
It only wants, if it should cry,
To feel its mother's hand close by,
To hear its mother's lullaby.

Through the pure ether
And the heavenly air
A little lonesome Soul
Seeks everywhere its mother.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Frances Shaw*

THE DOLL

THE FATHER

There's something strange about the child to-night.
I scolded her because she had forgotten
To fill the stove. She never said a word,
But stood and smiled, as if she might be dreaming.

THE MOTHER

This morning I went out to buy the dinner.
I didn't like to leave her, so I took her.
Well, she was tired from the time we started.
I had to yank her by the arm and pull her.
We went to see the window-show at Field's.
Oh my! — the dolls! From the first, one held her eye —
A girl, a life-size two-year-old, with a dress
Hand-work all over, and silk socks and slippers.
It couldn't have cost less than fifty dollars.
She looked, and couldn't seem to turn away.
At last she said: "I want to be its mother."
Then it came to me — what the doctor told us —
Her heart was weak, and we must humor her.
I said: "You'll get it for a Christmas present."
Anyhow I've had peaceful hours since then.
She hasn't fussed, nor had a fainting-spell.
That shows she can be all right, if she's a mind to.
But what on earth'll we say to her to-morrow?

THE FATHER

We'll say how Santa Claus got stuck in the snow.

THE MOTHER

Now hark, I hear her humming in her bed!
She always hums, and never sings out words.

The song they may not hear

I shall draw her very close to me,
With my love.
Oh, could anything more beautiful be
Dreamed of?
She is coming. I must wait,
I must wait.

THE MOTHER

It's all because I let her go to school.
I never was a one for education
For children of her age. It gives 'em notions,
And sets 'em looking up too high at things.

The song they may not hear

My sweet child is like a flower's light.
So is She,
Wonderful Our Lady, in the night
Near me.
She will help me sleep and wait,
Sleep and wait.

THE FATHER

I'll just go out and look along the street —
The men have stood all day there peddling toys.
I'll just go out and buy a top for her.

THE MOTHER

Let her be satisfied with goose for dinner,
And a bag of candy from the school-house tree.

The song they may not hear

I shall hold my daughter's finger-tips —
How they shine!
I shall almost dare to touch her lips

With mine.
I must try to sleep and wait,
Sleep and wait.

THE MOTHER

How can we tell her? — that's what's bothering me.
How can we tell her, tell her? — answer that!
Oh, somehow I'm afraid to think of it —
The dark in her eyes I know she'll have to-morrow.
When she comes looking, and it isn't here!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Agnes Lee*

AMBITION

Kenton and Deborah, Michael and Rose.
These are fine children as all the world knows,
But into my arms in my dreams every night
Come Peter and Christopher, Faith and Delight.

Kenton is tropical, Rose is pure white,
Deborah shines like a star in the night,
Michael's round eyes are as blue as the sea
And nothing on earth could be dearer to me.

But where is the baby with Faith can compare?
What is the color of Peterkin's hair?
Who can make Christopher clear to my sight,
Or show me the eyes of my daughter, Delight?

When people inquire I always just state
"I have four nice children and hope to have eight.
Though the first four are pretty and certain to please,
Who knows but the rest will be nicer than these?"

Philadelphia Public Ledger *Aline Kilmer*

"A TRAVELER FROM A DISTANT LAND"

It's a long journey through the stellar spaces,
  And, boy, we're glad it's over and you're here;
  No more alone on that ethereal mere,
But safe abed and watched by friendly faces.
We hope you'll like us and our earthly places.
  You'll find us kindly on the whole, though queer;
  Not ever quite so bad as we appear,
And at our maddest not without our graces.

And here you are to live and help us live.
  Bend close and listen, bird with folded wings.
    Here is life's secret: Keep the upward glance!
Remember Aries is your relative,
  The Moon's your uncle, and those Twinkling Things
    Your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

The Outlook — *Hermann Hagedorn*

THE CHRISTENING

O little one,
I'm holding you, close-cuddled on my arm,—
(What if I should forget the ritual
In merely holding you!)
I am your father: you, my first-born:

And your mother's dead.

O Baby, can I remember anything but that!

'Sh! The droning voice begins,—
(It's kind, though, Baby, and she loved it:) —

" Hath this child already been baptized, or no? "

Why do they ask such silly things of you?
They know the answer.
It's the unanswerable we cry for
You and I:
Reality concerns us.

" For as much as all men are born in sin "—

You weren't, my darling;
Never mind the foolish words:

" I beseech you to call upon God the Father."

Oh, do I not call on Him,
Through long nights and heartsick days!
Who else can help us?

" Grant this child that which by nature he cannot have."

It will be enough, Sweetheart,
If you have half the sweetnesses your mother had.

The voice drones on —

" And be made a living member of the same."

But she is dead!
Why then should you, or I, be living?

Forgive the sudden fierceness, Dear,
'Sh! Don't begin to cry.
He's praying now: —

" So give, now, unto us who ask:

Let us who seek, find:
Open the gate unto us who knock."

O little one, all that's for us!
We ask: we seek: we knock.
And now, keep very still,
While I put all my mind on promising for you.

. . . . . .

"Now I have promised by God's help"—

I have:
But oh, my little one,
Will even that be potent without hers?
Who sponsored me?
Who, thus, for me, so fruitlessly renounced "the desires of the flesh"?

I want her terribly!

And, little son, does any one of them
Know fully what he means, I wonder, when he says,—

"The world, the flesh and the devil"?
Listen again:

"May also be endued with heavenly virtues and everlastingly rewarded"—

You will be, Love, if I can teach you as your mother would.

He wants your sweet name now:
She chose it—
Felix

"And do sign him with the sign of the Cross."

And there I kiss you, Sweet, for her
And for the agony she bore in bearing you.

He's saying now —

"Manfully to fight under his banner
And to continue Christ's faithful soldier."

Is that the rightful language of the Church?

Oh, shame, my baby, shame
To speak those words above your downy head!

Rather let all who pray, beseech that soldiers, banners, fighting all,
Be banished from the earth
Before you come to manhood,
For you and I must knock where she may open,
And she loved Peace.

So, little one,
I'm holding you, close-cuddled on my arm;
He's done now:
Let us go!

Amy Sherman Bridgman
The Poetry Review of America

ANNIE

Maybe nine years, her hair in yellow braids,
Blue eyes that smiled and wondered. Unto her
The prairie had a spirit; its wild dells
Might catch you, lose you; and its pathless slopes
Swung twenty miles, and melting into sky
Curtained a world of marvels.

She had heard
Her father and her mother speak of such.
The pictures, too, in the geography
Entranced her. How conceive Gibraltar Rock,
Straight up a hundred times as high as the house?
The water roared and foamed at Hinton's Dam;
Niagara then — ? And her one fairy book
Read all to pieces, rendered little clue
To the wide prairies and their witchery.

She heard the crane's cry, and the wild goose note,
The grouse make love at dawn ere April came,
The groans of nighthawks, screaming of killdeer,
Twittering of swallows, blackbirds' cheerful call.
The flowers were her good gossips; violets,
The buffalo peas, sheep sorrel, spiderwort;
The milky sheen of poppies, red moss rose
A mellow velvet, spikes of blazing star;
The evening primrose delicately pale;
The Spanish bayonet's spire of drooping bells;
The sensitive plant's red ball o'erspiced with gold;
Voluptuous yellow of the honey cups
The cactus guards; plain-thinking goldenrod.

For playmates a cat, solemnity on four legs,
And a doll for which her needle made awkward seams.
She read and wrote, filled pages with criss-cross,
Knitted on spools, helped mother, hunted eggs;
Learned one by one all the beatitudes,
Abou, A Psalm of Life, and *Lucy Gray;*
Was patient over faults in featherstitch
If mother's mellow voice sang sweet old songs.

Sometimes she changed a timid, helpless word
With little girls at church; or rarer still,

An old-time visit gave for a whole half-day
Some child for comrade.

Of the world beyond
The horizon she had fancies. It was bright,
Strange, and exciting like the stories told
In twilight by her father; never sad,
Nor lonely; full of romance and of dreams.
In the long lingering sunset I have seen
The steady eyes and wistful mouth appeal
One moment to the colors of the heavens
For answer, ere the dimple of her cheek
Was found by her father's lips, or the childish voice
Sang to her doll a formal lullaby.

Edwin Ford Piper
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

THE BOY ON THE PRAIRIE

At thirteen he first saw a railway train
With all the amazing violence of the wheels,
And the coughing engine, and the rebuking bell,
A theme for round-eyed wonder. He could ride
A bucking pony, cut strange toys in wood,
Braid hair or leather into lasso knot,
Dive, swim, throw stones,— lacked mates for bat and ball,—
But with a rifle could behead a quail,
Such lore men taught him.

And he whiled long hours
Of lonely sunshine with his horse and dog;
Their hearty love dilating soft, bright eyes,
Pricking the glossy ears,— their comradeship

In quiverings, poisings of graceful bodies,
Plain, age-old words of the beasts.

He learned to read
The look and life of all that roamed the wild;
Where the first elm seeds showered on April grass,
Why creatures slipped through thicket, or stirless,
hid;
Where coyotes denned, how plover nest on the ground,
Two pear-shaped eggs the color of grass in dust,
Open to sight, so hard to see.

And he knew
The frowns and benedictions of the sky;
Whether piled thunderheads bridged all the blue,
Or horsetails wavered in the path of wind,
Or solid gray led up the long, long rain.
He saw the earth arrayed in all its hours;
The level sun laugh in the morning dew
A-shimmer on each grass-blade while bare feet
Were happy in that coolness; he saw the snow
One dazzle under winter sunlight shoot
A flickering rainbow in rebellious eyes.

Sometimes he read the weekly newspaper;
And winter evenings helped him into books.
On him the Ancient Mariner cast a spell;
The Lady of the Lake answered his horn;
He struck the proudest blow in Chevy Chase,
Linking the while Kit Carson, Daniel Boone,
With Grant and Lincoln as his greatest men.

Edwin Ford Piper
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

THE SHEPHERD BOY

I saw him naked on a hill
Above a world of gold,
And coming by, so still, so still,
The sheep within his fold.

He strode along that golden air,
A rosy-bodied fool,
With wonder-dripping dreams as fair
As starlight in a pool.

He sang of old, forgotten springs
Of worship in the sky,
And longing passionate with wings,
And vision that must die.

His body and his spirit glowed
For joy that they were one,
And from his heart the music flowed
Into the setting sun.

I hurried as the light grew dim,
And left him far behind,
Yet still I heard his joyous hymn
Come faintly down the wind.

Scribner's Magazine *Edward J. O'Brien*

BOYHOOD FRIENDS

Old Adam Warfield had an only son
But many daughters, and the son was turned
His seventeenth year, when cannon split the walls
Of Sumter and awoke the nation's fear;

As when a thief at midnight fits the key
Within the entrance door, and struck with dread
The inmates start from sleep, hearing a creak
And step upon the stair.

The father tilled
A rented field, and Henry, who was the son,
Toiled with him, while the daughters kept the house —
The mother being frail — in harvest time
Binding for holiday the sickled wheat.
One April day when Henry and his sire
Made windrows of the stalks of corn, which fired
Smoked in sweet incense to the soul of spring,
When the frogs chorused and the blackbirds sang,
A horseman passed, shouting the breathless news
That Sumter's fort had fallen. With this word
Young Henry Warfield left his work and ran
Towards the cottage followed by old Adam,
Who begged amid his tears the boy to stay,
Pleading his youth, and that he being old
Needed his help.

But when the mother heard
His resolution and his sisters ran
Leaving their garden work, and threw their arms
About his neck with wailings and with tears
The boy wept too, but changed not his resolve
To seek the war. And ere they knew, he passed
The gate through and with shaded hands they saw
His figure disappear below the hill,
Hastn'ing towards Wendell Shipley's mansion house,
Who was the justice of the township and
Owner of many acres, and of the field
Which Adam Warfield rented.

Wendell's son,
A youth near eighteen, had been sent afar
To master Greek and Latin, since the father
Had lost the chance himself, but having failed
Was disciplined and now at home he idled
The days away, half-sulking, half-ashamed,
His father pondering him.

So Henry came
Bringing to them the dreadful news of war,
And asking money for his fare to reach
The place of muster fifty miles away.
Then Wendell's son, named Harold, asked to go,
Whereat his father darkened, brief of speech,
Forbidding him, and giving Henry fare
To reach the place of muster, bade him speed.
Thus ended all the talk and Henry left.

That night there was a moon flooding the fields,
And Harold lay awake and looked upon it,
Now resting on his elbow with his face
Turned to the window, now at length stretched out
Dreaming of war, and following in his thought
The steps of Henry, Adam Warfield's son,
And only staff. Then thinking of himself
Whom no one needed, nay, who had disused
His father's aid — and of his father's silence
When he crept home from school in ill report —
Then flashed into his head that mayhap fame
And triumph in the world lay on this path
Now open to him in this day of war.
So slipping from his bed he dressed himself
And through the door stole and along the walk,
Patting old Gypsy who lay near the gate,
Thumping the steps with her responsive tail.
Thus to the place of muster Harold went.

Whom on arrival should he see but Henry
Who welcomed him, but warned him of the age
He must pretend to, as himself had done.
Then treason to his heart arose in Harold:
For seeing how the hardened officers
Dispatched their business, and the discipline
That threatened, and the life that had begun
To show itself in hardship and in strife,
The soul of Harold sickened, and he told
His age when asked, and being then rejected
Turned his slow steps towards his father's house.
And having come was greeted joyfully
With kisses from his mother. Wendell too
Warmed to the boy in pride that he had made
Himself an offering to the country's cause,
Forgetting that old Adam Warfield's son
Must needs belie his age to join the troops.
And of this Harold spoke not, kept his peace.

In the first battle Henry's spirit quailed.
Another day a skirmish 'twixt two forests
Engaged some scattered forces, when his hand
Stung suddenly, and blood dripped till 'twas bound.
Then harder service, and then Shiloh thundered,
And Henry seasoned to the horror of war —
His nerves grown resonant as the wire strings
Drawn taut across the viol's sounding board —
With tense, rapt courage, loaded, fired, advanced
Until he fell, one bullet through his side,
Another through the thigh bone, lying as dead
Upon that bloody field, whence he was borne
For surgery and to be nursed for months,
Not to return to service with his fellows,
But doing duty in the hospital
Till the war's end. Then home he came at last
With soul and body schooled for any fate
And took again the burden of the farm.

But Harold Shipley meanwhile turned to books,
Won his degree and chose for work the law.
While in the years that followed Henry kept
A quiet way by Wendell's wide domain,
Serving or renting, when at forty-five
A pension gave him means to buy a field
Of forty acres with a cottage on it,
Where with a wife and numerous progeny
He lived unknown.

But Harold's name was heard
As one whom fame had almost touched for skill
In the law's riddles, and for gift of speech
In counsel or debate. Yet as the years
Passed by he saw the prize still out of reach,
Too high, too far, standing distinct and clear
Above him, now the mists of youth which show
All heights near by were cleared, and cruel light
Translucent, cold, shone round the difficult rocks
Beyond his strength. Then sorrow and then age
Came on him and the grief of seventy years
Found him alone, empty of heart and poor
In courage for the end.

One day a memory
Of the old days with Henry flashed upon him
When they had camped together in a storm
That blew the tent high in the trees, in rain
That swelled the river, and the boyish pride
That filled them to out-brave the night and sleep
On sodden blankets; and a strange desire
Filled him to talk with Henry. So he went
And sought the humble cottage where he dwelt.

He found him in the middle afternoon
Lopping the branches from a broken tree,

A shrivelled, hardy man, of leather face
And gray, harsh hair, beneath which shone the eyes
Grown scarcely older than the boyish eyes
Of long ago, but lighted with a light
Unwavering and clear, which seemed to speak
Of elemental secrets and the love
Of intimate fellowship with nature's moods,
Of perils faced, of tests of fire, of days
And nights upon the battlefield. And Harold,
Reading these secrets in his look, stood awed
In admiration, feeling that this man
Had mastered life, and though alone and poor
Had need of nothing.

Many years before
The wife of Henry died, and one by one
His sons and daughters left him. So at dusk
Henry prepared the supper midst the talk
Of youthful days and laughter for the deeds
That came to memory. After supper pipes
Before the doorway, and the silence fell
That haunts the woodlands, broken by the cry
Of whippoorwills. And in the silence came
Over the mood of Harold, as he saw
The enshadowed figure of his friend stooped over,
Elbows on knees, a vision of their lives:
Now since the fires of time had burned to dust,
All save the hardest residue of soul,
What had life brought or left him half as rich
As that this farmer-soldier, from the depths
Of sacrifice and toil obscurely mined,
Had smelted and possessed — the inner peace
And strength, and consciousness that life
Has played the touchstone to the best in a man.
So Henry seemed to Harold to have won,
And viewed himself as one who yet had failed,

Spite of his wider wisdom and the fame
The years had brought him.

Henry broke the silence:
" To-morrow I must go at cutting weeds."
" And I," said Harold, " must be back in town."
Over them shone the dipper where the wind
Parted the tree-tops, covering with its sound
A sigh of Harold, looking at the stars.

The Yale Review *Edgar Lee Masters*

THE UNKNOWN BELOVED

I dreamed I passed a doorway
Where for a sign of death
White ribbons one was binding
About a flowery wreath.

What drew me so I knew not,
But drawing near I said,
" Kind sir, and will you tell me
Who is it here lies dead? "

Said he, " Your most beloved
Died here this very day,
That had known twenty Aprils
Had she but lived till May."

Astonished I made answer,
" Good sir, how say you so!
Here have I no beloved,
This house I do not know."

Quoth he, " Who from the world's end
Was destined unto thee

Here lies, thy true beloved,
Whom thou shalt never see."

I dreamed I passed a doorway
Where for a sign of death,
White ribbons one was binding
About a flowery wreath.

The Lyric *John Hall Wheelock*

A GIRL'S SONGS

I

I have three rings on my hand:
One is set in blue,
And one has chrysoprase,
And one I wear for you.

They are friends to me,
They keep me company
All the white night through.
And when I think of death,
And how without a breath
The house is, and the night,
My three rings clinging tight
Are warm upon my hand —
My three round rings
They are living things,
And they understand.
"Don't be afraid," they say, and I
Pretend I would not fear to die.

II

My watch beneath my pillow white
Whispers to me all the night.

My heart beats and my watch ticks,
And the fear of dying pricks
Like a pin God holds, and he
Stabs my brain with it gleefully.
My watch ticks and my heart beats,
And cool and smooth are the linen sheets;
And I am alone, and the house is still,
And there are stars past the window-sill.

III

I should like to be a nun
I think sometimes —
To fast, hear chimes,
And wear black gowns with folds; and keys;
And know the words of rosaries.

To have no long hair; and to give
Obedience while I live
To other women; and to walk
As though I were older, and to light
Candles at saints' feet, and talk
About himself to God at night.

Mary Carolyn Davies
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

THE GOLDEN HEART

I had a heart as good as gold
For spending or for buying;
It bought me many a hand to hold
And many a breath for sighing.

It bought me many a mouth to kiss,
And many a secret token —

But what's the good of all of this
Now that my heart is broken!

My heart that once, as good as gold,
Bought anything that mattered
Is like a tale completely told,
Like golden money scattered . . .

But somewhere there's a heart so young
It still can spare for spending
Will sing the song that I have sung,
Beginning with my ending.

The Bellman — *Witter Bynner*

THE INTERPRETER

In the very early morning when the light was low,
She got all ready and she went like snow,
Like snow in the springtime on a sunny hill,
And we were only frightened and can't think still.

We can't think quite that the katydids and frogs
And the little cheeping chickens and the little grunting hogs,
And the other living things that she spoke for to us
Have nothing more to tell her since it happened thus.

She never is around for anyone to touch,
But of ecstasy and longing she too knew much. . . .
And always when anyone has time to call his own
She will come and be beside him as quiet as a stone.

Contemporary Verse — *Orrick Johns*

AFTER ALL AND AFTER ALL

Dreaming of a prince,
Cinderella sat among the ashes long ago;
Dreaming of a prince,
She scoured the pots and kettles till they shone; and so,
After all and after all,
Gaily at the castle ball
Cinderella met her prince long and long ago!

Dreaming of a prince,
Sleeping Beauty lay in happy slumber, white and still;
Dreaming of a prince,
She waited for a hundred years, and then his bugles shrill,
After all and after all,
Woke the castle, bower, and hall,
And he found her waiting him long and long ago!

Dreaming of a prince,
I polish bowl and tea-pot and the spoons, each one;
Dreaming of a prince,
I hang the new-washed clothes to wave a-drying in the sun;
After all and after all,
Great adventures may befall
Like to those that happened once long and long ago!

The Century Magazine *Mary Carolyn Davies*

SANCTA URSULA

(After Carpaccio)

This is her room; this is her narrow bed
Whereon each night her golden hair is spread.
This is her glass wherein each morn she looks;
These are her pictures; these are all her books.

These are her trinkets, trophies girlish, gay;
These are the toys she touches every day.
This is her desk whereat she sits to write
Letters that make the day that brings them bright.
These are her fish that swim in water clear;
This is her wingèd Love she most holds dear.
This is her rug her eager feet have pressed;
This is her chair wherein she sinks to rest
When wearied with some simple task or pleasure.
This is her clock whose hands her young hours measure;
These are her walls that hold her heart at home.
These are her windows, tempting her to roam.
This is, in fine, her world; no world more wide,
Since all her dreams start here or here abide.

William Aspenwall Bradley
The Century Magazine

WHILE YOU LOVE ME, LOVE ME

Tonight, the country wine was clear
And you were deft to hand it;
Yet now you lie beside me, dear,
You scarcely understand it.
You brought a leaf of lavender,
And I blew out the candle. . . .
You do not breathe or yield or stir,
With mystery to handle.

I know, my sweet, that day will come
And bring a gray reminder,
Yet in the flying hours of night
You need but be the kinder.
I know that every burnished star

Will fade to ash above me,
Yet . . . nestle to me as you are,
And while you love me, love me.

I know that I must rise at dawn
To take the dusty high-way;
And you must stay behind, or go,
But never travel my way.
There is no seal of love to bind,
(No touch of mine has bound you)—
Perhaps another night will find
Another's arms around you.

But now tonight the fire lies still
Upon the rosy ceiling;
Across the moonlit window-sill
The jasmin scent is stealing.
Your golden hair about my face
And I who lean above you;
Tonight, tonight, dear, draw me close, . . .
And while you love me, love me.

Contemporary Verse *Willard Wattles*

"WISTFULNESS"

I could not see the land
The mist lay all too deep:
O, you who understand
Child, do not weep.

I did not hear the bell
That sounded from the shore
But in my soul a knell
Sounding ever more.

I shall not come to you
Back from the sad world's pain,

Or see the dreaming blue
Of your eyes again.

You sing your evening song —
There in the candle light;
O — but the hours lay long
Out in the night.

Columbia University Monthly *Katharine Adams*

A BLUE VALENTINE

For Aline

Monsignore,
Right Reverend Bishop Valentinus,
Sometime of Interamna, which is called Ferni,
Now of the delightful Court of Heaven,
I respectfully salute you,
I genuflect
And I kiss your episcopal ring.

It is not, Monsignore,
The fragrant memory of your holy life,
Nor that of your shining and joyous martyrdom,
Which causes me now to address you.
But since this is your august festival, Monsignore,
It seems appropriate to me to state
According to a venerable and agreeable custom,
That I love a beautiful lady.
Her eyes, Monsignore,
Are so blue that they put lovely little blue reflections
On everything that she looks at,
Such as a wall
Or the moon
Or my heart.
It is like the light coming through blue stained glass,
Yet not quite like it
For the blueness is not transparent,

Only translucent.
Her soul's light shines through,
But her soul cannot be seen.
It is something elusive, whimsical, tender, wanton, infantile, wise
And noble.
She wears, Monsignore, a blue garment,
Made in the manner of the Japanese.
It is very blue —
I think that her eyes have made it more blue,
Sweetly staining it
As the pressure of her body has graciously given it form.
Loving her, Monsignore,
I love all her attributes;
But I believe
That even if I did not love her
I should love the blueness of her eyes,
And her blue garment, made in the manner of the Japanese.

Monsignore,
I have never before troubled you with a request.
The saints whose ears I chiefly worry with my pleas are the most exquisite and maternal Brigid,
Gallant Saint Stephen, who puts fire in my blood,
And your brother bishop, my patron,
The generous and jovial Saint Nicholas of Bari.
But, of your courtesy, Monsignore,
Do me this favor:
When you this morning make your way
To the Ivory Throne that bursts into bloom with roses because of her who sits upon it,
When you come to pay your devoir to Our Lady,
I beg you, say to her:

" Madame, a poor poet, one of your singing servants
yet on earth,
Has asked me to say that at this moment he is especially grateful to you
For wearing a blue gown."

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Joyce Kilmer*

ARTEMIS ON LATMOS

I called him to the mountain and he came.
The valley drew him — ah, could I not see
How slowly and reluctantly at first
His feet were turned from the familiar ways?
Until I stooped to him and put aside
The dimness of his sight that hid my face;
Then he came gladly, but with arms outstretched,
Hasting with quickened breath and burning eyes,
As man to woman, but I led him still
A pace ahead, always a pace ahead
And out of reach — and so he followed me.
Now he is mine; his body lies asleep,
With every slender limb in perfect peace
Lax as a child's, and on the boyish cheek
The lashes lie unmoving; but his soul —
His soul stands up as one who puts aside
His garments at the games, to run his course
In naked beauty of unhampered strength.
So do I love thee bèst, Endymion!
Clad in these cast-off weeds, however fair,
Thy kisses would have made of Artemis
Only a woman. Now thou art a god,
To breathe new life upon the needy world
And look with clear, all-comprehending eyes
Through every cloud that men have made themselves,

Crying " This way ! " with calm authority
And making darkness bright — even as I
Among the stars, on earth Endymion.
Ours is the commerce of immortal love —
Hearts lifted and assuaged — the hand of wrong
Palsied in act to strike — healing of pain
And quickening of poverty to hope —
Mercy in souls that knew it not, and joy
In the dulled eyes of weepers; by these things
Thou godlike dost attest thy love for me,
A goddess, and thou feelest in thy strength
My tenderness, and knowest me thine own.
Yet thou wert born a man and not a god.
Strange — had I left thee in the valley there
Thou wouldst have stayed a shepherd, rising slow
With yawns and stretchings of unwilling limbs,
And eyes too heavy to behold the dawn;
Until the fervid touch of eager noon
Kindled thy blood to human passion — nay,
How had I borne to see thee dancing then
Among the herd-girls, thrilled by sudden sight
Of swaying arms and soft young bosoms, dazed
By some warm gust of unexpected curls
Across thine eyes? Or else, when all the world
Lay swooned in summer trance, amid the shade
Dappled with shifting splendor, heralded
By shrill sonorous music of the wood,
Pursuing the flushed ivory of some fair
Not all-elusive dryad? Squandering
Thy strength and youth and beauty, in the arms
Of what is of the earth and can endure
No longer than the earth? To watch thee grow
Heavy of foot and gnarled of hand, a churl
Deep drinking with the rest at harvest-home,
Taking to bed and board a docile mate
To give thee food and children at the will

Of thy gross thoughtless body, and at last
To see thee die, worn out, yet clinging still
To that uncomely garment stained with use
And shapeless grown with age and careless wear —
That garment men would call Endymion?
Across the starry spaces comes to me
My liberated lover's cry of joy:
"This is the better way, my love!"— and yet
That red mouth moves as to a woman's kiss,
The arm goes tensely out as if to draw
To the strong breast quick-shaken with a sigh
The dryad's yielding laughter, and the hand
Curves as about a little hand that steals
Home to its palm — a little clinging hand.
Sleep, body, sleep! Art thou Endymion?
Endymion is a god and far away.
Insensate thing, what right is thine to dream
Dreams of the valley when thy soul is gone?
Has thou indeed a life that is thine own?
Nay, hast thou rights as well? — I pity thee.
For my Endymion shall not taste of death;
The measureless eternities are his
Wherein to spend his ever-crescent strength.
His beauty grows forever with the still
Immortal growth of the unhastening gods,
Who smile to see the worlds drop into dust,
Knowing what is to come. But what of thee,
Endymion the mortal? Thou must grow
Less beautiful, not more, as year by year
Binds leaden sandals on thy dragging feet.
The vision that beholds what men call Time
A little dancing mote which quivers down
Among a thousand others through a beam
Of light supernal, to be lost in dark —
That vision is the god's, and without end
His time for loving, as his power for love

Without a limit. Ah, but what of thee,
Endymion the mortal? Thou canst love
Only a little, and a little while,
And in one little unexpanding way.
Earth bounds thee, as it holds thee at the last,
And if thou go unfruitful to the dust,
That is thine end. There trembles on my lips
The smile that is the weeping of the gods
To think how I have cheated thee, poor thing
Of clay; how eagerly thy hands went out
To clasp me — Artemis — a pace ahead,
Always a pace ahead and out of reach.
Poor fool, can mortal arms take Artemis?
Thou shouldst have followed Aphrodite — nay,
Flesh as thou art, thine was a nobler choice;
Thou wouldst not seek a wanton, though divine —
Thy stammering lips would woo no less than hers
Who is a virgin even to the gods.
Haply didst even think to have of me
The comfort of the hearth and hear my voice
From lips like thine cry " Father " at thy knees —
And lo, I give thee nothing but long sleep
Disquieted with dreams.

The world is still —
The heavens wheel above me where I stand
Poised between earth and sky. From far away
It seems that I can hear the sleepless hearts
Of all the cheated dreamers of the world.
The hearts that found the perfect love too late
To clasp and hold it close — those sadder hearts
Who thought to realize transcendently
Body and soul — to prison Artemis
A bride — and fared as thou, Endymion
The mortal. Bitter waste of dreams and tears!
O Father Zeus, why didst thou fashion men

Of body and of spirit if the twain
Must torture each the other evermore?
Zeus does not answer — and the skies wheel on.
Their eyes are calm with seeing overmuch,
Those stars — but I, since I am of the gods,
I grieve in vision for the pains of men.
Such waste of dreams and tears — and yet — and yet
Is it all waste? Blessed indeed is he
Who deems that he has seen God face to face.
Whether the dream be very truth or not,
Blessed is he if it be truth for him.
The heart that found the perfect love too late,
Perchance, had love been free to clasp and hold,
It had proved less than perfect. Now that heart
Goes glorious, having seen divinity
Unveiled, a hallowed creature through the years.
And thou, my sleeper — yea, I call thee mine
Although thy dreams have never known my face.
What shall I do — shall I awaken thee
Or shall I hold thee here with poppies bound
Shut from thine earth, thine only heritage,
And leave my lover free to range the stars?

Standest thou here, Endymion the god,
With sad, sweet eyes upon me? Thou didst hear
My thought while still I locked it in my heart,
Reluctant to release it. O my love,
Zeus is our father — where he giveth life
Shall we give death? Take unto thee again
Thy cast-off garment — stooping from the god,
Endue thee with thy body. Go once more
Into the valley, to the flocks and herds,
The rustic festival, the hearth at night.
Go clothed among mankind, Endymion,
Thou who hast walked with Artemis free-limbed
Upon the heights of heaven. Thou shalt fulfil

The simple tale of thy mortality,
Thou who hast been divine. Live out thy life —
The things of earth cannot ignobly come
Ever again, my lover, unto thee.
And for the sake of her, the child of Zeus
Who gave thee godhead, thou shalt tenderly
Cherish and reverence her whom thou dost choose
To be thy wife — and thou shalt carry forth
Thy children to behold me pass on high
And teach them little songs of Artemis.
Thine earthly vesture shall conform itself
To thy true body's beauty, till at last
It fall from thee — thou hardly knowest how
Nor carest — and thou face me once again
Upon these heights, my lover and my god —
The truer god because the truer man.

I bid thee no farewell, Endymion.

Scribner's Magazine *Amelia Josephine Burr*

THE BUNTY SHOE

(New Jersey Pine Barrens)

"O Husband, Husband, yours the sin
That spake unkindlily;
I've gone with him that loved me well:
Ye need not seek for me!"

The lamp was lit, the lamp was out,
The cook-stove only glowed;
The gun was gone that I might have
To bear along the road.

With a hundred houses in the town,
The town where I was born,

There was none could look upon my face,
And ever give me scorn!

The road ran right, the road ran left,
As sure as sure could be;
'Twas twenty miles to Philadelphia,
And fifty to the sea.

And thrice I looked unto the left,
And thrice unto the right;
And thrice upon the written word
That bid me to the night.

And thrice I spat into my hand
And struck the spittle free;
And thrice the Devil's compass said
The road that led to sea.

The first house was my own house,
The house where I was born;
I have drawn the coals unto the floor,
That none shall give me scorn.

The second house was the landlord's house,
I have tossed him in the key;
And a hundred dollars in good green money
To set the mortgage free.

'Tis a hundred dollars in good green money,
And well bespent, said he;
'Tis a hundred dollars in good green money
And now I let ye free;
'Tis a hundred dollars in good green money
And will ye drink with me?

I'll not come in to ye, landlord,
This bitter night and frore;
A good warm fire and a good good-even;
Go in and bar the door!

The third house was the blacksmith's house,
The fallow land thereby;
Beside the forge stood English George;
I knew he would not lie.

A hundred dollars in good green money
Of my Uncle Sam's decree
If ye may name the bog-bred thief
That stole my gun from me!

He has never looked up from the bellows-rod
Beside the anvil-tree;
He has taken the red bar in the tongs
And made the sparkles flee;
Get thee to Hell! cries English George;
I'll punch the head of thee!

We'll see to that, O English George,
There's other work in hand;
The road may run the length of Hell,
But not at thy command;

We'll see to that when I come back,
Ye bearded chimpanzee;
We'll see to that when I come back
From jail or gallows-tree!

Beside the forge stood English George,
Nor left the anvil-side;
When thou come back, cried English George;
Thank God he had not lied!

Good time, good time, when I come back
To play at fall and stand;
There's plenty time 'twixt now and then,
And other work in hand;
. . Three miles along macadam road,
And then I struck the sand.

The first mile was a red mile,
The fire burnt fair and free;
O red red cheeks of the false woman
To burn the heart in me!

The second mile was a yellow mile,
The fire went mad with glee;
O yellow hair of the false false woman
To burn the soul in me!

The third mile was a black mile,
As black as char could be;
O black black heart of the false villain
That stole my love from me!

It's forty-seven mile to Tuckerton Town,
The road runs trim and true;
And never the track but the track of a horse
That wears a bunty shoe!

O silver-tongued lawyer of Tuckerton Town,
To think you could me fool!
I saw the track of the bunty shoe
On every frozen pool!

'Tis a long long road to Tuckerton Town
By sandway, swamp and spung;
And here's the track of the bunty shoe,
And here's the steaming dung;

And here's an empty cracker-box
  And here's a crust of bread;
And here's a comb with a broken tooth
  That came from my wife's head.

And it's plod and plod the long sand road
  To Tuckerton by the sea;
And it's yet I'll slit the silver tongue
  That won my love from me!

And it's plod and plod the long sand road
  Between the blasted pine;
And the mackerel cloud comes over the moon,
  And it's, Hear the sea-wind whine;
And the snow comes down by hour and hour
  Till it's, Mind the wagon-line!

The snow comes down, the snow comes fast,
  From Ong's to Woodmansie;
There's never a track in the long sand road
  Could ever a lawyer see!

The snow comes down, the snow comes fast,
  The snow comes to the knee;
And never a track for that man's eye,
  Only a man's like me.

The sea-wind whips, the sea-wind grips,
  The sea-wind keeps me true;
For none may see the little hook-tracks,
  Nor yet the tire-tracks two;
O woe unto the little horse
  That wears the bunty shoe!

The night wears on, the morning comes,
  The left eye's frozen sealed;

And where away are the green green hills
  That lead to Munion Field?

O where away are the green green hills
  That Summer joys to know?
The bearberry bush and the dwarf pine
  Are mounded under snow.

The first hill was a gravel hill
  Unto the county stone;
There was no other in any man's eye
  Save this one hill alone.

The second hill is a sand hill
  To tease me as I go;
A half foot of the hoofturned sand,
  Three foot of tumbled snow.

The third hill is a sand hill,
  A cruel hill and true;
And there lies the little horse
  That wears the bunty shoe.

O silver-tongued lawyer of Tuckerton Town,
  How is't ye do not shoot?
Ye have taken my honor, ye have taken my wife,
  Ye have taken my gun to boot!

O silver-tongued lawyer of Tuckerton Town,
  How is't ye do not speak?
The tongue that saved the many man's neck,
  It will not even creak;
The tear that sprung to the least man's dollar
  Is frozen on your cheek!

O golden-haired woman of Wescoat Town,
  What shall ye say to me?

'Tis twenty mile to Tuckerton Town
And five to Woodmansie;
Shall I lay ye deep in the snow and the sand
Where never man shall see?

O husband, husband, mine the sin
That wrought so woefully;
The waxen man that sits here dead,
He swore of love to me;
O husband mine, I craved that word
I never heard from ye!

O a tongue's a tongue, and a hand's a hand,
And the tongue that man had he
And the tongue's love and the hand's love,
Which bids the other love flee?

O husband, husband, mine the sin;
What made ye come to me?
Ye may kill me once, ye may kill me twice,
But swear ye once loved me!

I loved you once, I loved you twice,
As any man could see;
Come tell me now, or ever ye pass,
What have ye done to me?

O, he told me his love the first hour,
As sweet as sweet could be;
He told me his love the second hour,
With a word of less degree;

He told me his love the next hour,
That swore to love ye true;
And sore he beat the little horse
That wears the bunty shoe.

The snow came down the next hour,
  As cold as cold could be;
Save only the blood of the silver-tongued lawyer
  That took my cloak from me!

I called on him the next hour,
  I knew that he would die;
The blood in him was frozen half
  Or ever the snow-filled sky.

O husband, husband, mine the sin!
  'Twas then I loved ye true;
Forgive, forgive, as God forgives,
  And take me home with you!

There's no home above our head,
  O woman fair and free;
There's no home above our head
  From Wescoat to the sea!

O husband, husband, mine the sin
  That wrought such bitter rue;
By roof or sky, until I die,
  I'll naught but follow you!

O, the silver-tongued lawyer of Tuckerton Town,
  I have pitched him in the snow;
For the little red horse with the bunty shoe,
  He will no longer go;

I have taken my wife in my arms again
  The way to Woodmansie;
Five long long miles by snow and sand,
  — Five days she sat by me.

I've a hundred dollars in good green money.
  I've a hundred and fifty-three;

If the lawyer lies on Munion Hill
I have not gone to see;
The wife, by God, for all her faults,
Was better stuff than he!

Contemporary Verse *James E. Richardson*

GRENSTONE

"Is there such a place as Grenstone?"
Celia, hear them ask!—
Tell me, shall we share it with them?
Shall we let them breathe and bask

On the windy, sunny pasture,
Where the hill-top turns its face
Toward the valley of the mountain,
Our beloved place?

Shall we show them through our churchyard,
With its crumbling wall
Set between the dead and living?
Shall our willowed waterfall,

Blueberries and pines and bluebirds,
Be a secret we shall share? . . .
If they make but little of it,
Celia, shall we care?

The Bellman *Witter Bynner*

A NUN

One glance and I had lost her in the riot
Of tangled cries.
She trod the clamor with a cloistral quiet
Deep in her eyes

As though she heard the muted music only
That silence makes
Among dim mountain summits and on lonely
Deserted lakes.

There is some broken song her heart remembers
From long ago,
Some love lies buried deep, some passion's embers
Smothered in snow,
Far voices of a joy that sought and missed her
Fail now, and cease. . . .
And this has given the deep eyes of God's sister
Their dreadful peace.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Odell Shepard*

THE HEADLAND

At the cliff's base he looked up, and there saw her
High on a headland, like a Venus risen
Above the earth to front the eternal skies;
And madness came upon him . . .

For this land
Was to him wholly alien; he had come
Wandering hither as to the world's last edge
In search of doubtful peace. Here where the coast
Jutted in cliffs and granite promontories
Over the seas, and took the flooding waters
Into the depths of labyrinthine caves
And weeded estuaries, here he walked
Day after day, a pilgrim whom no shrine
Yet had sufficed. But in the hardy bloom
Of heather on these hilltops, and in the bleak
Iron frugality of the huts that raised
Their thatches here and there, and in the gleam

Of rigor and resistance in the eyes
Of the few peasants, he caught sometimes sense
Of a strong bitterness that might save his soul.

Today with knapsack and half-blunted staff
He had once more set out along the shore,
Traversing sometimes the wide sand of bays
And sometimes scaling boulders where the crags
Had cast their wild detritus down to sea.
"Down from the heights," he thought, "the great crags moulder
In the assault of each indifferent year —
Heights like the ones that once within my spirit
Lifted their splendid precipice to confront
All stars and seas — where now the incessant years
Gnaw them to drifting sand. What now remains
Is shamed by loftiness of these strong walls —
Walls strong as yet, though even while I watch
I know them mouldering seaward as do I.

"So speaks this land to me,— this granite and iron,—
Of tragic fortune; yet in its defeat
Braced to resistance, nerved to high disaster
And an eternal sternness. Thus alone
With stoic hardness must the hills confront
Sky and the stars when all their flowers are gone
Under the sea-wind.

"Vanishing flower-world! . . .
Men toil and fight, love and contrive and dream,
And for a little while the mad illusion
Holds them. And then the beauty sickens away
Beneath the irony of the mortal fate,
Today's fate and tomorrow's. Till in the end
They must go down to the edge of the waste sea
And walk alone as I now walk alone . . ."

Then at the cliff's base, suddenly looking up
He saw upon the headland high above him
A woman's form. Her clear and upturned head
Fronted the ocean-plain; her streaming hair
Tossed in the sea-wind; in one drooping hand
Some snowy garment fluttered as she stood
Naked, sublime, exultant in the sun,
Drinking the lonely spaces. To her feet
Rose up the tawny bastion of the rock,
Scarred as by fires of ancient conflagration,
Higher than any sea-gull's questing flight
Above the low shore-levels; and beyond her
Trembled the deep blue of the summer sky.

And he at this mirage stood staring up
Incredulous. Then as her beauty mixed
With the sky's beauty and the rocks' and sea's
Within his heart, a swift tumultuous sense
Of joyfulness swept through him; he remembered
Suddenly songs that he had long forgotten,
And youthful dreams in moonlight-haunted fields,
And vague unrests that once had mastered him
In Autumn dusks. Out of these buried deeps
Now to the light stormed phantoms long-imprisoned
By bitter walls,— a flash of the world's beauty
And a wild cry for happiness. There she stood,
Image of joy, a shout and a revelation.
Glory! Glory! Glory! Youth and the sun,
Life in its royal hour, there lifted up
Their pinnacle toward the sky; doubting and dust
Fell from him, as the triumphant leap of Summer
Here touched fulfillment.

Well he knew that she
Also, like the great cliffs, would crumble down
Slowly to formless clay: her proud young splendor

Would some day too yield to the lapping waves
Of time around her feet. But for this hour
She faced the sun, lordliest being of earth,
White and all-conquering. And her call rang out
Across the waves like the note of a silver trumpet
Fierce in his ears. He lifted his head in pride,
Once more awakened to the stirring charge
Of desperate living,— once more marching forth
In the human army to assault the dark
Of chaos with its banner of dreams and beauty
And limitless desire.

Then from its shadows
His spirit toward the sun-lands sent its cry,—
" There is a wonder, still, keen in the world —
There is a splendor still: — and on that height
I shall achieve it. There, with the wind and sea
Sending their mighty pulses up to us,
We shall know each other like gods meeting on peaks
Of some lost star,— know the appointed hour
Toward which our lives have groped,— and be at last
Victorious and transfigured. Where the abyss
Yawns down to death, there shall we meet and clasp
In one wild moment of ecstasy,— rush together
Like grappling planets in the void, and be
For one hour, bloom of the world,— for one hour,
crown
Of the dim years of failure."

And thereafter,
As though he were lifted by the winds of the sea
Or the winds of his own spirit, he sprang up
Toward the great cliff's base, and with quivering steps
Clambered from rock to rock. The iron front
Of the sheer wall obeyed him, as his dream
Drove him upward and upward. Dizzily below

Grew the long space; but never looking back
He set his passion toward the brow of the cliff.
The sharp-edged granite gnawed his clawing fingers;
And as his feet slipped, he more fiercely clung
And climbed and strove on irresistibly.
His heart beat riotously; his soul with song
Seemed shouting out its triumph, lost and shaken
With winds of heroic battle,— mad and crying
Its flaming hymn of gratitude to have found
A wonder worth its passion of desire.

And slowly came the cliff's edge into view
High over him; then nearer; then he paused,
And with the deep breath of a swimmer plunging
Through a vast wave, he slowly raised himself
Up the last height,— and there, across the edge
Of the brink, grew into sight the woman he sought.

Unconscious on the windy brink she stood,
Her head poised motionless, fronting up and out
Over the winds and waters. Her loosed hair
Would have been dark in cities, but here burned
Into a flame of deep dull-surfaced gold
Like dagger-handles from Etruscan tombs
Or smoldering poppies. A wide generous light
Across her brows swept,— light that grandly spreads
Down lands of gradual valleys where the corn
And wine of the rich year ripen in silence.
Her eyes looked out wonderfully over-sea,
Quiet, emptied of meaning, now made one
With the vastness that they gazed on; and her lips
Stirred not but waited, parting as though a smile
Of mighty gladness sometime there should come.

Then he, a little rising, step by step,
Beheld her throat, columned in slender strength,

Blend with the powerful benignant shoulders
Of ancient statues, and the generous arms
Fitted for work of days or for the shelter
Of man's exhausted sleep. And from her throat
Slowly sloped the forward-swelling arc
In a proud dominance, smoothly, tranquilly,
Until its even mastery changed and broke
Into less perfect rondure,— and reluctant
Trembled into new drooping curves of song.
And the long lines in echoing course swept downward
To meet the passionate strong springing contours
Of the carved thighs, that might have frozen to marble
Save for the quivering light that played across them.
And over the quiet valleys of her body
The living shadow slept as hurricanes sleep.

He poised in dreaming madness . . .

Then she turned
Slowly, unconsciously — till her sudden eyes
Flashed into knowledge — and a wild terror
Flickered like lightning on her face: she cowered
And clutched her arms to her body, dumb and panting,—
Shrank,— faced him,— turned,— and shrank,— and faced him again.
And he, poising upon that perilous edge,
Drunk with the dream of an immortal beauty
And a brief splendor of deathless joy, cried out —
"I too have heard the wind-call; I too am here,
Beautiful lover! We on the heights of the world
Meet, that the earth may blossom! this is the hour!"

And the bewildered fear grew in her face
From which the timeless womanhood had fallen
Leaving her but a girl,— young, desperate, lost

In lonely agony. The triumphant head
Seemed drooping down now to the shaken breast —
The tremulous body paled; the light went out
That had filled her eyes. And he cried —" Beautiful one!
Laugh! It has come."

She sank to the brown rock
And with a last look of deserted terror
And dim uncomprehending shame and cold
And weakness, hid her face in her quivering hands.

He saw the light go out,— saw the proud form
Crumble into a sobbing heap,— aware
That the sky darkened suddenly and the glow
Of the golden sun was vanished from the world.
Then his numbed fingers on the granite boulders
Slipped with a dull reluctance; and as they slipped
His heaven-soaring mind evoked once more
The wild and windy vision of the white woman
Against the fathomless blue of the blue sky,—
The light, the dream, the earth's transfiguration,—
As his frail body dashed from rock to rock.

The Seven Arts *Arthur Davison Ficke*

"IMMORTAL LOVE"

I

O thou who clothest thyself in mystic form,—
Color, and gleam, and lonely distances;
Whose seat the majesty of ocean is,
Shot o'er with motions of the skyey storm!
Thou with whose mortal breath the soul doth warm
Her being, soaring to eternal bliss;

Whose revelation unto us is this
Dilated world, starred with its golden swarm!

Thee rather in myself than heaven's vast light
Flooding the daybreak, better I discern;
The glorious morning makes all nature bright,
But in the soul doth riot more, and burn;
A thousand beauties rush upon my sight,
But to the greater light within I turn.

II

I know not who thou art to whom I pray,
Or that indeed thou art, apart from me;
A dweller in a lone eternity,
Or a participant of my sad way.
I only know that at the fall of day
Fain would I in thy world companion thee;
Upon the mystery of thy breast to be
Unconscious, and within thy love to stay.

I lose thee in the largeness when I think;
And when again I feel, I find thee nigh;
The more my mind goes out to nature's brink,
The more thou art removèd like the sky;
But when concentrated in love I sink,
Thou art my nucleus; there I live and die.

III

Immortal Love, too high for my possessing,—
Yet, lower than thee, where shall I find repose?
Long in my youth I sang the morning rose,
By earthly things the heavenly pattern guessing!
Long fared I on, beauty and love caressing,
And finding in my heart a place for those
Eternal fugitives; the golden close
Of evening folds me, still their sweetness blessing.

O happy we, the first-born heirs of nature,
For whom the Heavenly Sun delays his light!
He by the sweets of every mortal creature
Tempers eternal beauty to our sight;
And by the glow upon love's earthly feature
Maketh the path of our departure bright.

George Edward Woodberry

Scribner's Magazine

SONGS OUT OF SORROW

I

SPIRIT'S HOUSE

From naked stones of agony
I will build a house for me:
As a mason all alone
I will raise it, stone by stone,
And every stone where I have bled
Will show a sign of dusky red,
I have not gone the way in vain,
For I have good of all my pain:
My spirit's quiet house will be
Built of naked stones I trod
On roads where I lost sight of God.

II

LESSONS

Unless I learn to ask no help
From any other soul but mine,
To seek no strength in waving reeds
Nor shade beneath a straggling pine:
Unless I learn to look at Grief

Unshrinking from her tear-blind eyes,
And take from Pleasure fearlessly
Whatever gifts will make me wise —
Unless I learn these things on earth,
Why was I ever given birth?

III

WOOD SONG

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Twirl three notes and make a star —
My heart that walked with bitterness
Came back from very far.

Three shining notes were all he had,
And yet they made a starry call —
I caught life back against my breast
And kissed it, scars and all.

IV

BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
  Buy it and never count the cost:
For one white singing hour of peace
  Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale*

VARIATIONS

I

The moon distils a soft blue light,
The moon distils a silence.
Black clouds huddle across the stars;
I walk in deserted gardens
Breaking the dry leaves under my feet.
Leaves have littered the marble seat
Where the lovers sat in silence . . .
Leaves have littered the empty seat . . .

Down there the black pool, quiveringly,
Ripples the floating moon . . .
Down there the tall trees, restlessly,
Shake beneath the moon . . .
Beloved, I walk alone . . .
What ghost is this that walks with me,
Always in darkness walks with me?

II

Green light, from the moon,
Pours over the dark blue trees,
Green light from the autumn moon
Pours on the grass . . .
Green light falls on the goblin fountain
Where hesitant lovers meet and pass.

They laugh in the moonlight, touching hands,
They move like leaves on the wind . . .
I remember an autumn night like this,
And not so long ago,
When other lovers were blown like leaves,
Before the coming of snow.

III

Wind in the sunlit trees, and the red leaves fall;
Shadows of leaves on the sunlit wall.
Wind in the turning tops of the trees . . .
I am reminded, seeing these,
Of an afternoon, and you
Making the trees more scarlet, the sky more blue.

IV

Here, alone, unknown, in the darkness,
I watch you whirling above your shadow,
Soft in saffron, with dark hair jeweled,
And arms uplifted,

Dancing alone in the hissing spotlight . . .
You rise and fall on the wave of the music
Narrowing eyes at the light that dazzles,
Languidly smiling . . .

Beautiful, now, are your cold white shoulders . . .
If I were death, my hands might touch them;
If I were death, my mouth might kiss you,
Passionate dancer.

V

From the cold fountain's sunlit lip
A shining film of water spreads,

It is shot with sun, it is blue and gold . . .
It scatters jewels to wet the grass,
And children watch it with lifted heads,
And the young girls pause there as they pass . . .
A sparrow sits at the edge, and flings
The vanishing jewels with his wings.

VI

You are as beautiful as white clouds
Flowing among bright stars at night:
You are as beautiful as pale clouds
Which the moon sets alight.

You are as lovely as golden stars
Which white clouds try to brush away:
You are as bright as golden stars
When they come out to play.

You are as glittering as those stairs
Of stone down which the blue brooks run:
You are as shining as sea-waves
All hastening to the sun.

VII

Red leaf, red leaf, falling to float
On the blue water among the cold clouds . . .
If I were a child I would call you a boat
And sail to the moon . . .

I would sail to the moon with the dark king's daughter,
The beautiful dreamer with green-slippered feet;
Her long golden hair would shine on the water;
Her eyes would be blue;

And there she would sing, while the sail overhead
Swelled with the wind, and the green waves flashed;

Her red lips would sing, till the isle of the dead
Rose darkly before us.

VIII

In the mazes of loitering people, the watchful and furtive,
The shadows of tree-trunks and shadows of leaves,
In the drowse of the sunlight, among the low voices,
I suddenly face you,

Your dark eyes return for a space from her who is with you,
They shine into mine with a sunlit desire,
They say an " I love you, what star do you live on? "
They smile and then darken,
And silent I answer " You too — I have known you — I love you! "—
And the shadows of tree-trunks and shadows of leaves
Interlace with low voices, and footsteps, and sunlight,
To divide us forever.

IX

Moonlight, and shadows of leaves
On the white wall above me —
The shadows gallop and swirl without sound.
Blue moonlight, brief shadows of leaves,
And once more I see you,
Saying aloud, like a dreamer, " You love me,
You love me! "

Moonlight . . . down there in the garden
I know, without seeing,
The somnolent fountain is filled with blue fire.
I close my eyes, I pursue you
Through dream's fainter moonlight,

Ghostlike, with shadows of dead leaves, silently
Fleeing.

x

Queen Cleopatra, now grown old,
Watched the green grass turning brown . . .
The river is shrunk to half its size:
Now I will lay me down.

Queen Cleopatra called her slaves
And peered in the mirror with age-pearled eyes.
My lips are not so red as they were:
Not so the old leaf dies!

Light the torches, and fill the courts
With scarlet music, and bring to me
Vermilion to smear upon my lips,
And opals, that I may be

Once more what Cleopatra was
Before the woman became the queen . . .
She laughed, and backward tossed her head;
And horn, and tambourine,

Snarled at the hot and red-starred night,
While gasping dancers, one by one,
Whirled on the stone with yellow feet . . .
And when that dance was done

She poured cold poison into a cup
And watched the thick foam wink and seethe;
One black bubble upon her tongue
And she would cease to breathe.

She held the poison before her mouth . . .
And saw the dark tomb hewed in stone

Where a thousand nights would drift as one,
And she would sleep alone;

And lightly touched the goblet's rim,
And thought, with a pleased and narrowed eye,
Of this, and that, and Antony,
And the laugh that will not die.

XI

This night I dreamed that you shone before me
Colder and paler than rose-flushed marble,
With dark hair fallen across your shoulders
And face half hidden,

And in that darkness I went before you
And turned my eyes from your beauty quickly:
I turned away from your too great beauty,
I fled before you.

Now I remember how in that shadow
You started to smile, your dark eyes kindled,
Your face grew light with a word unspoken;
Then, had I waited,

I should have learned . . . what moonlight secret?
What whisper of temples, and hills of cypress?
What echo of singing and far-off cymbals,—
Gleam of the goddess?

But I, grown base in fear of denial,
Though all my blood stood still for your beauty,
I turned in silence away from your kindness;
And now I have lost you.

XII

Wind, wind, wind in the old trees,
Whispering prophecies all night long . . .

What do the grey leaves sing to the wind,
What do they say in their whispered song?

We were all young once, and green like yourself,
We all loved beauty, the maiden of white.
But now we are old. O wind have mercy
And let us remember our youth this night!

The wind is persuasive, it turns through the trees
And sighs of a miracle under its breath . . .
Beauty the maiden will die with the dreamer,
None shall have mercy, but all shall have death.

XIII

Blue waves are driven by wind,
The leaves are driven,
And the clouds go hurrying dizzily over the sky.
Among the blown leaves he stands, and lifts his flute,
And trembles, and blows strange melody at the sky.
The music he plays is old blown leaves,
The notes are unevenly blown.
Sometimes it sings, sometimes it grieves.
Sometimes a querulous monotone . . .
What does he see above red rooftops,
What does he see when he lifts his eyes?
Pale leaves loosened from bare black elm-boughs,
Pale leaves hurled from the hurrying skies,
Death . . . death . . . death . . . death . . .
Beauty singing for beauty that dies.
Love was betrayed in the whispering garden:
Clear as white flame the maiden fled.
A shaft of moonlight dazzled the somnolent garden;
And among the white leaves love lay dead . . .
Pale waves are driven to foam,
And the leaves are driven;
Among the blown leaves he wavers and lifts his flute.

Dust will cover the golden leaves of the maple,
The querulous praise will soon be mute.

XIV

Beautiful body made of ivory,
Beautiful body made of ivory and roses,
Beautiful body made of gold and beaten silver,
Garlanded with ivy,—
Colder than starlight you stand and wait me;
Colder than starlight on the snow of mountains;
Whiter than starlight on the snow of oceans
You wait and are silent.
Beautiful dreamer of dreams;
Beautiful dreamer of cold-hearted music;
Roseate dreamer of involuted music,
Chords of tense silver;
Clearly you sound to me in the night time,
Solemnly, like a rich wind moving,
You move in my heart's enchanted forests,
You sigh and are restless.
Beautiful dream of the dreamer,
Rare dream profoundly and curiously unfolding,—
Unfolding like a lotus in waves of cool fragrance,
Unfolding in slow measure,
You are like moonlight prodigally unfolding;
You are like the universe of stars unfolding,
Unfolding in slow clouds of sound and silence,
Grave and immortal.

Beautiful body made of roses;
Beautiful body made of roses and sea-waves;
Beautiful body with eyes of cold starlight,
Slow-moving dreamer;

Beautiful woman made of love,
White body made of dreamdust and stardust,

Silently and sedately you enter me,—
Quietly you possess me.

XV

The sea falls all night on the yellow sand,
The green waves foam and thrust and slide,
The long green waves fall on the yellow sand,
All night long they fall,

The green waves fall and drag at the yellow pebbles,
The shingle roars in the sliding surf,
Wind screams over the long volutes of foam,
All night long they whirl,

They charge the sand and seethe and slide in laughter,
Swiftly withdraw and murmur and rise,
They charge the sand with rippling, glittering edges,
All night long they charge,

Immortally flinging their long green bodies to death,
Immortally baffled, withdrawing, crying,
Rallying, hurrying, clamoring, sobbing for rest,
Immortally slaying, immortally dying.

XVI

Against an orange twilight sky
The street lamp gleams like clearer fire,
The cold wind spills the huddling leaves,
And cold bells, in the sombre spire,
Shake the wind with a savage sound . . .
The streetlamp gleams like a golden eye.

This dust will be possessed of tongues,
These leaves will find a million voices,
These stones will murmur and seize our feet,
These boughs of trees will writhe and beat . . .

Against an orange twilight sky
The streetlamp burns like a golden eye.

The earth's edge, growing black, swings up
With sinister and enormous arc;
The yellow star that came to swim
Silently in the golden sky
Is caught and crushed by that black rim . . .
The streetlamp gleams like an evil eye.

XVII

Tear the pink rose petal by petal
And let the petals float and fall,
Ravel the golden stamens out,
And, last of all,

Shredding its sweetness on the wind,
Turn and laugh and go away,
Forgetting how soft a thing it was,
How brief a thing to stay.

But when white winds have swept your heart,
And white tides driven along your veins,
And the continents are yellow with leaves
And the mountains black with rains,

Secretly in your depths of sleep
Among the unresting rocks and roots
A dream, a gleam, a warmth will start,
A whirl of winds and lutes,—
And thrusting among the withered leaves
Will burn the purple-pointed flame,
And the rose you slew will light again,
Will light again the same.

XVIII

The sun distils a golden light,
The sun distils a silence.
White clouds dazzle across the sky.
I walk in the blowing gardens
Breaking the gay leaves under my feet . . .
Leaves have littered the marble seat
Where the lovers sat in silence:
Leaves have littered the empty seat.

Down there the blue pool, quiveringly,
Ripples the fire of the sun.
Down there the tall tree, restlessly,
Shivers beneath the sun.
Beloved, I walk alone . . .
What dream is this that sings with me,
Always in sunlight sings with me?

Out there the blue sea, glimmeringly,
Ripples among the dunes.
Blue waves, streaked and chained with fire,
Rustle among the dunes.
The sea-gull spreads his wings
Dizzily over the foam to skim,
And an azure shadow speeds with him.
The sea-gull folds his wings
To fall from depth to depth of air
For the sky is everywhere.

Contemporary Verse — *Conrad Aiken*

THE SMITHY OF GOD

A CHANT

I

(A bold, masculine chant.)

I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men —
Here at a smithy God wrought, and flung
Earthward, down to this rolling shore,
God's mighty hammer I have swung,
With crushing blows that thunder and roar,
And delicate taps, whose echoes have rung
Softly to heaven and back again;
Here I labor, forging men.
Out of my smithy's smouldering hole,
As I forge a body and mould a soul,
The jangling clangors ripplewise roll.

(The voice suggests the noises of the city.)

Clang, as a hundred thousand feet
Tap-tap-tap down the morning street,
And into the mills and factories pour,
Like a narrowed river's breathing roar.

Clang, as two thousand whistles scream
Their seven-in-the-morning's burst of steam,
Brass-throated Sirens, calling folk
To the perilous breakers of din and smoke.
Clang, as ten thousand vast machines
Pound and pound, in their pulsed routines,
Throbbing and stunning, with deafening beat,
The tiny humans lost at their feet.

Clang, and the whistle and whirr of trains,
Rattle of ships unleased of their chains,
Fire-gongs, horse-trucks' jolts and jars,
Traffic-calls, milk-carts, droning cars . . .

(A softer strain.)

Clang, and a softer shiver of noise
As school-bells summon the girls and boys;
And a mellower tone, as the churches ring
A people's reverent worshipping.

(Still more softly and drowsily, the last line whispered.)

Clang, and clang, and clang, and clang,
Till a hundred thousand tired feet
Drag-drag-drag down the evening street,
And gleaming the myriad street-lights hang;
The far night-noises dwindle and hush,
The city quiets its homing rush;
The stars glow forth with a silent sweep,
As hammer and hammered drowse asleep . . .
Softly I sing to heaven again,
I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men.

II

(Antichorus, with restrained bitterness, and notes of wailing and sorrow.)

You are Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men. . . .
You take God's children, and forge a race
Unhuman, exhibiting hardly a trace
Of Him and His loveliness in their face . . .
Counterfeiting His gold with brass,
Blanching the roses, scorching the grass,
Filling with hatred and greed the whole,
Shrivelling the body, withering the soul.

What have you done with the lift of youth,
As they bend in the mill, and bend in the mill.

Where have you hidden beauty and truth,
As they bend in the mill?

Where is the spirit seeking the sky,
As they stumble and fall, stumble and fall?
What is life, if the spirit die,
As they stumble and fall?

(With bitter resignation.)

Clang, and the strokes of your hammer grind
Body and spirit, courage and mind;
Smith of the devil, well may you be
Proud of your ghastly forgery;
Dare you to speak to heaven again,
Newark, Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men?

III

(Beginning quietly, gathering certainty.)

I am Newark, forger of men,
Forger of men, forger of men.
Well I know that the metal must glow
With a scorching, searing heat;
Well I know that blood must flow,
And floods of sweat, and rivers of woe;
That underneath the beat
Of the hammer, the metal will writhe and toss;
That there will be much and much of loss
That has to be sacrificed,
Before I can forge body and soul
That can stand erect and perfect and whole
In the sight of Christ.

(Sadly and somberly.)

My hammer is numb to sorrows and aches,
My hammer is blind to the ruin it makes,
My hammer is deaf to shriek and cry
That ring till they startle water and sky.

And sometimes with me the vision dims
At the sight of bent backs and writhing limbs;
And sometimes I blindly err, and mistake
The perfect glory I must make.

(Rising to a song of exultant triumph.)

But still I labor and bend and toil,
Shaping anew the stuff I spoil;
And out of the smothering din and grime
I forge a city for all time:
A city beautiful and clean,
With wide sweet avenues of green,
With gracious homes and houses of trade,
Where souls as well as things are made.
I forge a people fit to dwell
Unscathed in the hottest heart of hell,
And fit to shine, erect and straight,
When we shall see His kingdom come
On earth, over all of Christendom,—
And I stand up, shining and great,
Lord of an unforeseen estate.
Then I will cry, and clearly then,
I am Newark, forger of men.

The Newarker — *Clement Wood*

NEW CHINA: THE IRON WORKS

The furnaces, the great steel furnaces, tremble and glow; gigantic machinery clanks, and in living iridescent streams the white-hot slag pours out.

This is tomorrow set in yesterday, the west imbedded in the east, a graft but not a growth.

And you who walk beside me, picking your familiar way between the dynamos, the cars, the piles of rails — you too are of tomorrow, grafted with an alien energy.

You wear the costume of the west; you speak my tongue as one who knows; you talk casually of Sheffield, Pittsburgh, Essen . . .

You touch on Socialism, walk-outs, and the industrial population of the British Isles.

Almost you might be one of us.

And then I ask:

" How much do those poor coolies earn a day, who take the place of carts? "

You smile and shrug.

" Eighteen coppers. Something less than eight cents in your money. They are not badly paid. They do not die."

Again I ask:

" And is it true that you've a Yamên, a police judge, all your own? " Another shrug and smile.

" Yes, he attends to all small cases of disorder. For larger crimes we pass the offender over to the city courts."

* * *

" Conditions " you explain as we sit later with a cup of tea, " conditions here are difficult."

Your figure has grown lax, your voice a little weary. You are fighting, I can see, upheld by that strange graft of western energy.

Yet odds are heavy, and the Orient is in your blood. Your voice is weary.

"There are no skilled laborers," you say; "among the owners no co-operation.
It is like — like working in a nightmare, here in China. It drags at me, it drags" . . .

You bow me out with great civility.
The furnaces, the great steel furnaces, tremble and glow, gigantic machinery clanks and in living iridescent streams the white-hot slag pours out.

Beyond, the gate of filth begins again.
A beggar rots and grovels, clutching at my skirt with leprous hands. A woman sits sorting hog-bristles; she coughs and sobs.
The stench is sickening.

Tomorrow! did they say?

The Seven Arts — *Eunice Tietjens*

GOODBYE

Goodbye to tree and tower,
To meadow, stream and hill,
Beneath the white clouds marshalled close
At the wind's will.

Goodbye to the gay garden,
With prim geraniums pied,
And spreading yew trees, old, unchanging
Tho' men have died.

Goodbye to the New Castle,
With granite walls and gray;
And rooms where faded greatness still
Lingers today.

To every friend in Mallow,
When I am gone afar,
These words of ancient Celtic hope,
" Peace after war."

I would return to Erin
When all these wars are by;
Live long among her hills before
My last goodbye.

The Bellman *Norreys Jephson O'Conor*

TO MY FRIEND, GROWN FAMOUS

The mail has come from home,
From home that still remembers — to Japan.
My tiny maid, as faultless as a fan,
Bows in the doorway. " Honorable letters,"
She says, " have kindly come."
And smiles, knowing the fetters
That bind me still.

And all my mail to-day is full of you.
" His name," says one, " is sounding still and sounding."
And someone else, " It is astounding,
I never knew the public chatter worse.
Eighteen editions for a book of verse!"
And all the printed pages glitter, too,
With you,
With your stark vision and cold fire,
Your singing truth, your vehement desire
To cut through lies to life.
These move behind the printed echoes here,
The paper strife,

The scurry of small pens about your name,
Measuring, praising, blaming by the same
Tight rule of thumb that makes their own
Inadequacy known.
And as I read a phrase leaps clear
From your own letter: "I am tired," you say,
"Of men who talk and talk and dare not live
But take their orgasms in speech!"
Yes, that would be your way
To take the critics. It is you who give,
Not they;
And safe beyond their reach
Huge, careless, Rabelaisian, you pass by
Watching their squirming with amusèd eye.

* * * *

Here as I sit
My paper house-side slid away
And all my chamber open to the rain
I feel a haunting, exquisite
Grey shadow of a pain.
Beauty has part in it, and loneliness,
And the far call of home — and thoughts of you
In the rain of spring.
Here in this land of frozen loveliness,
Of artistry complete, where each small thing
Minutely, preciously, is perfect,
I have grown hungry for the sight of you
Who are not perfect;
Who are big and free
And largely vulgar like the peasantry,
And full of sorrows for mankind.
I cannot find
Your spirit in this land. The little tree
Tortured and dwarfed — oh! beautiful I know
In the grey slanting rain,
But tortured even so —

The little pine tree in my garden close
Is symbol of the soul that grows
Within this patient cult of loveliness.
You would not understand
Would care far less
For the pale, silvered shadows of this land
That make it dear to me.
Yet when I see
Your clear handwriting march across the page,
And your brave spirit of a tonic age
Blow sharp across the spring
I smother here a little;
This conscious beauty is so light, so brittle,
So frail a thing!

But you are free! "Go out," your letter says,
"Go drink life to the lees.
See the round world! Watch where Lord Buddha
sits
Beneath the tree; and see where Jesus walked
And talked.
See where Aspasia and Pericles
Have visited together, and where Socrates
Leaned on the wall. . . .
Go out, my friend, and see —
And then come back and tell it all to me!"

That, too, is like you, "Tell it all to me."
I feel your spirit searching hungrily
Each human being for the stuff of life,
The sharp blue flame below the smoke,
The authentic cry
That all our mouthing cannot choke.
Your hunger is for life, for life!
And you have understanding, and the power
To pierce the husk of words, to take an hour

Hot from the crisis of a soul
And live it in another, and so grow
Greater by each of us, who only know
A part — and you the whole.

O friend, my friend, it's good to feel you there,
A solvent for all small hypocrisies,
A white and steady flare
That beacons over such confusing seas
To bring me truth.
It's good to know that youth
And eyes and lips are only half the tie;
That, though all listening peoples claim you now,
Your spirit still
Holds some small emptiness that I
And only I can fill.

So take my homage, friend, with all the rest.
It will not hurt you — you are much too wise —
And ride the world, and battle at the crest,
As at the ebb, with lies.
Yet if you weary sometimes of the praise
And greatness palls a little in the dusk,
I shall be waiting as in other days.
Then you can strip your world-ways like a husk,
And friendship will make wide her wicket gate
On twilit gardens, sweet and intimate,
And we will talk of simple homely things,
Of flowers, of laughter, of the flash of wings. . . .

Reedy's Mirror *Eunice Tietjens*

THE LETTER

What does one gain by living? What by dying
Is lost worth having? What the daily things

Lived through together make them worth the while
For their sakes or for life's? Where's the denying
Of souls through separation? There's your smile!
And your hands' touch! And the long day that
brings
Half uttered nothings of delight! But then
Now that I see you not, and shall again
Touch you no more — memory can possess
Your soul's essential self, and none the less
You live with me. I therefore write to you
This letter just as if you were away
Upon a journey, or a holiday;
And so I'll put down everything that's new
In this secluded village, since you left. . . .
Now let me think! Well, then, as I remember,
After ten days the lilacs burst in bloom.
We had spring all at once — the long December
Gave way to sunshine. Then we swept your room
And laid your things away. And then one morning
I saw the mother robin giving warning
To little bills stuck just above the rim
Of that nest which you watched while being built,
Near where she sat, upon a leafless limb,
With folded wings against an April rain.
On June the tenth Edward and Julia married,
I did not go for fear of an old pain.
I was out on the porch as they drove by,
Coming from church. I think I never scanned
A girl's face with such sunny smiles upon it
Showing beneath the roses on her bonnet —
I went into the house to have a cry.
A few days later Kimbrough lost his wife.
Between housework and hoeing in the garden
I read Sir Thomas More and Göethe's life.
My heart was numb and still I had to harden
All memory or die. And just the same

As when you sat beside the window, passed
Larson, the cobbler, hollow-chested, lame.
He did not die till late November came.
Things did not come as Doctor Jones forecast,
'Twas June when Mary Morgan had her child.
Her husband was in Monmouth at the time.
She had no milk, the baby is not well.
The Baptist Church has got a fine new bell.
And after harvest Joseph Clifford tiled
His bottom land. Then Judy Heaton's crime
Has shocked the village, for the monster killed
Glendora Wilson's father at his door —
A daughter's name was why the blood was spilled.
I could go on, but wherefore tell you more?
The world of men has gone its olden way
With war in Europe and the same routine
Of life among us that you knew when here.
This gossip is not idle, since I say
By means of it what I would tell you, dear:
I have been near you, dear, for I have been,
Not with you through these things, but in despite
Of living them without you, therefore near
In spirit and in memory with you.

. . . . . .

Do you remember that delightful Inn
At Chester and the Roman wall, and how
We walked from Avon clear to Kenilworth?
And afterward when you and I came down
To London, I forsook the murky town,
And left you to quaint ways and crowded places,
While I went on to Putney just to see
Old Swinburne and to look into his face's
Changeable lights and shadows and to seize on
A finer thing than any verse he wrote?
(Oh beautiful illusions of our youth!)
He did not see me gladly. Talked of treason

To England's greatness. What was Camden like?
Did old Walt Whitman smoke or did he drink?
And Longfellow was sweet but couldn't think.
His mood was crusty. Lowell made him laugh!
Meantime Watts-Dunton came and broke in half
My visit, so I left.

The thing was this:
None of this talk was Swinburne any more
Than some child of his loins would take his hair,
Eyes, skin, from him in some pangenesis,—
His flesh was nothing but a poor affair,
A channel for the eternal stream — his flesh
Gave nothing closer, mind you, than his book,
But rather blurred it; even his eyes' look
Confused "Madonna Mia" from its fresh
And liquid meaning. So I knew at last
His real immortal self is in his verse.

. . . . . .

Since you have gone I've thought of this so much.
I cannot lose you in this universe —
I first must lose myself. The essential touch
Of soul possession lies not in the walk
Of daily life on earth, nor in the talk
Of daily things, nor in the sight of eyes
Looking in other eyes, nor daily bread
Broken together, nor the hour of love
When flesh surrenders depths of things divine
Beyond all vision, as they were the dream
Of other planets, but without these even
In death and separation, there is heaven:
By just that unison and its memory
Which brought our lips together. To be free
From accidents of being, to be freeing
The soul from trammels on essential being,
Is to possess the loved one. I have strayed

Into the only heaven God has made:
That's where we know each other as we are,
In the bright ether of some quiet star,
Communing as two memories with each other.

Reedy's Mirror — *Edgar Lee Masters*

RETURN

Wise man, wise man,
Fingers and thumbs,
Which is the way
That Jesus comes?

Wise man, wise man,
Rabbi, priest,
Did you ever see a man
On such a poor beast?

Wise man, wise man,
I saw a lame child;
And when he came by
Jesus smiled.

Jesus, Jesus,
How do you come?
" To those who are halt
And blind and dumb."

My knee was sprung
And I couldn't see,
So I climbed up high
In a jujube tree.

Jesus, Jesus,
What are you worth?

" The sun and the moon
And the little round earth."

Jesus, Jesus,
Sing me a song.
" I can't stop now,
For the road's too long."

Jesus, Jesus,
Go along, Lord;
My knee is straight
As the governor's sword.

Jesus, Jesus,
Go along before
To a high house
With a silver door.

But I'll stop first
To clean my feet,
And then sit down
By the chimney-seat.

And Jesus will laugh
And say it's good
That I've moved into
His neighborhood.

When he lights his pipe
I think he'll scratch
The Morning-Star
For his safety match.

We'll drink all night
From a good brown cup,
And not go to bed
Till the sun comes up.

Wise man, wise man,
Fingers and thumbs,
This is the way
That Jesus comes.

Contemporary Verse *Willard Wattles*

EYE-WITNESS

Down by the railroad in a green valley
By dancing water, there he stayed awhile
Singing, and three men with him, listeners,
All tramps, all homeless reapers of the wind,
Motionless now and while the song went on
Transfigured into mages thronged with visions;
There with the late light of the sunset on them
And on clear water spinning from a spring
Through little cones of sand dancing and fading,
Close beside pine woods where a hermit-thrush
Cast, when love dazzled him, shadows of music
That lengthened, fluting, through the singer's pauses
While the sure earth rolled eastward bringing stars
Over the singer and the men that listened
There by the roadside, understanding all.

A train went by but nothing seemed to be changed.
Some eye at a car window must have flashed
From the plush world inside the glassy Pullman,
Carelessly bearing off the scene forever,
With idle wonder what the men were doing,
Seeing they were so strangely fixed and seeing
Torn papers from their smeary dreary meal
Spread on the ground with old tomato cans
Muddy with dregs of lukewarm chicory,
Neglected while they listened to the song.

And while he sang the singer's face was lifted,
And the sky shook down a soft light upon him
Out of its branches where like fruits there were
Many beautiful stars and planets moving,
With lands upon them, rising from their seas,
Glorious lands with glittering sands upon them,
With soils of gold and magic mould for seeding,
The shining loam of lands afoam with gardens
On mightier stars with giant rains and suns
There in the heavens; but on none of all
Was there ground better than he stood upon:
There was no world there in the sky above him
Deeper in promise than the earth beneath him
Whose dust had flowered up in him the singer
And three men understanding every word.

The Tramp Sings:

I will sing, I will go, and never ask me "Why?"
I was born a rover and a passer-by.

I seem to myself like water and sky,
A river and a rover and a passer-by.

But in the winter three years back
We lit us a night fire by the track,

And the snow came up and the fire it flew
And we couldn't find the warming room for two.

One had to suffer, so I left him the fire
And I went to the weather from my heart's desire.

It was night on the line, it was no more fire,
But the zero whistle through the icy wire.

As I went suffering through the snow
Something like a shadow came moving slow.

I went up to it and I said a word;
Something flew above it like a kind of bird.

I leaned in closer and I saw a face;
A light went round me but I kept my place.

My heart went open like an apple sliced;
I saw my Saviour and I saw my Christ.

Well, you may not read it in a book,
But it takes a gentle Saviour to give a gentle look.

I looked in his eyes and I read the news;
His heart was having the railroad blues.

Oh, the railroad blues will cost you dear,
Keeps you moving on for something that you don't see
here.

We stood and whispered in a kind of moon;
The line was looking like May and June.

I found he was a roamer and a journey man,
Looking for a lodging since the night began.

He went to the doors but he didn't have the pay.
He went to the windows, then he went away.

Says: "We'll walk together and we'll both be fed."
Says: "I will give you the 'other' bread."

Oh, the bread he gave and without money!
O drink, O fire, O burning honey!

It went all through me like a shining storm:
I saw inside me, it was light and warm.

I saw deep under and I saw above,
I saw the stars weighed down with love.

They sang that love to burning birth,
They poured that music to the earth.

I heard the stars sing low like mothers.
He said: "Now look, and help feed others."

I looked around, and as close as touch
Was everybody that suffered much.

They reached out, there was darkness only;
They could not see us, they were lonely.

I saw the hearts that deaths took hold of,
With the wounds bare that were not told of;

Hearts with things in them making gashes;
Hearts that were choked with their dreams' ashes;

Women in front of the rolled-back air,
Looking at their breasts and nothing there;

Good men wasting and trapped in hells;
Hurt lads shivering with the fare-thee-wells.

I saw them as if something bound them;
I stood there but my heart went round them.

I begged him not to let me see them wasted.
Says: "Tell them then what you have tasted."

Told him I was weak as a rained-on bee;
Told him I was lost.— Says: "Lean on me."

Something happened then I could not tell,
But I knew I had the water for every hell.

Any other thing it was no use bringing;
They needed what the stars were singing,

What the whole sky sang like waves of light,
The tune that it danced to, day and night.

Oh, I listened to the sky for the tune to come;
The song seemed easy, but I stood there dumb.

The stars could feel me reaching through them;
They let down light and drew me to them.

I stood in the sky in a light like day,
Drinking in the word that all things say

Where the worlds hang growing in clustered shapes
Dripping the music like wine from grapes.

With " Love, Love, Love," above the pain,
— The vine-like song with its wine-like rain.

Through heaven under heaven the song takes root
Of the turning, burning, deathless fruit.

I came to the earth and the pain so near me,
I tried that song but they couldn't hear me.

I went down into the ground to grow,
A seed for a song that would make men know.

Into the ground from my Roamer's light
I went; he watched me sink to night.

Deep in the ground from my human grieving,
His pain ploughed in me to believing.

Oh, he took earth's pain to be his bride,
While the heart of life sang in his side.

For I felt that pain, I took its kiss,
My heart broke into dust with his.

Then sudden through the earth I found life springing;
The dust men trampled on was singing.

Deep in my dust I felt its tones;
The roots of beauty went round my bones.

I stirred, I rose like a flame, like a river,
I stood on the line, I could sing for ever.

Love had pierced into my human sheathing,
Song came out of me simple as breathing.

A freight came by, the line grew colder.
He laid his hand upon my shoulder.

Says, " Don't stay on the line such nights,"
And led me by the hand to the station lights.

I asked him in front of the station-house wall
If he had lodging. Says: " None at all."

I pointed to my heart and looked in his face.—
" Here,— if you haven't got a better place."

He looked and he said: " Oh, we still must roam
But if you'll keep it open, well, I'll call it ' home.' "

The thrush now slept whose pillow was his wing.
So the song ended and the four remained

Still in the faint starshine that silvered them,
While the low sound went on of broken water
Out of the spring and through the darkness flowing
Over a stone that held it from the sea.
Whether the men spoke after could not be told,
A mist from the ground so veiled them, but they waited
A little longer till the moon came up;
Then on the gilded track leading to the mountains,
Against the moon they faded in common gold
And earth bore East with all toward the new morning.

Scribner's Magazine — *Ridgely Torrence*

FEET

Where the sun shines in the street
There are very many feet
Seeking God, all unaware
That their hastening is a prayer.
Perhaps these feet would deem it odd,
(Who think they are on business bent),
If some one went
And told them, "You are seeking God!"

Contemporary Verse — *Mary Carolyn Davies*

THE COWARD

It lies before my wounded feet:
The cross I am to bear.
Blocking my path, it frightens me
To see it lying there.

And yet, I dare not turn away,
Nor yet dare go around.
God, give me strength to carry it:
The thing upon the ground.

The Catholic World *Caroline Giltinan*

URIEL

[II ESDRAS 4TH]

Then Uriel spake — the great angel, the angel of God —
"Would ye know then the secrets of Yahveh, the rule of his rod?
So, weigh me the weight of the fire, the blast of the wind
That has left in the wake of the tempest no whisper behind;
Or call me the day that has vanished — one hour of the day —
And I will interpret Jehovah, his will and his way!"

And I answered, "Oh! angel of Yahveh, ye know and I know
That the questions ye ask are a riddle. The gleam and the glow
Of the flash of the fire are fitful, and cannot be weighed,
And the whirl of the cyclone unmeasured can never be stayed,
And the day that is past — could we call it — then Heaven would be here,
But, perchance, we could walk, even blindly, were the pathway more clear!"

Then Uriel answered, " I ask ye of things ye have known.
Ye have sat at the warmth of the fire; the breeze that has blown
Has cooled ye when faint with the summer's long sweep of the sun,
And the day that is past, ye have lived it, although it is done.
If ye cannot discern, though half hidden, the things ye have seen,
Would ye look on the veiled face of Yahveh, his might and his mien? "

And I answered God's angel in sorrow, " 'Twere better by far
That we ne'er had been born to the bitter, blind things that we are;
To suffer, and not to know wherefore, to be but the sport
Of Jehovah who reads not the riddle of all he has wrought! "

Then, gently, the angel of Yahveh made answer to me —
" When the flame of the fire has flickered, oh! what do ye see,
The smoke that is left? Yea, the ashes, but fire and flame
Are greater than smoke or than ashes. The clouds are the same —
They pass to the earth in the shower, the drops shall remain,
But greater than drops, and unending the rush of the rain.
What has been is but drops and but ashes to the more still to be,

For the ways of Jehovah are wondrous. Wait, mortal, and see!"

Scribner's Magazine *Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

THE CHILD OF GOD

The scene is the dining-room of a small house in a small New England village. There is a table spread for supper. In the center of the table is a high, ugly, unshaded lamp. There is a door at the back, set between two windows, the windows have shelves filled with straggling plants. A woman is moving about the room. She goes to one of the windows and peers between the plants. She draws the shade and comes to the table. She turns up the lamp. She is Mrs. Dean, a widow.

MRS. DEAN

He's late again tonight,
Supper's all ready, I'll turn up the light.
There, that's what I call cheerful! I can't see
Why he should hate it so. It seems to me
He's growing finicking. The lamp's too bright,
This thing is ugly, that thing isn't right.
I've never taught him so. I've always said,
"Be thankful that the Lord sends Daily Bread."
He doesn't seem to hear me any more.
(*There is a sound of footsteps and Mrs. Dean raises her voice.*)
Is that you, John?
Be sure to wipe your feet and shut the door!
(*There is a light rap and then the door opens slowly and a woman enters. She is short and plump and is dressed in a fashion a little old. She carries a few bundles. She is Mrs. Carson, a neighbor.*)

MRS. CARSON

May I come in? I was just going by,
When you turned up the light.
Tom's come home unexpected and I had
To run out to the store to get an extra bite.
I don't eat much when I'm alone —

MRS. DEAN

Will Tom stay with you now?

MRS. CARSON

Oh, mercy, no! He's got a place down there.
Tom's doing well. He's just run home to see
His mother over Sunday.

MRS. DEAN

It seems to me
It isn't always mothers that they come to see.

MRS. CARSON

(*Smiling but watchful*)

Oh, Tom don't care for Irma any more!
I'm glad of that. Irma's all right.
She's pretty and all that, but kind of light.
They say she's going to marry Henry Ware.
Tom told me and he said he didn't care.

MRS. DEAN

(*Interested, she speaks tensely*)

You're sure of that? You know
What you are saying?

MRS. CARSON

Oh, I guess it's so!
I've seen him going there a lot of late,
And watched them kind of lingering at the gate.
I must be going now. Tom will be home.

He went down street to see what he could see.
He likes to meet folks. Tell your John for me
He must run over when he can. He's got the time.
Most of the boys are busy with some work,
But John's the gentleman! My Tom's a clerk
In a big hardware store at Everston.

MRS. DEAN

(*Unmoved*)

You know what John is. You know very well
He is the Lord's. And I don't need to tell
That he's to preach the Gospel. In the Fall
He goes to Hartford. He's to study there.
I've planned it all.
(*Mrs. Carson is restless while Mrs. Dean is speaking. She is timid, but as Mrs. Dean pauses, she summons her courage and speaks earnestly*)

MRS. CARSON

I've heard folks say that John don't want to preach.
Are you quite sure you're right to push him so?
Why do you urge him if he doesn't want to go?

MRS. DEAN

(*Stiffly*)

You're very kind, I'm sure. I'm very sure
That you mean to be kind, so I endure
What you are bold to say.

MRS. CARSON

I know I'm kind of awkward. What I've come to say
Don't seem to come easy. It's hard, someway,
To talk about real things, but this is one
I feel I've got to talk about, and now that I've begun

I guess I'll say it quick. My Tom wants John to go
Back to Everston with him. He's got a job for
John.
He knows about Irma — he understands. And
so —

MRS. DEAN

(*Interrupting her*)

Before my son was born I made a plan with God.
I said, " Oh God, when my son is a man,
His voice shall praise Thee. I give him to be
Thy minister, oh Lord! Take him from me!"
I've always told John that. John knows he is
The Child of God. John knows that he's to
preach.
He will begin to study in the Fall.

MRS. CARSON

(*No longer timid, speaks with feeling*)

You must know about Irma! She is queer
Some way. There's something makes her dear
To all the young men. It's kind of hard to say
Just what it is. She's got a pretty way
Her hair's all curly — she's got dimpled hands —

MRS. DEAN

What's that to do with what the Lord commands?

MRS. CARSON

Has God said anything? Or is it you
Who want your own way? Oh! why won't you let
John go away with Tom. He will forget
And care less, as Tom does.

MRS. DEAN

You're very kind, but you don't understand.
I never liked Irma.

MRS. CARSON

What has that to do
With young men's liking? Do you think that you
Can think and feel for John as well as plan?
You seem to forget that your John's a man!

MRS. DEAN

He is the Child of God. I've given him.

(*Mrs. Carson rises. She draws her coat together, preparing to leave. She sighs a little*)

MRS. CARSON

I'm sorry, very sorry. Well, good-night.
I wish you'd listen and I've meant all right.
(*She lingers at the door for an instant*)
Good-night.

(*She goes out, shutting the door softly behind her. Mrs. Dean stands rigid for a moment and then turns with a rapt smile.*)

MRS. DEAN

She cannot understand. She never gave
A son to God. The souls that John shall save
Will pass before her in their white array
Upon the Judgment Day. There's John's step now —
Oh, God! Don't let him care! God, take my part!
Tear Irma Willett's face out of his heart!
(*John enters with his hands full of wild flowers.*)

JOHN

Aren't they lovely, Mother? Every one of them
A chalice with a drop of flower wine.
What silversmith can make a cup like that?
The workman was divine!
See how they're touched with color.
What a wrist that is!

It turns a light brush quickly
And paints anemones.

MRS. DEAN

They fall so. Look — they're all over the floor!
I've work enough to do! No — it's all right.
I don't mind clearing up
After my son. Why are you late tonight?

JOHN

Haven't you seen the sunset? The sun's a scarlet rose
Laid on the edge of the world. No painter knows
Such vehement color on color as clouds that come
To gather the rose in their hands and carry it home.

MRS. DEAN

It is the sun and the sky that the Lord has made.
The Heavens declare his glory —

MRS. DEAN

(*Smiling*)

And you pull down the shade.

MRS. DEAN

(*Shocked*)

My son!

JOHN

But Mother, you do!
You have pulled the shade at those windows lest
The glory of God shine through.
Have you looked on the hills tonight? God has lifted the shade
To let us see into the workshop where glory is made!

MRS. DEAN

I don't like to hear you talk so! I wish that you
Would talk like other folks do!

(*John seats himself at the table and begins to arrange his flowers in a glass of water there.*)

JOHN

You'd like to have me quote from some old hymns,
Use phrases of a people I don't know,
Say things I don't believe or that are no longer so,
(*He smiles a little to soften his words.*)
Speak of Bible flowers that can't litter your floor,
I'm sorry, Mother, but that's all too far away.
These little, scented blossoms that I found today
Are lovely as any lilies that Jesus ever found
When he walked through the fields of Palestine,
Or looked on the hills around
About the city of Jerusalem. I am not a Jew.
I'm a New England village boy some power is singing through.
Life is very wonderful. These are my fields and trees,
My little, friendly rivers that run to meet my seas.
"This is the day the Lord has made,"
The same Lord that made me —
Made me myself — gave me my singing soul!
He made the world, green growing, set my feet
To walk in it! To go out into it!

MRS. DEAN

(*Steadily*)

You are going to Hartford to study theology.

JOHN

I'm awfully sorry, Mother, but you can't plan my life for me.

MRS. DEAN

I vowed it before you were born, John.
To God I've given my word.
You are to preach the Lord —

JOHN

I'll sing the Lord.

MRS. DEAN

Your songs are impious. You twist truth about.
You make things different. Your songs are strange.
You cover sacred things with a shadow of doubt.
You are deaf to the voice of the Lord.

JOHN

No, Mother, you're wrong.
I've heard God saying
"Sing unto me a new song!"

MRS. DEAN

I prayed over you in your cradle, when you were a little boy;
I gave you a pictured Bible instead of a foolish toy —

JOHN

(*Wistfully*)

But, Mother, I wanted the toy.
I was only a little boy.

MRS. DEAN

(*Ignoring him*)

I sat by you hour after hour, reading the old, sweet hymns.

JOHN

Yes, I learned rhythm from them. Some of them thrill me yet,

But some are pretty bad poems, words that are
clumsily set
To fasten a half truth into a mind that can only
half forget.

MRS. DEAN

My prayers have come to this! My word to God!
The wine of my soul is spilled on the earth and
trod
Under the feet of him who was to be
My gift to God!

JOHN

Won't you listen, Mother? It seems to me
That you won't think and you won't let me think.
You speak of wine, and yet you call strong drink
The brew of Hell. And you want me to vote
To make all wine illegal in the State.
What does wine mean to you or to your soul?
You use the eastern image two thousand years too
late.
We in New England villages don't think in terms of
wine.
We work for prohibition. And that's what I mean.
I want to get away from words that are
No longer full of meaning, thoughts that bar
My soul in its free flight into blue Heaven.
I'm sorry, Mother, but it must be so,
The time has come when you must let me go.

(*They stand looking at one another and neither shows any sign of yielding. There is a sound of footsteps at the door and a hurried knocking. After an instant's pause, Mrs. Dean goes slowly to the door and opens it. Tom Carson and Irma Willett enter. They are agitated.*)

IRMA

Oh, it isn't true!
Oh, I'm so glad! They told me it was you
And I ran all the way.

TOM

You went along the river bank today?
Under the willows? Someone saw you there
Sitting alone. There's been a big landslide.
Sid Jenkins sent down there and found a man had died.
He was all crushed. Ugh! It was horrible!

IRMA

I thought that it was you!

JOHN

I'm sorry you were frightened, Irma dear,
But you'd no reason. I was safely here.

MRS. DEAN

(*Passionate, exalted*)

Now will you see the Lord's hand in your life
Pointing your duty clear?
You are spared to do his will and naught beside!

JOHN

But Mother, what of the fellow who has died?

IRMA

(*Growing a little shy*)

I must go now. You see, Mrs. Dean,
I only came because someone had seen
John sitting there by the old willow trees.
I was so frightened — fearing — Ah, John, please,
Please let me go.

JOHN

Let me thank you, Irma. This will comfort me
When nights seem long. I'm going away to-
morrow.

MRS. DEAN

Piling sorrow on his mother's sorrow!
Better far that he
Should lie there dead by the old willow tree!

TOM

Oh, but that is dreadful, Mrs. Dean!
You mustn't talk like that, for you can't mean
What you are saying. John saved me
When I was headed straight for death and Hell
He made me feel ashamed. He made me see
Just what a fool I was. I went away
And fought it out. That's why I'm here today.
I've got a job for John in Everston.
I'd be so proud to have John there!
I'd be proud of John anywhere!

MRS. DEAN

He is the Child of God, yet he denies
The Heavenly Fatherhood. All — all my prayer
Is wasted on him. All my promises
Lie unfulfilled before the Lord Most High.
I vowed that he should preach —

IRMA

(*Suddenly, forgetting herself*)

Oh, I can't see why
God ever gave you John! You little, little soul!
You want to sit in some nice snug front pew
With all the congregation behind you
Saying "That's her son!" You want John to
stand

Up in some pulpit, very black and grand,
Looking down on the people! John will go
As young King Saul went after his father's sheep,
The poor, lost sheep that needed the young Saul so!
And Saul found the word of God on the road — on
the road!
Not in any high pulpit, not in a fixed abode,
But out where lost sheep go by.
Oh, John's too big for us all! And I — and I
Could kneel at his feet and worship him.
(*She speaks more slowly, very tenderly*)
Perhaps
That's why I can't love you, John, as I love Henry
Ware.
I should always be at your feet and humble there.

JOHN

Don't grieve, dear. Don't you see
If you are happy, that's enough for me.
Tell Henry that I'll keep an eye on him!
(*Gravely*)
Mother can't understand. Her God is grim,
And strange and high and very far away,
Not having much to do with men today
Here in New England; speaking overseas
In phrases of a people unlike these
Who live with us. She is afraid
Of all the real things. She fears for me
Because I'm glad in all that has been made.
Glad in my own heart and unceasingly
At beauty of this sky and field and sea,
Glad that I'm young and glad that I am strong!
Glad in my own phrase and in my own song!

MRS. DEAN

He is breaking his mother's heart,
He is breaking his mother's vow.

He is choosing a life apart
From the things of God. He sings
Of wicked, heathen things.

JOHN

I'll make them all praise God,
Hill, river, road and tree,
Life, death, eternity!
Church, bank and byre and bin,
Above, below, without, within.
I'll make the oriole's wing a flaming sword!
I'll make Pan praise the Lord!

MRS. DEAN

And lose your soul!

IRMA

No — no! And be made whole!
Find all the little truths we overlook.
Release the creed-bound beauty of the Book!

(*There is a sound of people gathering outside, voices and footsteps. Tom Carson goes to the door.*)

TOM

(*speaking to the people outside*)

John's safe at home. Yes. John's all right.
Yes — yes! We're glad! You'd better not come in.
We're coming out.
Come, Irma, and — Good-night.

(*He speaks to John.*)

There's a great crowd out there. They were afraid
It was your body by the willow tree.
Go, speak to them. They love you. You have made
Friends of them all. And will you write to me
Once in a while? You know how glad I'd be

To hear from you? I will take Irma home.

(*He pushes John gently toward the door. John goes out. The people can be heard greeting him. Irma draws her light wrap about her shoulders and prepares to go with Tom. She is watching Mrs. Dean intently and as she reaches the door she turns to speak to the older woman who stands rigid, watching her.*)

IRMA

Pray tonight, if you can.
Thank God you have brought a man
Into the world, a singing priest to reach
The hearts of other men.
We're too small, you and I, to love him as
He should be loved. We are too small
To understand it all.
But can't you love him more?
Oh, can't you
Love him as other mothers do?
And be a little — kind —
Can't you —

(*Her voice falters and dies away. She looks back and then goes out, shutting the door behind her. Mrs. Dean stands very still, unyielding.*)

The Seven Arts *Louise Driscoll*

MY LIGHT WITH YOURS

I

When the sea has devoured the ships
And the spires and the towers
Have gone back to the hills,
And all the cities
Are one with the plains again;

And the beauty of bronze
And the strength of steel
Are blown over silent continents
As the desert sand is blown —
My dust with yours forever.

II

When folly and wisdom are no more,
And fire is no more,
Because man is no more;
When the dead world slowly spinning
Drifts and falls through the void —
My light with yours
In the Light of Lights forever!

Reedy's Mirror *Edgar Lee Masters*

SUMMER

When all the roads are deep with dust,
When chestnut blossoms tinge with rust,
On every ridge, the forest's crown
And pour their plumy pollen down,
When droughts have burned the meadows brown
And drained the watercourses bare,
When honeysuckles scent the air,
And bees boom loud in every bower,
Though now, save at the twilight hour,
Through all the long parched day, is heard
No more the song of any bird —
Song-sparrow, bob-o'-link, or thrush —
And on the noontide falls a hush,
When every breeze's listless breath
Is laden with a fiery death.
Then come with me and seek the cool

Moist margin of the hidden pool
That I, and I alone, have found,
Fed by a stream, whose tinkling sound
Makes silver music in the shade
Spread by a little forest glade,
And whose clear rippling waves distil,
Beneath the leaves a grateful chill.
There we shall rest; and, if you choose,
The pool's shy god will not refuse
To welcome you within his tide.
Lay all your clinging lawns aside,
And, white upon the grassy rim,
Let first your foot, one slender limb,
The cool, caressing waters lave.
Then swiftly slip into the wave,
And let the lucent amber fold
Its flood around you, flecked with gold,
Down where bright pebbled gleam remote. . . .
Slow to the surface you shall float,
A vision of soft Cyprian foam.
And since no Nymph has made her home
Within this fountain, you shall be
Its tutelar divinity —
Shall on its waters cast such spell
That he who comes his thirst to quell,
Through your enchantment shall be kept,
By strange dreams haunted, nymphalept,
Straining above all pools to see
Some fleeting, white-limbed mystery,
Bending above all brooks to trace
The shadowy features of a face
That tempts and taunts him, till its lure
Proves more than passion may endure,
And, drawn into her gleaming lair,
He dies entangled in her hair.
So, with our fancies, we shall cheat

The raging dogstar's sultry heat,
Until the sun less straight shall send
His rays, then we shall homeward bend
Our steps reflective, tranquil, slow,
Well pleased to linger as we go,
To watch the fiery splendour fade
And all the world return to shade.

William Aspenwall Bradley
The Poetry Review of America.

SEASONS

How lovely these trees are
At all times.
In the Winter
When they stretch their nude arms to Heaven
Like daring wantons,
And beg the frost-king for his crystal jewels,
In the Spring.
Clothed in the first green dress
So faintly perfumed
And trimmed with buds.
Later when the Summer guests arrive
And all is music and merry-making,
How lovely then
In their costume of firmer texture
And deeper dye.
But in the fall,
Arrayed in red and gold
And spangled with ripened fruit
Like giant rubies,
'Tis then that Heaven
Throws between Itself and them,

That smoky, hazy Autumn veil
Lest their beauty be too dazzling.

The Poetry Journal *Gerve Baronti*

PRO PATRIA

Remember, as the flaming car
  Of ruin nearer rolls,
That of our country's substance are
  Our bodies and our souls.

Her dust we are, and to her dust
  Our ashes shall descend:
Who craves a lineage more august
  Or a diviner end?

By blessing of her fruitful dews,
  Her suns and winds and rains,
We have her granite in our thews,
  Her iron in our veins.

And, sleeping in her sacred earth,
  The ever-living dead
On the dark miracle of birth
  Their holy influence shed.

And, every hour, its crescent power
  The buried past doth prove,
In seed and bud and fruit and flower,
  In life and thought and love.

Our heritage of high success
  We hold by blood-bought right —
A thousand leagues of loveliness,
  And seven-score years of light.

That light on their stern foreheads shone
  Who, in the dawn's dim glow,
Strode silent into Lexington,
  Seven-score years ago.

The sun rose. To the morning sky
  The fields of France shone fair.
Together, in the noon-light, lie
  The lion and the bear.

But darkling in his wildwood home
  Still lurks a wounded boar,
With hoofs a-quiver and tusks a-foam
  To trample and to gore.

The hunts-up sounds; the bugle-blast
  Rings challenge; and the chase
Drives headlong to destroy the last
  Destroyer of our race.

No lure of blood, no lust for prey
  Impels us to the foray;
We blaze the way of breaking day,
  And darkness is our quarry.

So, in the faith our fathers kept,
  We live, and long to die;
To sleep forever, as they have slept,
  Under a sunlit sky;

Close-folded to our mother's heart
  To find our souls' release —
A secret coeternal part
  Of her eternal peace; —

Where Hood, Saint Helen's, and Rainier,
  In vestal raiment, keep

Inviolate through the varying year
Their immemorial sleep;

Or where the meadow-lark, in coy
But calm profusion, pours
The liquid fragments of his joy
On old colonial shores.

The Yale Review — *Charlton M. Lewis*

THESE UNITED STATES

To Alan Seeger

I

New, for the most part: very, very new.
Flimsy houses, mostly turned askew.
Streets that straggle, where, not long ago,
Timber stood, then cows grazed, now papers blow.
Much too busy to be tidy, bent
On being bigger — one big circus tent.
Somewhat slangy; not devoid of cheek;
Loving noise, and loving best to speak.
Swayed by headlines; governed by a shout; —
Nine days of wonder, then a new one's out.
Bashful in nothing; reverent in few;
New, for the most part; very, very new.
But — beneath the newness, in behind
All the brag and splurge and jest, we find
This: Old memories of homespun days.
Candle-lit; of quiet, sabbath ways
Won from wildernesses, fervent prayer
Given in peril's proof; young feet worn bare,
Hands tough-trained, and level-looking eyes
Keen on gunsights, calm as evening skies;
Memories of battle, richly drowned
In warm life-blood, heroes-wrapped-around,—
Deep, too deep for tears, not spoken of

Save by that great love which answers love;
Memories of old songs, carried far
Over wide prairies, past peaks that are
Torches to the sunrise, past the spires,
Star-outlined, of trees; by rain-ringed fires
Gleaned, and sung again on wind-bleached foam
With brave ships for China, praising Home,
Proudly, to strange skies; most sweet, most fair
Songs, the old, old, same songs, everywhere.
Memories and going deeper — dreams.
Dreams brought over seas, the first faint gleams;
Cherished, through storms cherished; dim and pale
But not dying dreams; still held, still hale,
Still with haughty stars defended, still,
Aloof, like eagles, brooding their bright will.

II

New, for the most part; very, very new.
Anglo-Saxon, German, Celt and Jew,
Latin, Armenian, Negro, Slav, Chinese,
Scandinavian, Hindoo, Dutch — all these.
Foreign tongues, not light to extirpate;
Feuds, hard-dying, Old-World, out of date.
Huddled herds in cities; labor, lined,
Often, with backward looks; love, left behind.
Seed wild-sown the wind has foisted far;
Rude wave-welter of all creeds that are.
Gallant the ship; a motley crowd the crew: —
New for the most part, very, very new.
But — beneath the newness, in behind
All the warp and tug and strain, we find
This: Old hungerings of long-dead days,
Spirit-bowed; of cruel, down-trod ways
Sore with subjugation; backs that meant
Overseers' whip-lashes, the bent,
Yoked abasement of once noble wills

Lunging at thongs between their masters' thills,—
Beasts of burden being; hungerings
Germinate in darkness, gouged by kings,
Bruised by heels of armies, overborne,
Time on time, by conquest, despot-torn;
Living, yet, miraculous alive;
Daunted not, continuing to thrive
Towards the sunlight; hungerings to be
Shackles through, and sea-glad, and got free; —
Hungerings for open spaces, wide
Of horizon, reaching out; to stride
Fields not fenced a summer's day, and be
Happy at moonrise; to get free . . . free.
Hungerings, and going deeper — fires.
Fires brought over seas, immense desires,
Smouldering, subterranean; smothered, dim
But not dying fires; still lodged, still grim,
Still with stubborn griefs defended, still
Anchored like iron rock-deep in proud will.

III

Dreams. Fires. Fraught clouds from Europe blow,
Whose rampired walls full sulphurously glow
With battle-flare at sunrise; overseas
Breaks the beached foam of wasting panoplies,
And faintly, as in sea-shells, far away,
The cannon thunder whispers night and day.
Fires. Dreams. In factory belch fuliginous,
In caisson gloom and skyey balanced truss;
By cobweb rails to fabled Ophirs spun;
On lapping tides; down darkened streets, is done —
Gestation of a giant doomed to birth —
The forging of a new and mightier earth.
A mightier. And a better? Not by ease —
By shoulder shrugs and oiled immunities.
Not by midnight riot. Once again

They shall inherit most who live most plain.
Ay, fear it not, the little breed that knows
Nothing but wantonness, it goes — it goes.
A bolder blood shall stride into the part;
Shall take the stage; shall wield a manlier art,
And put a shame on mimic. Even now
Is, troubled, in his sleep the Sleeper's brow.
Unrest, like mist, grows ghostlier, it seems
The Thinker questions. . . . Travail. Fire and dreams.
Dark overhead the clouds of Europe blow,
Heat-lightning-lit, dull, ominous and low.
Not yet, not yet the hour, but, tryst to keep,
A spirit moves abroad upon the deep,
And will be stirring soon. And will be sung,
Soon, to a clarion of nobler tongue
Than inks on ticker-tapes or glibly reads
From pompous records of parochial greeds
Promulgate for the People. . . . Midnight blue,
Stars of these States a-shining through,
The dawn awaited. Dreaming, peaks and spires; —
The house still locked and dreaming. Dreams — and fires.

IV

Thou whose full time both buds and stars await; —
On the curved cup of destiny whose hold
Permits no bubble world its concave gold
Too buoyant to relinquish; at whose gate
Love takes her lantern and goes out to Hate,
Bending above the battle's bleeding mould;
Our country thou in fire and dreams enfold —
In forest freshness, her, thy consecrate.
There must be some strange beauty hid in her,
With withes uncut by sharp awakening sword;
Some precious gift not veined, some truth of power

Thou art maturing, great artificer.
Fools we, and blind; impatient of an hour;
But make her worthy, for we love her, Lord!

The Boston Transcript *Benjamin R. C. Low*
February 7, 1917.

AN ODE OF DEDICATION

Verses written to be read before the Harvard Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa, June 18, 1917

I

Who would have thought a month of Spring
  Could work so deep a change?
Who would have thought a dream could sting
The dead to new life, quivering,
And shake dull hearts with echoing
  Of music new and strange?
The deaf have heard a call,
  The scoffers have heard a cry.
Freedom moaned, "Give help! I fall!
  Brother, your hand! I die!"
The dumb have heard and spoken,
  The sluggards have stirred;
A word, a dream, has broken
  The sleep of the sepulchered!
Through the storm and the dark
Freedom flashed a spark,
And we who love her name
Burst into flame,
And came!

Who would have thought that April days
  Could work such conjury?
Up from the crowded towns ablaze,

Up from the green hills, like a haze
Slow-rising to some magic lay's
  Unearthly harmony —
Walls and resplendent spires
  Have arisen, and stand!
A place of faint, far choirs
And chimes and candle-fires,
A month of new desires
  Has made a noisy land.
A place of prayer and search,
  A house of God, a church!

Lo, how the spires ascend!
  Lo, how the arches rise!
Lo, how the pinnacles pierce the clouds
  To melt their glow with the sky's!
What miracle, Wyoming?
  What high roof overspreads,
Kansas, your waving fields,
  New York, your hurrying heads?
What roof strains to the stars
  Over hill, over plain?
What Gothic glory covers you both,
  California, Maine?
In Florida, in Idaho,
  The crystal walls aspire;
In Oregon, in Delaware,
  Sings low the faint, far choir.
The valleys feel a sacred stir
  In every leaf and clod;
And from every mountain, every hill,
  The pillars loom up to God.

II

Who said, *" It is a booth where doves are sold "*?
  Who said, *" It is a money-changers' cave "*?

Silence to such forever, and behold!
It is a vast cathedral, and its nave
And dim-lit transept and broad aisles are filled
With a great nation's millions, on their knees
With new devotion and high fervor thrilled
Offering silver and heart's-ease
And love and life and all sweet, temporal things,
Still to keep bright
The steady light
That stifles in the wake of kings!

A market-place! they cried?
A lotus-land? They *lied!*
It is a great cathedral, not with hands
Upraised, but by the spirit's mute commands
Uplifted by the spirit, wall and spire,
To house a nation's purified desire!
A church! Where in hushed fervor stand
The children of contending races,
Forgetting feud and fatherland —
A hundred million lifted faces.

III

Once more the bugle breaks the April mood.
Once more the march of armies wakes the glen.
Once more the ardor simmers in the blood.
Once more a dream is single lord of men!

From images, from gods of clay,
From idols bright with diadems;
From lips that drew our souls astray
With lure of palaces and gems
And dancing girls and lights and wine
And crowns and power and golden halls;
From pride's penurious Mine and Thine,
Like narrow streets with towering walls;

From painted counterfeits and trash
  We turn to the authentic gleam,
Where in the gale and battle thrash
  The banners of a holy dream!

Once more a dream is single lord of men!
  Yea, we have put aside all little gods!
A dream is captain of the hours again!
  And we who were the sod's
Budding and fading children, with no trust
  Or treasury beyond the dust,
Feel on our eyes ethereal finger-tips
  Burn like a living coal! —
And gasp to feel the angel at our lips
  Call and awake the soul!

Once more a dream is single lord of men!
  Yea, we will rise and go, and face disaster
And want and wounds and death in some far fen,
  Having no king, but a great dream for master! —
To lead us over perilous seas, through trials
  Of heart and spirit, through long nights of pain,
Through agonies of fear, and self-denials,
  And longing for far friends and comrades slain,
And doubt and hate and utter weariness
  And savage hungers and supreme despairs —
Yea, we will go, yea, we will acquiesce,
  So at the last our children be the heirs
Of life, not death; of liberty, not bars!
  Inheritors not of smooth, ordered things,
But of hot struggle and strong hearts, and stars!
And questing spirits and fierce gales and wings!

Once more a dream is single lord of men!
  Yea, we will go and we will close dear doors

Of hope, and many an airy denizen
Of the dear land of Maybe and the shores
Of the enchanted islands of Perchance,
We will face, hand in hand and eye in eye,
Too full of pain for any utterance
Save the last halting murmur, " So — good-by."
For we will part from other friends than those
Who wear this garment of dissolving flesh
And die for dreams. Yea, softly we will close
The gates of twilit gardens cool and fresh,
Where, with the great immortals amid flowers
And bright immortal birds and billowy trees,
We held high converse and forgot the hours,
Remembering Truth and Beauty. Even to these
Beloved ghosts we also speak farewell.

IV

We will arise and go, not ignorant
Wherefore or at what price we go to sell
This bundle of bright hopes we covenant
Unto a dream. Our price is a new world!
We will go forth and slay the dragon, yea,
With all the banners of the Dream unfurled
We will go forth with swords and songs to slay
This ravager of villages, this old,
Bewitched, confused, malignant coil of hate,
Belching green poisons! In his dungeon-hold
The captive queens in tears and hunger wait.
Immortal Dream! The fettered shall be free!
Yea, not these only! *All*, who fettered lie!
Oh, Dream, who wilt not let us bow the knee,
Let not this dragon's downfall satisfy
Our reawakened passion for free hands,
Free-ranging and unsaddled spirits, born
To race against the wind on wide sea-strands
And thunder up high glens! Oh, silver horn,

Calling us forth, help us remember, yea,
Even now help us remember, while the Snake
Sprawls yet unconquered on the world's highway
And hills and cities to his roaring shake,
Help us remember that the high crusade
Whereon we here embark calls forth the free
In hosts with spears and flaunting flags arrayed,
Not for one dragon's end, one victory,
One last great war, but to unending war
Without, within, till God's white torch, supreme,
Melt the last chain; and the last dungeon-door
Swing slowly wide to the triumphant dream!

God, who gavest men eyes
God, who gavest men heart
To see a dream;
To follow the Gleam;
God, who gavest men stars
To find heaven by;
God, who madest men glad
At need to die;
Lord, from the hills again
We hear thy drum!
God, who lovest free men,
God, who lovest free men,
God, who lovest free men,
Lead on! We come.

The Outlook *Hermann Hagedorn*

APRIL 2nd

We have been patient — and they named us weak;
We have been silent — and they judged us meek.
Now, in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone —
With chosen words we make our meaning known,
That like a great wind from the West shall shake
The double throne.

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast,—
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,
And in the much-abused, high name of God
We speak at last.

The Vigilantes *Theodosia Garrison*

FALL IN!

We thought that reason had mastered men,
That peace of the world was lord,
That never the roll of the drum again
Should quicken the thirsty sword.
But our bubble broke with a sudden blow
And we heard, like the trumpet's din
That levelled the walls of Jericho,
The old, stern cry —" Fall in! "

We were numb, amazed, we were sick and dazed
With a horror past belief.
Silent we stood while Belgium blazed
In her martyr's glory of grief.
Then it came so near that we needs must hear
For the cry of our murdered kin
Drove in our heart like a searching spear
The call of the hour —" Fall in! "

Not in the flush of a barren thrill
Do we come to our deed at last,
We have weighed our will; we must do our will,
For the doubting time is past.

We have faced our soul in the sleepless night
And what shall we fear but sin?
Not for love of the fight, but for the love of right,
In the name of our God — Fall in!

Amelia Josephine Burr

The Vigilantes { *(First Prize, London Bookman Competition)*

THE BONFIRE

"Oh let's go up the hill and scare ourselves,
As reckless as the best of them tonight,
By setting fire to all the brush we piled
With pitchy hands to wait for rain or snow.
Oh let's not wait for rain to make it safe.
The pile is ours: we dragged it bough on bough
Down dark converging paths between the pines.
Let's not care what we do with it tonight.
Divide it? No! But burn it as one pile
The way we piled it. And let's be the talk
Of people brought to windows by a light
Thrown from somewhere upon their wall-paper.
Rouse them all, both the free and not so free
With saying what they'd like to do to us
For what they'd better wait till we have done.
Let's all but bring to life this old volcano,
If that is what the mountain ever was —
And scare ourselves. Let wild fire loose
We will . . ."
"And scare you too?" the children said.

"Why wouldn't it scare me to have a fire
Begin in smudge with ropy smoke and know
That still, if I repent, I may recall it,
But in a moment not: a little spurt

Of burning fatness, and then nothing but
The fire itself can put it out, and that
By burning out, and before it burns out
It will have roared first and mixed sparks with stars
And sweeping round it with a flaming sword,
Made the dim trees stand back in wider circle —
Done so much and I know not how much more
I mean it shall not do if I can bind it.
Well if it doesn't with its draft bring on
A wind to blow in earnest from some quarter,
As once it did to me upon an April.
The breezes were so spent with winter blowing
They seemed to fail the bluebirds under them
Short of the perch their languid flight was toward;
And my flame made a pinnacle to heaven
As I walked once round it in possession.

But the wind out of doors — you know the saying.
There came a gust. You used to think the trees
Made wind by fanning since you never knew
It blow but that you saw the trees in motion.
Something or someone watching made that gust.
It put the flame tip-down and dabbed the grass
Of overwinter with the least tip-touch
Your tongue gives salt or sugar in your hand.
The place it reached to blackened instantly.
The black was all there was by daylight,
That and the merest curl of cigarette smoke —
And a flame slender as the hepaticas,
Blood-root, and violets so soon to be now.
But the black spread like black death on the ground,
And I think the sky darkened with a cloud
Like winter and evening coming on together.
There were enough things to be thought of then.
Where the field stretches toward the north
And setting sun to Hyla brook, I gave it

To flames without twice thinking, where it verges
Upon the road, to flames too, though in fear
They might find fuel there, in withered brake,
Grass its full length, old silver golden-rod,
And alder and grape vine entanglement,
To leap the dusty deadline. For my own
I took what front there was beside. I knelt
And thrust hands in and held my face away.
Fight such a fire by rubbing not by beating.
A board is the best weapon if you have it.
I had my coat. And oh, I knew, I knew,
And said out loud, I couldn't bide the smother
And heat so close in; but the thought of all
The woods and town on fire by me, and all
The town turned out to fight for me — that held me.
I trusted the brook barrier, but feared
The road would fail; and on that side the fire
Rose till it made a noise of crackling wood —
Of something more than tinder grass or weed —
That brought me to my feet to hold it back
By leaning back myself, as if the reins
Were round my neck and I was at the plough.
I won. But I'm sure no one ever spread
Another color over a tenth the space
That I spread coal black over in the time
It took me. Neighbors coming home from town
Couldn't believe that so much black had come there
While they had backs turned, that it hadn't been there
When they had passed an hour or so before
Going the other way and they not seen it.
They looked about for someone to have done it.
But there was no one. I was somewhere wondering
Where all my weariness had gone and why
I walked so light on air in heavy shoes
In spite of a scorched Fourth of July feeling.
Why shouldn't I be scared remembering that?"

"If it scares you, what will it do to us?"

"Scare you. But if you shrink from being scared,
What would you say to war if it should come?
That's what for reasons I should like to know —
If you can comfort me by any answer."

"Oh, but war's not for children — it's for men."

"Now we are digging almost down to China.
My dears, my dears, you thought that — we all
thought it.
So your mistake was ours. Haven't you heard,
though,
About the ships where war has found them out
At sea, about the towns where war has come
Through opening clouds at night with droning speed
Further o'erhead than all but stars and angels,—
And children in the ships and in the towns?
Haven't you heard what we have lived to learn?
Nothing so new — something we had forgotten:
War is for everyone, for children too.
I wasn't going to tell you, and I mustn't.
The best way is to come up hill with me
And have our fire and laugh and be afraid."

The Seven Arts *Robert Frost*

THE SMILE OF REIMS

"The smile," they called her,— "La Sourire"; and
fair —
A sculptured angel on the northern door
Of the Cathedral's west façade — she wore
Through the long centuries of toil and care
That smile, mysteriously wrought and rare,

As if she saw brave visions evermore —
Kings, and an armored Maid who lilies bore,
And all the glories that had once been there.

How like to thee, her undefeated Land!
Wounded by bursting shells, a little space
Broken she lay beneath her ancient portal;
But lifted from the earth with trembling hand,
Victorious, still glowed upon her face
Thy smile, heroic France, love-given and immortal!

The Bellman *Florence Earle Coates*

GUNS AS KEYS: AND THE GREAT GATE SWINGS

PART I

Due East, far West. Distant as the nests of the opposite winds. Removed as fire and water are, as the clouds and the roots of the hills, as the wills of youth and age. Let the key-guns be mounted, make a brave show of waging war, and pry off the lid of Pandora's box once more. Get in at any cost and let out at little, so it seems, but wait — wait — there is much to follow through the Great Gate!

They do not see things in quite that way, on this bright November day, with sun flashing, and waves splashing, up and down Chesapeake Bay. On shore, all the papers are running to press with huge headlines: "Commodore Perry Sails." Dining-tables buzz with travellers' tales of old Japan culled from Dutch writers. But we are not like the Dutch. No shutting the stars and stripes up on an island.

Pooh! We must trade wherever we have a mind. Naturally!

The wharves of Norfolk are falling behind, becoming smaller, confused with the warehouses and the trees. On the impetus of the strong South breeze, the paddle-wheel steam frigate *Mississippi* of the United States Navy, sails down the flashing bay. Sails away, and steams away, for her furnaces are burning, and her paddle-wheels turning, and all her sails are set and full. Pull, men, to the old chorus:

"A Yankee ship sails down the river,
Blow, boys, blow;
Her masts and spars they shine like silver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow."

But what is the use? That plaguey brass band blares out with "The Star Spangled Banner," and you cannot hear the men because of it. Which is a pity, thinks the Commodore, in his cabin, studying the map, and marking stepping-stones: Madeira, Cape Town, Mauritius, Singapore, nice firm stepping-places for seven-league boots. Flag-stones up and down a hemisphere.

My! How she throws the water off from her bows, and how those paddle-wheels churn her along at the rate of seven good knots! You are a proud lady, *Mrs. Mississippi,* curtseying down Chesapeake Bay, all a-flutter with red, white and blue ribbons.

At Mishiwa in the Province of Kai,
Three men are trying to measure a pine tree
By the length of their outstretched arms.
Trying to span the bole of a huge pine tree
By the spread of their lifted arms.

Attempting to compress its girth
Within the limit of their extended arms.
Beyond, Fuji,
Majestic, inevitable,
Wreathed over by wisps of cloud.
The clouds draw about the mountain,
But there are gaps.
The men reach about the pine tree,
But their hands break apart;
The rough bark escapes their hand-clasps;
The tree is unencircled.
Three men are trying to measure the stem of a
gigantic pine tree,
With their arms,
At Mishiwa in the Province of Kai.

Furnaces are burning good Cumberland coal at the rate of twenty-six tons per diem, and the paddle-wheels turn round and round in an iris of spray. She noses her way through a wallowing sea; foots it, bit by bit, over the slanting wave slopes; pants along, thrust forward by her breathing furnaces, urged ahead by the wind draft flattening against her taut sails.

The Commodore, leaning over the taffrail, sees the peak of Madeira swept up out of the haze. The *Mississippi* glides into smooth water, and anchors under the lee of the "Desertas."

Ah! the purple bougainvillia! And the sweet smells of the heliotrope and geranium hedges! Ox-drawn sledges clattering over cobbles — what a fine pause in an endless voyaging. Stars and stripes demanding five hundred tons of coal, ten thousand gallons of water, resting for a moment on a round stepping-stone, with the drying sails slatting about in the warm wind.

"Get out your accordion, Jim, and give us the 'Sewanee River' to show those Dagos what a tune is. Pipe up with the chorus, boys. Let her go."

The green water flows past Madeira. Flows under the paddle-boards, making them clip and clap. The green water washes along the sides of the Commodore's steam flagship and passes away to leeward.

"Hitch up your trousers, Black Face, and do a hornpipe. It's a fine quiet night for a double shuffle. Keep her going, Jim. Louder. That's the ticket. Gosh, but you can spin, Blackey!"

The road is hilly
Outside the Tiger Gate,
And striped with shadows from a bow moon
Slowly sinking to the horizon.
The roadway twinkles with the bobbing of paper lanterns,
Melon-shaped, round, oblong,
Lighting the steps of those who pass along it;
And there is a sweet singing of many *semi,*
From the cages which an insect seller
Carries on his back.

Westward of the Canaries, in a wind-blazing sea. Engineers, there, extinguish the furnaces; carpenters, quick, your screwdrivers and mallets, and unship the paddle-boards. Break out her sails, quartermasters, the wind will carry her faster than she can steam, for the trades have her now, and are whipping her along in fine clipper style. Key-guns, your muzzles shine like basalt above the tumbling waves. Polished basalt cameoed upon malachite. Yankee-doodle-dandy! A fine upstanding ship, clouded with canvas, slipping along like a trotting filly out of the Commodore's own stables. White sails and sailors,

blue-coated officers, and red in a star sparked through the claret decanter on the Commodore's luncheon table.

The Commodore is writing to his wife, to be posted at the next stopping place. Two years is a long time to be upon the sea.

Nigi-oi of Matsuba-ya
Celebrated oiran,
Courtesan of unrivalled beauty,
The great silk mercer, Mitsui,
Counts himself a fortunate man
As he watches her parade in front of him
In her robes of glazed blue silk
Embroidered with singing nightingales.
He puffs his little silver pipe
And arranges a fold of her dress.
He parts it at the neck
And laughs when the falling plum-blossoms
Tickle her naked breasts.
The next morning he makes out a bill
To the Director of the Dutch Factory at Nagasaki
For three times the amount of the goods
Forwarded that day in two small junks
In the care of a trusted clerk.

The North-east trades have smoothed away into hot, blue doldrums. Paddle-wheels to the rescue. Thank God, we live in an age of invention. What air there is, is dead ahead. The deck is a bed of cinders, we wear a smoke cloud like a funeral plume. Funeral — of whom? Of the little heathens inside the Gate? Wait! Wait! These monkey-men have got to trade, Uncle Sam has laid his plans with care, see those black guns sizzling there. "It's deuced hot," says a lieutenant, "I wish I could look in at a hop in Newport this evening."

The one hundred and sixty streets in the Sanno quarter
Are honey-gold,
Honey-gold from the gold-foil screens in the houses,
Honey-gold from the fresh yellow mats;
The lintels are draped with bright colors,
And from eaves and poles
Red and white paper lanterns
Glitter and swing.
Through the one hundred and sixty decorated streets of the Sanno quarter,
Trails the procession,
With a bright slowness,
To the music of flutes and drums.
Great white sails of cotton
Belly out along the honey-gold streets.
Sword bearers,
Spear bearers,
Mask bearers,
Grinning masks of mountain genii,
And a white cock on a drum
Above a purple sheet.
Over the flower hats of the people,
Shines the sacred palanquin,
"Car of gentle motion,"
Upheld by fifty men,
Stalwart servants of the god,
Bending under the weight of mirror-black lacquer,
Of pillars and roof-tree
Wrapped in chased and gilded copper.
Portly silk tassels sway to the marching of feet,
Wreaths of gold and silver flowers
Shoot sudden scintillations at the gold-foil screens.
The golden phœnix on the roof of the palanquin
Spreads its wings,
And seems about to take flight

Over the one hundred and sixty streets
Straight into the white heart
Of the curved blue sky.
Six black oxen,
With white and red trappings,
Draw platforms on which are musicians, dancers, actors,
Who posture and sing,
Dance and parade,
Up and down the honey-gold streets,
To the sweet playing of flutes,
And the ever-repeating beat of heavy drums,
To the constant banging of heavily beaten drums,
To the insistent repeating rhythm of beautiful great drums.

Across the equator and panting down to Saint Helena, trailing smoke like a mourning veil. Jamestown jetty, and all the officers in the ship making at once for Longwood. Napoleon! Ah, tales — tales — with nobody to tell them. A bronze eagle caged by floating wood-work. A heart burst with beating on a flat drop-curtain of sea and sky. Nothing now but pigs in a sty. Pigs rooting in the Emperor's bedroom. God be praised, we have a plumed smoking ship to take us away from this desolation.

"Boney was a warrior
Away-i-oh;
Boney was a warrior,
John François."

"Oh, shut up, Jack, you make me sick. Those pigs are like worms eating a corpse. Bah!"

The ladies,
Wistaria Blossom, Cloth-of-Silk, and Deep Snow,

With their ten attendants,
Are come to Asakusa
To gaze at peonies.
To admire crimson-carmine peonies,
To stare in admiration at bomb-shaped, white and
sulphur peonies,
To caress with a soft finger
Single, rose-flat peonies,
Tight, incurved, red-edged peonies,
Spin-wheel circle, amaranth peonies.
To smell the acrid pungence of peony blooms,
And dream for months afterwards
Of the temple garden at Asakusa,
Where they walked together
Looking at peonies.

The Gate! The Gate! The far-shining Gate! Pat your guns and thank your stars you have not come too late. The Orient's a sleepy place, as all globe-trotters say. We'll get there soon enough, my lads, and carry it away. That's a good enough song to round the Cape with, and there's the Table Cloth on Table Mountain and we've drawn a bead over half the curving world. Three cheers for Old Glory, fellows.

A Daimino's procession
Winds between two green hills,
A line of thin, sharp, shining, pointed spears
Above red coats
And yellow mushroom hats.
A man leading an ox
Has cast himself upon the ground,
He rubs his forehead in the dust,
While his ox gazes with wide, moon eyes
At the glittering spears

Majestically parading
Between two green hills.

Down, down, down, to the bottom of the map; but we must up again, high on the other side. America, sailing the seas of a planet to stock the shop counters at home. Commerce-raiding a nation; pulling apart the curtains of a temple and calling it trade. Magnificent mission! Every shop-till in every by-street will bless you. Force the shut gate with the muzzles of your black cannon. Then wait — wait for fifty years — and see who has conquered.

But now the *Mississippi* must brave the Cape, in a crashing of bitter seas. The wind blows East, the wind blows West, there is no rest under these clashing clouds. Petrel whirl by like torn newspapers along a street. Albatrosses fly close to the mastheads. Dread purrs over this stormy ocean, and the smell of the water is the dead, oozing dampness of tombs.

Tiger rain on the temple bridge of carved greenstone,
Slanting tiger lines of rain on the lichened lanterns of the gateway,
On the stone statues of mythical warriors.
Striped rain making the bells of the pagoda roofs flutter,
Tiger-footing on the bluish stones of the courtyard,
Beating, snapping, on the cheese-rounds of open umbrellas,
Licking, tiger-tongued, over the straw mat which a pilgrim wears upon his shoulders,
Gnawing, tiger-toothed, into the paper mask
Which he carries on his back.
Tiger-clawed rain scattering the peach-blossoms,

Tiger tails of rain lashing furiously among the cryptomerias.

"Land — O." Mauritius. Stepping-stone four. The coaling ships have arrived, and the shore is a hive of Negroes, and Malays, and Lascars, and Chinese. The clip and clatter of tongues is unceasing. "What awful brutes!" "Obviously, but the fruits they sell are good." "Food, fellows, bully good food." Yankee money for pine-apples, shaddocks, mangoes. "Who were Paul and Virginia?" "Oh, a couple of spooneys who died here, in a shipwreck, because the lady wouldn't take off her smock." "I say, Fred, that's a shabby way to put it. You've no sentiment." "Maybe, I don't read much myself, and when I do, I prefer United States, something like old Artemus Ward, for instance." "Oh, dry up, and let's get some donkeys and go for a gallop. We've got to begin coaling tomorrow, remember."

The beautiful dresses,
Blue, Green, Mauve, Yellow;
And the beautiful green pointed hats
Like Chinese porcelains!
See, a band of geisha
Is imitating the state procession of a Corean Ambassador,
Under painted streamers,
On an early afternoon.

The hot sun burns the tar up out of the deck. The paddle-wheels turn, flinging the cupped water over their shoulders. Heat smoulders along the horizon. The shadow of the ship floats off the starboard quarter, floats like a dark cloth on the sea. The watch is pulling on the topsail halliards:

"O Sally Brown of New York City,
Ay, ay, roll and go."

Like a tired beetle, the *Mississippi* creeps over the flat, glass water, creeps on, breathing heavily. Creeps — creeps — and sighs and settles at Pointe de Galle, Ceylon.

Spice islands speckling the Spanish Main. Fairy tales and stolen readings. Saint John's Eve! Midsummer Madness! Here it is all true. But the smell of the spice-trees is not so nice as the smell of new-mown hay on the Commodore's field at Tarrytown. But what can one say to forests of rose-wood, satin-wood, ebony! To the talipot tree, one leaf of which can cover several people with its single shade. Trade! Trade! Trade in spices for an earlier generation. We dream of lacquers and precious stones. Of spinning telegraph wires across painted fans. Ceylon is an old story, ours will be the glory of more important conquests.

But wait — wait. No one is likely to force the Gate. The smoke of golden Virginia tobacco floats through the blue palms. "You say you killed forty elephants with this rifle!" "Indeed, yes, and a trifling bag, too."

Down the ninety mile rapiās
Of the Heaven Dragon River,
He came,
With his bowmen,
And his spearmen,
Borne in a gilded palanquin,
To pass the Winter in Yedo
By the Shogun's decree.
To pass the Winter idling in the Yoshiwara,
While his bowmen and spearmen

Gamble away their rusted weapons
Every evening
At the Hour of the Cock.

Her Britannic Majesty's frigate *Cleopatra* salutes the *Mississippi* as she sails into the harbor of Singapore. Vessels galore choke the wharves. From China, Siam, Malaya; Sumatra, Europe, America. This is the bargain counter of the East. Goods — Goods, dumped ashore to change boats and sail on again. Oaths and cupidity; greasy clothes and greasy dollars wound into turbans. Opium and birds'-nests exchanged for teas, casia, nankeens; gold thread bartered for Brummagem buttons. Pocket knives told off against teapots. Lots and lots of cheap damaged porcelains, and trains of silken bales awaiting advantageous sales to Yankee merchantmen. The figure-head of the *Mississippi* should be a beneficent angel. With her guns to persuade, she should lay the foundation of such a market on the shores of Japan. "We will do what we can," writes the Commodore, in his cabin.

Outside the drapery shop of Taketani Sabai,
Strips of dried cloth are hanging out to dry.
Fine Arimitsu cloth,
Fine blue and white cloth,
Falling from a high staging,
Falling like falling water,
Like blue and white unbroken water
Sliding over a high cliff,
Like the Ono Fall on the Kisokaido Road.
Outside the shop of Taketani Sabai,
They have hung the fine dyed cloth
In strips out to dry.

Romance and heroism; and all to make one dollar two. Through grey fog and fresh blue breezes, through heat, and sleet, and sheeted rain. For centuries men have pursued the will-o'-the-wisp — trade. And they have got — what? All civilization weighed in twopenny scales and fastened with string. A sailing planet packed in a dry-goods box. Knocks, and shocks, and blocks of extended knowledge, contended for and won. Cloves and nutmegs, and science stowed among the grains. Your gains are not in silver, mariners, but in the songs of violins, and the thin voices whispering through printed books.

"It looks like a dinner-plate," thinks the officer of the watch, as the *Mississippi* sails up the muddy river to Canton, with the Dragon's Cave Fort on one side, and the Girl's Shoe Fort on the other.

The Great Gate looms in a distant mist, and the anchored squadron waits and rests, but its coming is as certain as the equinoxes, and the lightning bolts of its guns are ready to tear off centuries like husks of corn.

The Commodore sips bottled water from Saratoga, and makes out a report for the State Department. The men play pitch-and-toss, and the officers poker, and the betting gives heavy odds against the little monkey-men.

On the floor of the reception room of the Palace
They have laid a white quilt,
And on the quilt, two red rugs;
And they have set up two screens of white paper
To hide that which should not be seen.
At the four corners, they have placed lanterns,
And now they come.
Six attendants,
Three to sit on either side of the condemned man,

Walking slowly.
Three to the right,
Three to the left,
And he between them
In his dress of ceremony
With the great wings.
Shadow wings, thrown by the lantern light,
Trail over the red rugs to the polished floor,
Trail away unnoticed,
For there is a sharp glitter from a dagger
Borne past the lanterns on a silver tray,
"O my Master,
I would borrow your sword,
For it may be a consolation to you
To perish by a sword to which you are accustomed."
Stone, the face of the condemned man,
Stone, the face of the executioner,
And yet before this moment
These were master and pupil,
Honored and according homage,
And this is an act of honorable devotion.
Each face is passive,
Hewed as out of strong stone,
Cold as a statue above a temple porch.
Down slips the dress of ceremony to the girdle.
Plunge the dagger to its hilt.
A trickle of blood runs along the white flesh
And soaks into the girdle silk.
Slowly across from left to right,
Slowly, upcutting at the end,
But the executioner leaps to his feet,
Poises the sword —
Did it flash, hover, descend?
There is a thud, a horrible rolling,
And the heavy sound of a loosened, falling body,
Then only the throbbing of blood

Spurting into the red rugs.
For he who was a man is that thing
Crumpled up on the floor,
Broken, and crushed into the red rugs.
The friend wipes the sword,
And his face is calm and frozen
As a stone statue on a Winter night
Above a temple gateway.

PART II

Four vessels giving easily to the low running waves and catspaw breezes of a Summer sea. July, 1853, Mid-Century, but just on the turn. Mid-Century, with the vanishing half fluttering behind on a foam-bubbled wake. Four war ships steering for the "Land of Great Peace," caparisoned in state, cleaving a jewelled ocean to a Dragon Gate. Behind it, the quiet of afternoon. Golden light reflecting from the inner sides of shut portals. War is an old wives' tale, a frail beautiful embroidery of other ages. The panoply of battle fades. Arrows rust in arsenals, spears stand useless on their butts in vestibules. Cannon lie unmounted in castle yards, and rats and snakes make nests in them and rear their young in unmolested satisfaction.

The sun of midsummer lies over the "Land of Great Peace," and behind the shut gate they do not hear the paddle-wheels of distant vessels unceasingly turning and advancing, through the jewelled scintillations of the encircling sea.

Susquehanna and *Mississippi,* steamers, towing *Saratoga* and *Plymouth,* sloops of war. Moving on in the very eye of the wind, with not a snip of canvas upon their slim yards. Fugi! — a point above nothing, for there is a haze. Stop gazing, that is the

bugle to clear decks and shot guns. We must be prepared, as we run up the coast straight to the Bay of Yedo. "I say, fellows, those boats think they can catch us, they don't know that this is Yankee steam." Bang! The shore guns are at work. And that smoke-ball would be a rocket at night, but we cannot see the gleam in this sunshine.

Black with people are the bluffs of Uraga, watching the "fire-ships" lipping windless up the bay. Say all the prayers you know, priests of Shinto and Buddha. Ah! The great splashing of the wheels stops, a chain rattles. The anchor drops at the hour of the ape.

A clock on the Commodore's chest of drawers strikes five with a silvery tinkle.

Boats are coming from all directions. Beautiful boats of unpainted wood, broad of beam, with tapering sterns, and clean runs. Swiftly they come, with shouting rowers standing to their oars. The shore glitters with spears and lacquered hats. Compactly the boats advance, and each carries a flag — white-black-white — and the stripes break and blow. But the tow-lines are cast loose when the rowers would make them fast to the "black ships," and those who would climb the chains slip back dismayed, checked by a show of cutlasses, pistols, pikes. "*Naru Hodo!*" This is amazing, unprecedented! Even the Vice Governor, though he boards the *Susquehanna*, cannot see the Commodore. "His High Mighty Mysteriousness, Lord of the Forbidden Interior," remains in his cabin. Extraordinary! Horrible!

Rockets rise from the forts, and their trails of sparks glitter faintly now, and their bombs break in faded colors as the sun goes down.

Bolt the gate, monkey-men, but it is late to begin turning locks so rusty and worn.

Darkness over rice-fields and hills. The Gold Gate hides in shadow. Upon the indigo-dark water, millions of white jelly-fish drift, like lotus-petals over an inland lake. The land buzzes with prayer, low, dim smoke hanging in air; and every hill gashes and glares with shooting fires. The fire-bells are ringing in double time, and a heavy swinging boom clashes from the great bells of temples. Couriers lash their horses, riding furiously to Yedo; junks and scull-boats arrive hourly at Shinagawa with news; runners, bearing dispatches, pant in government offices. The hollow doors of the Great Gate beat with alarms. The charmed Dragon country shakes and trembles. Iyéyoshi, twelfth Shogun of the Tokugawa line, sits in his city. Sits in the midst of one million, two hundred thousand trembling souls, and his mind rolls forward and back like a ball on a circular runway, and finds no goal. Roll, poor distracted mind of a sick man. What can you do but wait, trusting in your Dragon Gate, for how should you know that it is rusted.

But there is a sign over the "black ships." A wedge-shaped tail of blue sparklets, edged with red, trails above them as though a Dragon were pouring violet sulphurous spume from steaming nostrils, and the hulls and rigging are pale, quivering, bright as Taira ghosts on the sea of Nagato.

Up and down, walk sentinels, fore and aft, and at the side gangways. There is a pile of round shot and four stands of grape beside each gun; and carbines, and pistols, and cutlasses, are laid in the boats. Floating arsenals — floating sample-rooms for the wares of a continent, shop-counters, flanked with weapons, adrift among the jelly-fishes.

Eight bells, and the meteor washes away before the wet, white wisps of dawn.

Through the countrysides of the "Land of Great Peace," flowers are blooming. The greenish-white, sterile blossoms of hydrangeas boom faintly like distant inaudible bombs of color exploding in the woods. Weigelias prick the pink of their slender trumpets against green backgrounds. The fan-shaped leaves of ladies' slippers rustle under cryptomerias.

Midsummer heat curls about the cinnamon-red tree-boles along the Tokaido. The road ripples and glints with the passing to and fro, and beyond, in the roadstead, the "black ships" swing at their anchors and wait.

All up and down the Eastern shore of the bay is a feverish digging, patting, plastering. Forts to be built in an hour to resist the barbarians, if, peradventure, they can. Japan turned to, what will it not do! Fishermen and palanquin-bearers, packhorse-leaders and farm-laborers, even women and children, pat and plaster. Disaster batters at the Dragon Gate. Batters at the doors of Yedo, where Samurai unpack their armour, and whet and feather their arrows.

Daimios smoke innumerable pipes, and drink unnumbered cups of tea, discussing — discussing — "What is to be done?" The Shogun is no Emperor. What shall they do if the "hairy devils" take a notion to go to Kioto! Then indeed would the Tokugawa fall. The prisons are crammed with those who advise opening the Gate. Open the Gate, and let the State scatter like dust to the wind! Absurd! Unthinkable! Suppress the "brocade pictures" of the floating monsters with which book-sellers and picture-shop keepers are delighting and affrighting the populace. Place a ban on speech. Preach, inert Daimios — the Commodore will *not* go to Nagasaki, and the roar of his guns will drown the clattering fall of your Dragon Doors if you do not open them in

time. East and West, and trade shaded by heroism. Hokusai is dead, but his pupils are lampooning your carpet soldiers. Spare the dynasty — parley, procrastinate. Appoint two Princes to receive the Commodore, at once, since he will not wait over long. At Kurihama, for he must not come to Yedo.

Flip — flap — flutter — flags in front of the Conference House. Built over night, it seems, with unpainted peaked summits of roofs gleaming like ricks of grain. Flip — flutter — flap — variously-tinted flags, in a crescent about nine tall standards whose long scarlet pennons brush the ground. Beat — tap — fill and relapse — the wind pushing against taut white cloth screens, bellying out the Shogun's crest of heart-shaped Asarum leaves in the panels, crumpling them to indefinite figures of scarlet spotting white. Flip — ripple — brighten — over serried ranks of soldiers on the beach. Sword-bearers, spear-bearers, archers, lancers, and those who carry heavy, antiquated match-locks. The block of them five thousand armed men, drawn up in front of a cracking golden door. But behind their bristling spears, the cracks are hidden.

Braying, blasting blares from two brass bands, approaching in glittering boats over glittering water. One is playing the " Overture " from " William Tell," the other, " The Last Rose of Summer," and the way the notes clash, and shock, and shatter, and dissolve, is wonderful to hear. Queer barbarian music, and the monkey-soldiers stand stock still, listening to its reverberation humming in the folded doors of the Great Gate.

Stuff your ears, monkey-soldiers, screw your faces, shudder up and down your spines. Cannon! Cannon! from one of the " black ships." Thirteen thud-

ding explosions, thirteen red dragon tongues, thirteen clouds of smoke like the breath of the mountain gods. Thirteen hammer strokes shaking the Great Gate, and the seams in the metal widen. Open Sesame, shotless guns; and "The Only, High, Grand and Mighty, Invisible Mysteriousness, Chief Barbarian" reveals himself, and steps into his barge.

Up, oars, down; drip — sun-spray — rowlock-rattle. To shore! To shore! Set foot upon the sacred soil of the "Land of Great Peace," with its five thousand armed men doing nothing with their spears and match-locks, because of the genii in the black guns aboard the "black ships."

One hundred marines in a line up the wharf. One hundred sailors, man to man, opposite them. Officers, two deep; and, up the centre — the Procession. Bands together now: "Hail Columbia." Marines in file, sailors after, a staff with the American flag borne by seamen, another with the Commodore's broad pennant. Two boys, dressed for ceremony, carrying the President's letter and credentials in golden boxes. Tall, blue-black negroes on either side of — THE COMMODORE! Walking slowly, gold, blue, steel-glitter, up to the Conference House, walking in state up to an ancient tottering Gate, lately closed securely, but now gaping. Bands, rain your music against this golden barrier, harry the ears of the monkey-men. The doors are ajar, and the Commodore has entered.

Prince of Idzu — Prince of Iwami — in winged dresses of gold brocade, at the end of a red carpet, under violet, silken hangings, under crests of scarlet heart-shaped Asarum leaves, guardians of a scarlet lacquered box, guardians of golden doors, worn thin and bending.

In silence the blue-black negroes advance, and take the golden boxes from the page boys; in silence they open them and unwrap blue velvet coverings. Silently they display the documents to the Prince of Idzu — the Prince of Iwami — motionless, inscrutable — beyond the red carpet.

The vellum crackles as it is unfolded, and the long silk-gold cords of the seals drop their gold tassels to straight glistening inches and swing slowly — gold tassels clock-ticking before a doomed, burnished gate.

The negroes lay the vellum documents upon the scarlet lacquered box; bow, and retire.

"I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other." Careful letters, carefully traced on rich parchment, and the low sun casts the shadow of the Gate far inland over high hills.

"The letter of the President of the United States will be delivered to the Emperor. Therefore you can now go."

The Commodore, rising: "I will return for the answer during the coming Spring."

But ships are frail, and seas are fickle, one can nail fresh plating over the thin gate before Spring. Prince of Idzu — Prince of Iwami —inscrutable statesmen, insensate idiots, trusting blithely to a lock when the key-guns are trained even now upon it.

Withdraw, Procession. Dip oars back to the "black ships." Slip cables and depart, for day after day will lapse and nothing can retard a coming Spring.

Panic Winter throughout the "Land of Great Peace." Panic, and haste, wasting energies and accomplishing nothing. Kioto has heard, and prays, trembling. Priests at the shrine of Isé whine long slow supplications from dawn to dawn, and through

days dropping down again from morning. Iyéyoshi is dead, and Iyésada rules in Yedo; thirteenth Shogun of the Tokugawa. Rules and struggles, rescinds laws, urges reforms; breathless, agitated endeavors to patch and polish where is only corroding and puffed particles of dust.

It is Winter still in the Bay of Yedo, though the plum-trees of Kamata and Kinagawa are white and fluttering.

Winter, with green, high, angular seas. But over the water, far toward China, are burning the furnaces of three great steamers, and four sailing vessels heel over, with decks slanted and sails full and pulling.

"There's a bit of a lop, this morning. Mr. Jones, you'd better take in those royals."

"Ay, ay, Sir. Tumble up here, men! Tumble up! Lay aloft and stow royals. Haul out to leeward."

"To *my*,
Ay,
And we'll *furl*
Ay,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots."

"Taught band — knot away."

Chug! Chug! go the wheels of the consorts, salting smokestacks with whirled spray.

The Commodore lights a cigar, and paces up and down the quarter-deck of the *Powhatan*. "I wonder what the old yellow devils will do," he muses.

Forty feet high, the camellia trees, with hard, green buds unburst. It is early yet for camellias, and the green buds and the glazed green leaves toss frantically in a blustering March wind. Sheltered behind the

forty feet high camellia trees, on the hills of Idzu, stand watchmen straining their eyes over a broken dazzle of sea.

Just at the edge of moonlight and sunlight — moon setting; sun rising — they come. Seven war ships heeled over and flashing, dashing through heaped waves, sleeping a moment in hollows leaping over ridges, sweeping forward in a strain of canvas and a train of red-black smoke.

"The fire-ships! The fire-ships!"

Slip the bridles of your horses, messengers, and clatter down the Tokaido; scatter pedestrians, palanquins, slow moving cattle, right and left into the cryptomerias; rattle over bridges, spatter dust into shop-windows. To Yedo! To Yedo! For Spring is here, and the fire-ships have come!

Seven vessels, flying the stars and stripes, three more shortly to join them, with ripe, fruit-bearing guns pointed inland.

Princes evince doubt, distrust. Learning must beat learning. Appoint a Professor of the University. Delay, prevaricate. How long can the play continue? Hayashi, learned scholar of Confucius and Mencius — he shall confer with the Barbarians at Uraga. Shall he! Word comes that the Mighty Chief of Ships will not go to Uraga. Steam is up, and — Horror! Consternation! The squadron moves toward Yedo! Sailors, midshipmen, lieutenants pack yards and cross-trees, seeing temple gates, castle towers, flowered pagodas, and look-outs looming distantly clear, and the Commodore on deck can hear the slow booming of the bells from the temples of Shiba and Asakusa.

You must capitulate, great Princes of a quivering Gate. Say Yokohama, and the Commodore will agree, for they must not come to Yedo.

Rows of japonicas in full bloom outside the Conference House. Flags and streamers, and musicians and pikemen. Five hundred officers, seamen, marines, and the Commodore following in his white-painted gig. A jig of fortune indeed, with a sailor and a professor manœuvring for terms, chess-playing each other in a game of future centuries.

The Americans bring presents. Presents now, to be bought hereafter. Goodwill, to head long bills of imports. Occidental mechanisms to push the Orient into limbo. Fox-moves of interpreters, and Pandora's box with a contents rated far too low.

Round and round goes the little train on its circular railroad, at twenty miles an hour, with grave dignitaries seated on its roof. Smiles, gestures, at messages running over wire, a mile away. Touch the harrows, the plows, the flails, and shudder at the "spirit pictures" of the daguerreotype machine. These Barbarians have harnessed gods and dragons. They build boats which will not sink, and tinker little gold wheels till they follow the swinging of the sun.

Run to the Conference House. See, feel, listen. And shrug deprecating shoulders at the glisten of silk and lacquer given in return. What are cups cut out of conch-shells, and red-dyed figured crêpe, to railroads, and burning engines!

Go on board the "black ships" and drink mint juleps and brandy smashes, and click your tongues over sweet puddings. Offer the strangers pickled plums, sugared fruits, candied walnuts. Bruit the news far inland through the mouths of countrymen. Who thinks of the Great Gate! Its portals are pushed so far back that the shining edges of them can scarcely be observed. The Commodore has never swerved a moment from his purpose, and the dragon mouths of his guns have conquered without the need of a single powder-horn.

The Commodore writes in his cabin. Writes an account of what he has done.

The sands of centuries run fast, one slides, and another, each falling into a smother of dust.

A locomotive in pay for a Whistler; telegraph wires buying a revolution; weights and measures and Audubon's birds in exchange for fear. Yellow monkey-men leaping out of Pandora's box, shaking the rocks of the Western coastline. Golden California bartering panic for prints. The dressing-gowns of a continent won at the cost of security. Artists and philosophers lost in the hour-glass and pouring through an open Gate.

Ten ships sailing for China on a fair May wind. Ten ships sailing from one world into another, but never again into the one they left. Two years and a tip-turn is accomplished. Over the globe and back, Rip Van Winkle ships. Slip into your docks in Newport, in Norfolk, in Charlestown. You have blown off the locks of the East, and what is coming will come.

POSTLUDE

In the Castle moat, lotus flowers are blooming,
They shine with the light of an early moon
Brightening above the Castle towers.
They shine in the dark circles of their unreflecting
leaves.
Pale blossoms,
Pale towers,
Pale moon,
Deserted ancient moat
About an ancient stronghold,
Your bowmen are departed,
Your strong walls are silent,
Their only echo

A croaking of frogs.
Frogs croaking at the moon
In the ancient moat
Of an ancient, crumbling Castle.

1903. JAPAN

The high cliff of the Kegon waterfall, and a young man carving words on the trunk of a tree. He finishes, pauses an instant, and then leaps into the foam-cloud rising from below. But, on the tree-trunk, the newly-cut words blaze white and hard as though set with diamonds:

" How mightily and steadily go Heaven and Earth! How infinite the duration of Past and Present! Try to measure this vastness with five feet. A word explains the Truth of the whole Universe — *unknowable*. To cure my agony I have decided to die. Now, as I stand on the crest of this rock, no uneasiness is left in me. For the first time I know that extreme pessimism and extreme optimism are one."

1903. AMERICA

" Nocturne — Blue and silver — Battersea Bridge.
Nocturne — Grey and Silver — Chelsea Embankment.
Variations in Violet and Green."

Pictures in a glass-roofed gallery, and all day long the throng of people is so great that one can scarcely see them. Debits — credits? Flux and flow through a wide gateway. Occident — Orient — after fifty years.

The Seven Arts *Amy Lowell*

NOT TO KEEP

They sent him back to her. The letter came
Saying . . . and she could have him. And before
She could be sure there was no hidden ill
Under the formal writing, he was in her sight —
Living.— They gave him back to her alive —
How else? They are not known to send the dead —
And not disfigured visibly. His face? —
His hands? She had to look — to ask
"What was it, dear?" And she had given all
And still she had all — *they* had — they the lucky!
Wasn't she glad now? Everything seemed won,
And all the rest for them permissible ease.
She had to ask "What was it, dear?"
"Enough,
Yet not enough. A bullet through and through,
High in the breast. Nothing but what good care
And medicine and rest — and you a week,
Can cure me of to go again." The same
Grim giving to do over for them both.
She dared no more than ask him with her eyes
How was it with him for a second trial.
And with his eyes he asked her not to ask.
They had given him back to her, but not to keep.

The Yale Review *Robert Frost*

AN OLD WOMAN: IN WAR-TIME

She is too old to look upon such days;
It may be best that she is nearly blind;
Her life has been all gentle words and ways,
The care of children, and things wise and kind.

Summers she spent in tending bush and bloom
Of quaint, old-fashioned plants about the place,
And winters in her dim, high-ceilinged room,
Dreams and the firelight mingling in her face.

She has known naught, in all her quiet life,
Of passions clashing at tremendous grips,
The hate and blood and lust of mortal strife,
And men who die with curses on their lips. . . .
Of all that she has seen, all that life gave,
Must she take this, fresh with her, to the grave?

The Bellman *David Morton*

HIS SHARE

"Soldier, soldier, home from the wars—"

"I 'ave bought me a bit o' ground,
And I think I'll rest
Out o' the sight and the sound
O' what I've knowed best.

"I 'ave come to my small estate
Through a many o' seas;
I 'ave wrought wi' the weak and the great,
Forgettin' my ease.

"I 'ave paid for my own free'old
In coin o' worth;
I 'ave striven wi' strong men and bold
For my piece o' Earth.

* * * *

"I 'ave bought me a bit o' ground
Wi' blood and pain,
And I'm come, wi' my dyin'-wound,
Back to England again.

"My free'old is six feet long,
And may be as deep.
I've bought it, and not for a song —
I think — I'll sleep."

Reedy's Mirror *Kendall Harrison*

STORM-MUSIC

O Music has thou only heard
The laughing river, the singing bird,
The murmuring wind in the poplar-trees,—
Nothing but Nature melodies?
Nay, thou hearest all her tones,
As a Queen must hear!
Sounds of wrath and fear,
Mutterings, shouts and moans,
Madness, tumult, and despair,—
All she has that shakes the air
With voices fierce and wild!
Thou art a Queen and not a dreaming child,—
Put on thy crown and let us hear thee reign
Triumphant in a world of storm and strain!

Echo the long-drawn sighs
Of the mounting wind in the pines;
And the sobs of the mounting waves that rise
In the dark of the troubled deep
To break on the beach in fiery lines.
Echo the far-off roll of thunder,
Rumbling loud
And even louder, under
The blue black curtain of cloud,
Where the lightning serpents gleam.
Echo the moaning
Of the forest in its sleep

Like a giant groaning
In the torment of a dream.

Now an interval of quiet
For a moment holds the air
In the breathless hush
Of a silent prayer.

Then the sudden rush
Of the rain, and the riot
Of the shrieking, tearing gale
Breaks loose in the night,
With a fusillade of hail!
Hear the forest fight,
With its tossing arms that crack and clash
In the thunder's cannonade,
While the lightning's forked flash
Brings the old hero-trees to the ground with a crash!
Hear the breakers' deepening roar,
Driven like a herd of cattle
In the wild stampede of battle,
Trampling, trampling, trampling, to overwhelm the shore!

Is it the end of all?
Will the land crumble and fall?
Nay, for a voice replies
Out of the hidden skies,
"Thus far, O sea, shalt thou go,
So long, O wind, shalt thou blow:
Return to your bounds and cease,
And let the earth have peace!"

O Music lead the way,—
The stormy night is past,
Lift up our hearts to greet the day,
And the joy of things that last.

The dissonance and pain
That mortals must endure,
Are changed in thine immortal strain
To something great and pure.

True love will conquer strife,
And strength from conflict flows,
For discord is the thorn of life
And harmony the rose.

Scribner's Magazine *Henry van Dyke*

THE SEVENTH VIAL

These are the days when men draw pens for swords
Hurling hysteric bombs of epithets,
And girding on the glory of great words,
Storm the embarrassed parapets.
Words, words,—"Democracy!" they cry,
Who pass their neighbors with averted eye.

America, my country, not with the lesser love
Do I, thy son and lover, set the flame
Cleansing thy shame,
But only that I know what love is molded of,
That here for us in these United States
Where still the dullard prates
Of the propitious fates,
Democracy as yet is but a name!

A name for demagogs to juggle facilely,
A tinsel ball to catch the crowd and mock it
While deft confederates with razor-edge set free
The staring burgher's plump distended pocket.

The trumpet blows to war and youth upstarts
With shaken hearts,
Stirring to all old splendors of the past,
Knowing that we are heritors of glory
Whose names shall stand in story:
The die for us irrevocably is cast.

For youth has never shrunk to pay the price
Of the recurrent sacrifice.
It is youth's prerogative to do
What gray age tells them to,
With song upon our lips
Facing the last eclipse;
Death never waits to summon young men twice.

Youth is ready to lay down
Strength of foot and body brown,
Glow of eye and red of lip,
Supple knee and clinging hip,
Sting of health and gracious breath,
All to weave a crown for Death.
Youth is ready, stripped to run
That immortal Marathon.

And so the khaki clothes glad limbs once more,
The rifle's shouldered, and the quick-step starts,
The old flag billows, deep male cannons roar,
And honor draws our hearts.
To die for one's country, that is bliss —
But what of this:

Old men have a bitter tongue,
" So were we when we were young;
Now that we have wavering knees,
Blessing fall on subtleties!

" Youth would find a foe to fight
When his heels and heart are light;

Now that we have wavering knees,
Blessing fall on subtleties!"

Ah, old gray-beards, howdy-do,
Here's a subtlety for you:

Out of the crush of cities, maddening lights,
Exotic gardens of obscene delights,
The turmoil of the elevated overhead,
Faces that one passes set and dead,
Men's faces with slack creases at the lips,
And women mostly eyes and smell and hips;
There burns one vision of a summer night,
The night that England set her hand to war
Remembering her Waterloo and Trafalgar,
And men had gathered in the midnight glare
To watch the bill-boards posted at Times Square,
When I saw the German waiter who had lately
brought my dinner
Stand beside me in the crowd with face grown sudden
thinner,
And hand met hand but with a manlier grip
Than I suspected when he palmed my tip:
"You're going?" "Yes, the *Vaterland.*
She sails on Wednesday. And I'm glad to go."
"Auf Wiedersehn —"
He'll not come back, I know,
Yet I am glad I knew that different hand.

Just as the sense of all it meant struck home,
The broken bodies spumed with bloody foam,
The towzle-headed boys who scarcely knew
One of life's joys before death thrust them thru,
Staggering women learning how to plow
And children starving for milk of one lean cow,
There in the crowd upon the unshamed Square

I saw two men and a woman with red hair.
Her white arms gleaming, with dimples in the bends
Familiar with the shoulders of her friends;
Two men, one woman, but they scuffled there,—
Let Europe tumble, ten million young men die,
"Aw, quit your kidding, you're the lucky guy,
This is the life"— it's midnight in Times Square!

Not in Manhattan only
But in lonely
Forgotten villages upon the plains
Men still are forging their invisible chains
Out of misplaced endeavor
That bind them to hoar Caucasus forever.

America is still the awkward boy,
Hobbledehoy,
Knowing no joy except in birds' nests or the mood's employ,
Stranger to heart-sweetening laughter,
Tooting horns and running after
Each his own peculiar grafter,
Reckless in all things, trying all by turns,
Here hits the saw-dust trail, there a Negro burns,
Mortgages his home to buy a motor-car
Still hitching wagons to a darkened star,
With something still of the strange whim of boys,
Thinking that man most great who makes the loudest noise.

And yet we need not be the thing we are.
There is a greater war,
The War at home!
And tho we go abroad
With the avenging rod
Calling ourselves from God,

Upholding now the desperate hands of France
In crater-scarred advance.
And tho to Mother England now we swarm
Under her wearying arm,
And tho to Russia we in faith extend
The warm hand of a friend,
Restore to Belgium all of what she lost
Haloed in holocaust,
And tho we win and break the brutal Hun —
Our task will not be done,
But just begun.

There is a War, a greater War, at home,
Not whistled by shrill fife,
But still a war to knife,
For more than life.

America has need, oh, pitiful, utmost need
Of the old breed here in our weakened seed
The spawn of mighty fathers, Jeffersons and Lincolns, Washingtons,
And shrewd-eyed "Richard" with his almanac.
We have lacked something, we oblivious sons,
Something we must win back.

A few there are by some direction sent
As if our fathers still were provident,
And gave us in this hour, a president.
Thank God, thank God for Wilson!
He has set
His hand against all bluster and it dies,—
The ancient verities are with us yet.

This is the hour I saw the angel stand
The seventh vial in his hand.

This is the Armageddon prophet-told
When seven hills give up the dead they hold.

When shines the angel in the bloody sun
And in the darkness Cæsar is undone.

This is the day the flaming planet swings
Back to the sun from lonely wanderings.

And this the revelation shall not cease
Till ye have seen the perfect Prince of Peace.

So, oh, my country, follow, follow far;
Tho this is war, there is another War!

The Independent — *Willard Wattles*

TO THE MANTLED

And they shall rise and cast their mantles by,
  Erect, and strong, and visioned, as the day
  That rings the knell of curfew o'er the sway
Of prejudice — who reels with mortal cry
To lift no more her leprous, blinded eye.
  Reft of the fetters, far more cursed than they
  Which held dominion o'er the human clay,
The spirit soars aloft, where rainbows lie.

Like joyful exiles, swift returning home,
  The rythmic chanson of their eager feet,
While voices, strange to ecstasy, long dumb,
  Break forth in major cadences, full sweet
Into the very star-shine, lo! they come,
  Wearing the bays of victory complete!

The Crisis — *Georgia Douglas Johnson*

ISHMAEL

Among the reforms promised in Germany, it is rumored that the Jewish soldier will not hereafter be debarred from attaining an officer's rank.— News Despatch.

Again the wanderer starts out
To alien battles; and we see,
Beneath the welter and the rout,
The ancient, tragic irony.

He goes, too dumbly to be grim,
Down to the dead, the chosen ones;
While nations that rejected him
Accept his flesh to stop the guns.

Plunged in a war he never sought,
Hurled at his brothers' gaping lines,
Blinded, bewildered, scattered, caught —
A sudden ray of promise shines. . . .

He stops — the guerdon seems too great!
Then, with a deep and trembling breath,
He goes to meet a thundering fate
And die, perhaps, a captain's death!

Pariah, outcast — he delights
In struggles that should drive him mad.
He lives upon defeat; and fights
To save a home he never had.

The Masses *Louis Untermeyer*

NEGRO SOLDIERS

These truly are the Brave,
These men who cast aside

Old memories, to walk the blood-stained pave
Of Sacrifice, joining the solemn tide
That moves away, to suffer and to die
For Freedom — when their own is yet denied!
O Pride! O Prejudice! When they pass by,
Hail them, the Brave, for you now crucified!

These truly are the Free,
These souls that grandly rise
Above base dreams of vengeance for their wrongs,
Who march to war with visions in their eyes
Of Peace through Brotherhood, lifting glad songs
Aforetime, while they front the firing-line.
Stand and behold! They take the field today,
Shedding their blood like Him now held divine,
That those who mock might find a better way!

The Crisis — *Roscoe C. Jamison*

THE OLD KINGS

All of the Old Kings
  Are wakened from their sleep,
Arthur out of Avalon,
  Ogier from the deep,
Redbeard from his Dragon-Rock,
  Sigurd from his fen . . .
" Is it time," they rise and cry,
  " To lead our hosts again? "

They have donned their wingèd helms,
  They would rise and reign,
The young king Sebastian,
  The old king Charlemagne,

Harold with his great bow,
  Roland with his horn . . .
Men have heard their horses' hoofs
  Many a scarlet morn!

The Old Kings have arisen . . .
  Where the hosts advance
Redbeard cries his Germans on,
  Karle cries out for France,
Up and down the battle-field
  Ghostly armies beat,
Stilly down the gray sea glides
  Olaf's shadow-fleet. . . .

Up and down the red fields
  Men have seen them go,
Seen the long plumes on the wind,
  Seen the pennons flow;
Harry out of Agincourt
  Sends his bowmen wide,
Joan that has forgiven them
  Battles at their side. . . .

Christ, king of Paradise,
  Hasten with Thy hosts,
Angels all in silver mail,
  Saints and blessed ghosts;
Cry the long swords sheathed again,
  Cry the pennons furled,
Lest under Ragnarök
  Lie the shattered world!

Harper's Magazine *Margaret Widdemer*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE RUSSIAN REPUBLIC

God, give us strength these days —
  Burn us with one desire;
To smother this murderous blaze,
  Beat back these flames with fire.

Let us not weaken and fail
  Or spend ourselves in a shout;
Let our white passion prevail
  Till the terror is driven out.

Give us the power to fling
  Ourselves and our fury, employed
To blast and destroy this thing
  Lest Life itself be destroyed.

Friends in all lands, arise —
  Turn all these fires to shake
Against their refuge of lies;
  Force it to crumble and break.

Rise, ere it grow too late
  And we have not strength enough.
Sweep it down with our hate!
  Trample it with our love!

The Masses — *Louis Untermeyer*

THE SONG OF THE UPRISING

1 — *Joy*

Joy wings his way,
— (O bells of heaven!)
Joy wings his irresistible way,

— (O winds, O sun!)
Joy wings his irresistible, his radiant, his ineluctable
way,
— (Morning! morning of the winds,
Morning strong with song!)
Joy wings, wings, *wings* his way
And now the wild great song of dawn
Mounts heaven on beams of light
Scattering the dew in the path of the veering bee,
And from the house the girl and boy bare-headed
Come fresh from sleep
And lift young voices toward blue skies . . .

Lift young voices toward blue skies
Meeting the young god, Joy.

Joy is the carrier of news . . .
He laughs over the battlefields . . .
Joy is the sun . . .
He shines on the democracies . . .
Joy is exultant with tidings . . .
He flings on the Earth in the road of the hosts the
luminous flame of the future . . .
O the Earth, it is bled,
It is black, clawed with death,
But victory, but victory, but irrepressible victory
Shouts from the lips of Joy
Who shall raise up the dead.

I will make a prophecy
To your swelling heart,
That the heavens open
Presently with Peace . . .
I will make a prophecy of glory
To your dark-swelling heart . . .
The peoples shall be one,

The Earth shall be our home,
The children shall lead us forth with a scattering of roses,
And the heavens in all their splendor of stars shall sing: "One people, one planet."

O my heart!
How wonderful is the age we dwell in . . .
We are climbing up on the new tableland of man,
Beyond cedars of sorrow, beyond hemlocks of lamentation,
There where the grass blows wild,
There where the oak and the maple sway in the wind,
There where the festival is held, and the sun gleams on the steel of the workshops . . .
Gleams on the steel and on the miraculous flesh of men's faces . . .

(Hear, O softly, O faintly, sweetly,
Hear the cooing murmur of the mothers,
The lisp of laughing babes,
The bird-like love-notes, the lark-like mate-calls
Of passionate girls and boys,
And hear, hear,
Voices of men together in workshops where work is glory.)
Truly triumphant from the massive enginery of destruction and battle
Where great guns leveled Louvain and rifled Europe of grandeur,
Truly triumphant out of the thunder-roar, the tempest-shriek, the hurricane-blast,
Out of the horrible bleeding of boys,
Out of the torrents of blood,
Out of the anguish of countless hearts,

Truly triumphant the saved shall stand and march
with a blowing of the trump
And march with a throbbing of the drum
Heroic and renewed to the lands of the new age . . .

They shall march! —
(O Joy, thou news-bringer!)
They shall march! —
(O Joy, thou sun in the windy heavens!)
They shall march! —
(O Joy, thou art approaching beamed with the glory
of the free!)
They shall march, they shall sing, they shall swing
with radiant ranks,
Down the fields, down the streets, down the conti-
nental roads,
They shall march, they shall ship, they shall fly on
the planes of rejoicing,
They shall be one mass of triumph in the peace that
crowneth all.

II — *Darkness*

Death darkens, darkens . . .
— (O cry of breakers!)
Death darkens, darkens on the deeps . . .
— (O rocks, O sea!)
Death darkens, darkens on the moving, the interm-
able deeps . . .
— (Midnight! midnight of no stars!
Midnight bowed with cloud!)
Death darkens, darkens, *darkens,*
And the wild blown dirges of the sea
Break into lamentation,
Break into anguish on the rocks, on the sands, on the
dunes,
Wail along the dunes, weep along the dunes,

And the sea cries,
And the wind skims the sea-tides with an empty moaning,
And the clouds crowd together dropping their tears upon the war-bled world . . .

O the black midnight!
Winds howl and sand blows,
The broom wails and snaps and the breakers burst writhing . . .
O the blackness of this midnight . . .

Must I walk these shores, lost in grief?
Must I walk these stormy shores at the salt fringes of the tragic sea
In a vision of the human Earth I tread,
In a vision of an Earth of men and women
Stripped and maimed,
Trapped and slain,—
Must I walk these naked shores, dreadfully, slowly, stricken in my heart?

Unbearable sorrow!
Fiendish anguish!
Among the old that line the streets, among the faded and the war-worn,
Radiant miles of youth glow by, laughing with the bugles,
Radiant rivers of youth flow by,
Flow into the trenches . . .
I see the Hell they have entered with its pitiless flame-fledged skies,
With its mud and stenchent carrion, with the murderer and the murdered . . .
I see the Hell they have entered and the radiance gone out . . .

O my heart . . .
How terrible is the age we dwell in . . .
None . . . none . . . none
Shall assuage great grief . . .
None . . . none . . . none
Shall restore the lost to us . . .
Roll, muffled drums, you heart-beats of despair,
Boom, O you brass, for the burial of our boys.

I have mounted midnight
To gaze in the abyss,
In the midst of heaven
Hangs a red, red heart . . .
I have mounted mournful midnight
To gaze in the abyss,
And I have seen that red heart
Dripping drops of blood . . .
That heart is the Earth,
In the darkness it hangs red,
In the darkness it bleeds red with human grief and anguish . . .

But is not the Earth as a husk of beauties and glories and powers
Which stripped, reveals the kernel, the naked body of man?
Is not man her consummate miracle?
Is he not strong with engines and strong with song?
Can he be this beast of the jungle?
Can he be this darkness-maker?
Has his great past opened only in this?

Sea of the interminable tides,
Sea, of dirges and of moving deeps, and of darkened song,
I will turn from you, I will call the beloved of my heart . . .

Turn and call her, that in her face
I may read of youth's betrayal,
And the treason of the strong . . .

They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you false seas!)
They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you lying dirge-singing seas!)
They have betrayed us . . .
(Silence, you seas awash with ignoble anguish!)
They have betrayed us, they have sold us, they have carried off our youth
To the slaughter, to the murder, to the deepest pits of Hell,
They have betrayed us, they are traitors, we shall rise against their power,
We shall shake the Earth with tumult and the thunders of Revolt.

III — *The Call*

Whither goest thou, beautiful and beloved, O Earth,
Whither goest thou?

Dawn is not yet:
We sit in a cranny of the eastward rocks of the mountain-top;
Among shapes of the wind, shadows of the stars, and the Earth darker than the skies.
O my beloved,
Your hands are warm in my own, your hair blows against my cheek:
You are glimmering beside me, your eyes bright with the wild animal:
We are of the darkness of Earth dipped in the eddying gleam of the heavens:
We taste the freshness of wind-blown pines.

Vastness . . . ten stars are gone . . .
Grayness . . . the Earth sighs . . .
Twilight . . . the East twinkles . . .

O rise, my beloved, rise, for the runners of the sun
Appear with their bugles upon the mountains and
blow long blasts of light
Swelling and shattering Night . . .
Rise, we must meet the miracle . . . Dawn's joy
swells:
Stirring, Earth tosses her covers of the dark aside,
Laughing, leaps from her bed: naked, bathes in the
dew . . .
Look, where the peeping chimney smokes, look, the
grey lake,
Listen . . . the waking!
Birds are fluttering, brooks are babbling, leaves are
dancing, woodfolk scurry . . .
The color of the dawn
Scattered, drowns in blue . . .

We are blown on the topmost rock,
We cannot be still . . .
Your hair, my beloved, is a golden gale,
Your lips are cold . . .
Look to the East, behold . . .
Look — *gold* . . .
Pure gold, flame gold, growing, emboldening gold!
Mark!
The sons of light —
The sons of light charge heaven on golden gallopers,
And struck out of fire, with song,
The morning star is born —
The morning star is born — the sun, the sun — *Day!*

Ecstasy! splendor!
Wild are white waters!
Songs from the birds burst, shouts from our lips rise . . .
In abandon, unburdened, we dance, dance . . .
We are beams of the morning sun,
We are blowing pines of the peak,
And *sunrise*
Bursts through these human bodies,
Sunrise
Leaps through these singing bodies,
Sunrise
Dances along the blood, and opens in our hearts
The secret of Man's glory: the thrill of what Life is.

(A shadow crosses the sun . . .
The Earth grows grey below us . . .
We are hushed of a sudden, and chilled . . .
Doubt . . . dread.)

Whither goest thou, darkened and solemn, O Earth,
Whither goest thou?

Is there then, beloved, no forgetting of sorrow?
Must there be pausing for lamentation?
Is there an hour for cedars?
Shall the drums roll for the lost and the bugles blow for the dead?

I heard a voice say: None,
None shall heal empty arms.
I heard a voice say: None,
None shall assuage great grief . . .
For he is dead, whose young lips
She kissed in the intervals of song . . .
— In the intervals of song . . .

Death darkens, darkens,
(O cry of breakers!)
Death darkens, darkens on the deeps,
(O rocks, O sea!)
Death steals into the ecstasy of life,
Steals in, snatches the loved ones, and leaves bereaved hearts . . .

It is *Man* who darkens,
It is Man himself who darkens his own world,
Who has misused his gift,
Who has turned the upward vision downward,
Whose greed devours, whose passion sinks back to the beast beneath his humanness,
Whose treasure becomes engines of death, and his song a shriek . . .

O Man, what hast thou wrought?
How hast thou scarred the beautiful slopes of thy planet with gun-pocked havoc,
And how excoriated thy divine body with blasting anguish?
How from thy glories hast thou turned to maim and slay thine own?
O enemy of thyself! O mad beast! O stupid fiend!

Thou hast made thy living valleys, thy mass-pent cities, thy human plains
Red with unneeded agony and black with burnt ruins . . .
In mill and trench thy peoples moan,
The cry rises of betrayed multitudes,
Thou hast made Earth sick and a stench and a place of cinders . . .
Thou hast wrought a glory and put it to the torch . . .

Beloved, beloved,
How can we abide on the mountain of our joy
Where even touched with sunrise we quiver through
invisible nerves to the ends of Earth,
And the agony of man darkens our dawn . . .
We must descend into the pit of a thousand million
outstretched imploring hands,
The pit of bloody faces, and wailing lips . . .
Down to the sorrow of Earth,
The anguish of Man.

For Earth, like a staring maniac, bearing a firebrand,
Goes shrieking down the skies,
Shrieking "Famine," shrieking "Pestilence," shrieking "War" . . .
That orb of destruction burns balefully in the august
magnificence of night . . .
The mad world runs amuck . . .
Is Man ending himself?
Is the miracle of that mind and passion which
dreamed and built Asia and Europe
Stopped in suicidal madness?
Beloved, were we born to see this, and to live this?
Are we among the doomed?

The doomed! the doomed!
Where shall we flee? Where shall we hide our heads?
There is no corner of the storm that is still . . .
The wind blows us into the whirlpool.
O cities crashing about us, O ships gone down,
O the wounded and the dying,
O the bereaved, the bereaved!
Deluge of death! Day of the last judgment!
The heavens open, the dazzling Judge calls the multitudes of peoples before him,

The thunder rolls, the lightning bares those livid
faces, the doom is given . . .
The Earth cracks asunder:
Darkness . . .
Death . . .

(Yet — what song is in my heart?
O has the mother heard the stir of life in her
side?
Is there the faint, the tremulous stir of the
unborn?)

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye uplift, you everlasting doors . . .
The glory of the Lord is risen upon us . . .
We shall not bend before the storm: we shall not bow
before great death:
We put the darkness from us with a loud shout:
We put the temptation of despair away with resolu-
tion:
We arise: we arise clothed in courage:
We arise: we are that which has refused darkness:
we are MAN . . .
MAN, the fire-bringer,
MAN, the Creator.

We call mountain to mountain . . .
We raise a torch of Revolution . . .
We bring forth the peoples out of their darkness
And the nations out of their wrath . . .
We behold the Earth in parturition . . .
We see the Mother in birth-throes . . .
We greet the child with calls of welcome and the
sound of cities of joy . . .

O, blow, you bugles, with triumph,
O, shout, you peoples, with victory . . .

Hurl down the mighty from their seats,
And raise yourselves to freedom . . .
Raise up yourselves, ye slaves and chained ones,
Raise up yourselves, ye toiling peoples . . .
Be upraised, ye sorrowers and ye spent ones,
Get up on the peaks of the morning and proclaim the triumph of Man,
The victory of Man,
Get up on the peaks of the morning and greet the child, the New Age,
On tablelands of democracy,
On heights of man, the creator,
Get ye up, get ye up, get ye up, ye triumphing peoples . . .
New Man is born from the Old: Joy shall leap laughing from Sorrow.

The Seven Arts — *James Oppenheim*

WAR

I

I laugh to see them pray
And think God still is in the sky.
The little Christ whose name they say
Is dead. I saw him die.

They burned his house and killed his priest,
Just as the Bible saith.
We had no milk for little Christ
And so he starved to death.

II

There was a Virgin Mary made
To sit in church, all whitely sweet,

And hear our prayers. She smiled and played
All day with baby Jesus' feet.

Each day, our faces clean like snow,
Amid the candle-shine and myrrh
We children, standing in a row,
With folded hands would sing to her.

"O Mary, let thy gentle son
Come down with us today,
And be the blessed Holy One
In all our work and play.

I wish that we had prayed to her
To keep him safe instead.
She did not know about the war.
Now little Christ is dead.

III

The sun-waves floated past the sill
And buzzy, bumping flies.
My Mother lay all pale and still,
With eyes like Mary's eyes.

I promised her I would be brave
And help her, and I tried;
And all the things she asked I gave,
And never cried.

But at the end all I could do
Was, stop my ears and pray,
And hide my face. I never knew
The Christ would come that way.

IV

My Mother held me close to her;
I feel her one kiss yet.
How sweet she was, alone and dear,
I never can forget.

Her face was just like Mary's face,
As if a light shone through.
I took the Christ Child from that place
And ran. She told me to.

V

There were long, dust-gray roads to run,
And sticks that hurt my feet,
And dead fields lying in the sun,
And nothing there to eat.

The Baby Jesus never cried,
But with soft little lips and weak
Wee hands kept nuzzling at my side
And tried to suck my cheek.

VI

We slept beneath a bending tree,
The little Christ and I,
And woke up in the light to see
The sun lift up the sky.

And all the birds that ever were
Sang to the Christ Child then,—
Sweet thrush and lark and woodpecker,
Gold warbler and brown wren.

There were no bells for mass
Singing a little tune;

White faces lying in the grass
Were laughing at the moon!

VII

They made a little, lonely bed
Where it was cold and dim.
The baby Christ was dead, quite dead.
There was no milk for him.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Eloise Robinson*

MEMORIES OF WHITMAN AND LINCOLN

"When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd"
— W. W.

Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.
Spring hangs in the dew of the dooryards
These memories — these memories —
They hang in the dew for the bard who fetched
A sprig of them once for his brother
When he lay cold and dead. . . .
And forever now when America leans in the dooryard
And over the hills Spring dances,
Smell of lilacs and sight of lilacs shall bring to her heart these brothers. . . .
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

Who are the shadow-forms crowding the night?
What shadows of men?
The still star-night is high with these brooding spirits —
Their shoulders rise on the Earth-rim, and they are great presences in heaven —

They move through the stars like outlined winds in young-leaved maples.
Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.
Deeply the nation throbs with a world's anguish —

But it sleeps, and I on the housetops
Commune with souls long dead who guard our land at midnight,
A strength in each hushed heart —
I seem to hear the Atlantic moaning on our shores with the plaint of the dying
And rolling on our shores with the rumble of battle. . . .
I seem to see my country growing golden toward California,
And, as fields of daisies, a people, with slumbering upturned faces
Leaned over by Two Brothers,
And the greatness that is gone.

. . .

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

Spring runs over the land,
A young girl, light-footed, eager . . .
For I hear a song that is faint and sweet with first love,
Out of the West, fresh with the grass and the timber,
But dreamily soothing the sleepers. . . .
I listen: I drink it deep.

. . .

Softly the Spring sings,
Softly and clearly:

" I open lilacs for the beloved,
Lilacs for the lost, the dead.
And, see, for the living, I bring sweet strawberry blossoms,
And I bring buttercups, and I bring to the woods anemones and blue bells . . .
I open lilacs for the beloved,
And when my fluttering garment drifts through dusty cities,
And blows on hills, and brushes the inland sea,
Over you, sleepers, over you, tired sleepers,
A fragrant memory falls . . .
I open love in the shut heart,
I open lilacs for the beloved."

. . .

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

Was that the Spring that sang, opening locked hearts,
And is remembrance mine?
For I know these two great shadows in the spacious night,
Shadows folding America close between them,
Close to the heart . . .
And I know how my own lost youth grew up blessedly in their spirit,
And how the morning song of the mighty native bard
Sent me out from my dreams to the living America,
To the chanting seas, to the piney hills, down the railroad vistas,
Out into the streets of Manhattan when the whistles blew at seven,
Down to the mills of Pittsburgh and the rude faces of labor . . .

And I know how the grave great music of that other,
Music in which lost armies sang requiems,
And the vision of that gaunt, that great and solemn
figure,
And the graven face, the deep eyes, the mouth,
O human-hearted brother,
Dedicated anew my undevoted heart
To America, my land.

. . .

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

Now in this hour I was suppliant to these two brothers,
And I said: Your land has need:
Half-awakened and blindly we grope in the great
world. . . .
What strength may we take from our Past, what
promise hold for our Future?

And the one brother leaned and whispered:
" I put my strength in a book,
And in that book my love. . . .
This, with my love, I give to America. . . ."
And the other brother leaned and murmured:
" I put my strength in a life,
And in that life my love,
This, with my love, I give to America."

. . .

Lilacs bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

Then my heart sang out: This strength shall be our
strength:

Yea, when the great hour comes, and the sleepers
wake and are hurled back,
And creep down into themselves
There shall they find Walt Whitman
And there, Abraham Lincoln.

. . .

O Spring, go over this land with much singing
And open the lilacs everywhere,
Open them out with the old-time fragrance
Making a people remember that something has been
forgotten,
Something is hidden deep — strange memories —
strange memories —
Of him that brought a sprig of the purple cluster
To him that was mourned of all. . . .
And so they are linked together
While yet America lives. . . .

. . .

While yet America lives, my heart,
Lilacs shall bloom for Walt Whitman
And lilacs for Abraham Lincoln.

The Seven Arts *James Oppenheim*

RAIN AFTER A VAUDEVILLE SHOW

The last pose flickered, failed. The screen's dead
white
Glared in a sudden flooding of harsh light
Stabbing the eyes; and as I stumbled out
The curtain rose. A fat girl with a pout
And legs like hams, began to sing "His Mother."
Gusts of bad air rose in a choking smother;
Smoke, the wet steam of clothes, the stench of plush,

Powder, cheap perfume, mingled in a rush.
I stepped into the lobby — and stood still
Struck dumb by sudden beauty, body and will.
Cleanness and rapture — excellence made plain —
The storming, thrashing arrows of the rain!
Pouring and dripping on the roofs and rods,
Smelling of woods and hills and fresh-turned sods,
Black on the sidewalks, gray in the far sky,
Crashing on thirsty panes, on gutters dry,
Hurrying the crowd to shelter, making fair
The streets, the houses, and the heat-soaked air,—
Merciful, holy, charging, sweeping, flashing,
It smote the soul with a most iron clashing! . . .
Like dragons' eyes the street-lamps suddenly gleamed,
Yellow and round and dim-low globes of flame.
And, scarce perceived, the clouds' tall banners streamed.
Out of the petty wars, the daily shame,
Beauty strove suddenly, and rose, and flowered. . . .
I gripped my coat and plunged where awnings lowered.
Made one with hissing blackness, caught, embraced
By splendor and by cleansing and swift haste,
Spring coming in with thunderings and strife! . . .
I stamped the ground in the strong joy of life.

The Seven Arts *Stephen Vincent Benét*

A CLEAR NIGHT

I have worn this day as a fretting, ill-made garment,
Impatient to be rid of it.

And lo, as I drew it off over my shoulders
This jewel caught in my hair.

The Yale Review *Karle Wilson Baker*

SAHARA

Thou brazen, glittering wanton of the world,
Flinging at length thy nude sensuous body
Under the full white staring glare of the sun,
    Thy Paramour:
Thou disdainest the green garment of grass or plant,
Thou refusest to drink of the cool singing streams,
Thou parched defiant mysterious beauty,
    Sahara!

The Poetry Journal — *Gerve Baronti*

MEANWHILE

The August sun had still two hours of sky
When the white flag a-flutter from the house
Signalled him in to find his wife at watch
At the boy's bed. He laid his calloused hand
Lightly on that soft face now fever flushed.
"Much worse," she said.

"Yes, much worse. I'll ride Jeff
Cross-country, try to borrow a saddle horse
At Campbell's. If the doctor is at home —
Get there by one, to-night, and home again
In the morning, maybe eight, at most by nine."
His rough lips touched the boy who moaned and
    stirred.

The sweating plough-horse changed from jolting trot
To clumsy gallop, soon was winded, fell
Back to a walk, gained breath and galloped on.
At Campbell's ranch few words. They learned his
    need,
Saddled the pony, promised to relay
The doctor's team in the morning. It was ride.

When sunset came the man was galloping
On gentle prairie. Soon he dropped from the ridge,
Picking a way down canyon banks to follow
In the chill dusk of the draw a winding mile;
Then stiff ascent and upland track. The sky
Afar off held its tender sunset hues,
Slow fading. One by one the big white stars
Budded and blossomed. Sometimes prairie owls
Gave chuckling notes and made dim fluttering.
The balm of cooling dews healed all the air,
And ripening grass was fragrant, and late flowers,
While from the wheeling stars a gentle glow
Fell on the prairies like a luminous veil.
The vast plain's prayer was answered utterly.

As the dusk gathered in the little room
The woman still could see the pillow white,
And the child's tousled hair in outline dark
About his face. He broke from out his sleep
Babbling of strange wild fancies; hardly knew
At times, his name, her kindness. Lest the dark
Loose more disorder in his wits, she brought
A lighted lamp and sang old ballad songs
In a soft voice that won him ease again,
And quiet breathings. She could hear the clock
Lag noisily, and from the distant draws
The shrill wail of the coyote, and close by
The creaking misery of some cricket-thing.
Minutes seemed hours. She would try to read.
She got her Bible, but the tears came fast.
Try praying: surely there is help in prayer
That the boy should recover, that her man
Might find the doctor ready. She can see
As in a living vision the sunshine,
The doctor's rattling buggy racing up
In time.

In time? Thus praying, a slight noise
Led her eyes to the door. She saw it move,
Open, and a strange, dirty face looked in
Bristling with thickets of wild, brush-like beard.
How her heart did beat! She did not rise nor scream,
But with a finger at her lip, said, " Hush.
My boy is sick, out of his head, indeed,
And must not see you. It might make him die.
So leave us. Maybe you are hungry. Look
In the cupboard, you will find some bread and meat,
And coffee on the stove. Go, wash and eat."
Came a low " Thank ye," and the door went shut.
She turned to where the clock hands pointed ten.
There would be minutes while the tramp would eat, —
This outcast fifty miles from the grading camps
Meant anything. She could not think nor move,
A chill so numbed her, weakening every pulse.
But something somehow steadied all her tone
When the door opened once more, and the voice
Asked, " Is there only you? "

" My husband's gone
For the doctor, and should be here even now.
Hush, the boy's waking. Go to the pump, and bring
Cold water for the headcloths. Put the bucket
Upon the table. In the shed you will find
Fresh hay and blankets."

He was gone. Once more
The sweet voice crooning low the ballad tune
Without a tremble or any sign of fear
Mastered the boy's wild fancies, brought him rest.
She listened to the clock, and hours went by;
She looked out to the stars, and hours went by;
At last a grayness, light grew, dawn increased,—

In two more hours. At nine o'clock they came
In time and happily.

How like a tale,
Or a heart-breaking dream the afterwards!
But while death's presence from the noiseless dark
Saturates all the air of some child's room
Where the mother prays for one more breath unharmed —
Meanwhile — how measure her agony of fear?
How ease the watching of her wide-stretched eyes?

Edwin Ford Piper.
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West.

AUTUMN

Now shorter grow November days,
And leaden ponds begin to glaze
With their first ice, while every night
The hoarfrost leaves the meadows white
Like wimples spread upon the lawn
By maidens who are up at dawn,
And sparkling diamonds may be seen
Strewing the close-clipped golfing green.
But the slow sun dispels at noon
The season's work begun too soon,
Bidding faint filmy mists arise
And fold in softest draperies
The distant woodlands, bleak and bare,
Until they seem to melt in air.
See how the sun turns all to gold,
Green tree trunks and brown garden mould,
The waving yellow grass, and all
Vine skeletons upon the wall,
Sere leaves that strew the forest floor,
The littered barnyard and the store

Of sodden cornstalks, stacked in rows,
In fields where, through the stubble, shows
Fresh verdure, gage of distant spring,
And of fresh harvests it will bring.
Now, harvests o'er, his labors done,
The farm-boy shoulders bag and gun
And saunters forth with slouching stride,
His nosing setter at his side,
To beat in turn each well-known cover
For quail, for woodcock, or for plover.
And I, although no gun I bear,
Am oft abroad in this bright air.
For well I love the landscape thus,
When, wrapt in hazes luminous,
It lies no longer like a maid,
In springtime's modest green arrayed,
Or like a matron, in dull dress,
Of summer's dusty leafiness,
But like a tawny goddess lies
In careless ease beneath the skies,
And takes the sun's kiss on each breast —
Twin rounded hills — that copse a nest
Where love might linger with caresses.
Those russet oak-leaves crown her tresses,
That, from their fillets loose unbound,
In rippling yellow waves spread round
Her body splendid, shameless, bare,
That haunts this hungry autumn air.

William Aspenwall Bradley.
The Poetry Review of America.

THE SONS OF METANEIRA

I

Darkening the open door, in thought he gazed
On his ripe meadows, on the mountain road,

On the still trees above the shaded well;
Then inward to the twilight room he turned
Where Metaneira sat —
"Strange that a woman
Who fears not child-bearing, neither the pain
Nor peril, cannot face, save panic-pale,
The bringing up of children day by day.
With danger courage comes, and with thine hour
Comes on brave yearnings for this child unborn,
But no heart comes for the safe homely years —
Small fingers at thy bosom, growing hands
That cling to thine, and running feet beside thee,
And face upturned to love thee with quick smiles.
The boy we have, what dread was thine to rear!
Yet he takes life as one who loves to live;
Joy is the breath of him. This other child
As fair, I think, befalls, if but thy fear
Cloud not his spirit."
Leaning from the low couch
She answered —
"I feared no danger, nor shunned pain;
I thought only of what a man may share
With woman, the precious burden of childhood —
Not the nine months, the birth more exquisite
Of the young soul slowly finding the world.
O Celeus, when I brood on the frail bark
We dare be pilot for, and blindly grope
With clumsy guesses toward the eternal shore,
I think how reckless in the eyes of gods
Human desire must seem, and human love.
So thinking, I feel terror and loneliness;
Then I reach out for help to thee, but thou
Answerest as though these were but simple things,
And life simple, and children in the world
No care."
"The gods who send desire," he said,

" Fear not to trust us with the incarnate dream.
But art thou lonely, Metaneira — thou
Who wouldst not keep handmaid, nor slave nor free,
Near, if thy child need rearing? Lonely art thou?
Nay, jealous as the wild deer for thy young!
So fearful when the boy was born, and now
Thou hast sent thy woman away, even ere the birth.
Do I not know? "

" Celeus," she cried, " wherefore
Chide me for what is love? To thee the day
Brings a plain round, things simply to be done,
What happens, happens, and so the dreamless rest.
But I see what might happen, and the hours
Come fateful with hard choices, good and ill,
And the day's labor is, by taking thought,
To seize the good. Therefore with all my love
I watch the lightest breath the infant draws;
The ill that might molest him comes on me,
I feel the blow that falls not. What hireling
Cares for another's child so? Bruise and tumble
Are natural luck, they say; and the child's soul
Takes its luck too. I have sent them all away.
Nay, but the loneliness I feel is more —
A mystery that lifts me from the world,
A strangeness as if earth were not my home,
And our love but a visitant from afar."

Celeus with earnest eyes looked from the door,
And saw Eleusis under summer skies,
The meadows and the mountain road — the world
Wherein he native was, and she was strange.
Then turning toward her —

" Thou art a wistful woman;
Dreams and weird thoughts are more to thee than
breath,
And the unsecret earth before thee, thou
Veilest with phantoms, with imagined clouds.

Wherefore dost thou reach ever out from life
With eyes for what cannot be seen, with hearing
For whispers and echoes where none else hears sound?
Our loves, that made us one, in this alone,
Drive our two hearts asunder. Sorrow I see,
And mischief, yet the common fate is plain;
Nothing waylays nor haunts us; life, in itself
Clear, would ask but courage to be lived.
Earth is our brother, and light over all
Draws from our dust the destined fruit and bloom —
Dreams, fears and hopes, rooted in what we are.
So I have thought, and the one child we have
Through his seven years confirms me. Hast thou seen
How humanly he learns the arts whereby
Man and the gods within him build his world?
His hopes are better than the things he has,
And what he has, helps him to reach his hopes.
Nothing will harm him, no shadow threaten,
Save his own errors; nothing this child unborn
Will harm, if but the darkness of thy mood
Blight not its soul. Fate is man's handiwork,
I believe, whereon the gods look, and forgive,
And a dark fancy prophesying ill
Is but a true suspicion of ourselves;
The gods, whose eyes are clear, clearly behold
The seeds within us of our cherished doom;
They with immortal sorrow watch us all
Thwarting the good they will us; and most they grieve
When love like thine, exquisitely alert,
Brings headlong on its danger, fancy-framed."
She answered sadly —" Celeus, the boy and thou
Feel not the mystery that oppresses me;
Would that I had thy nature, the sunshine,
The faith opening like earth after fresh rain;
But my love reaches, and I feel thy hand

Helping, but cannot find thy heart."
His hand
Reached out.
"I would a woman were here," he said,
"To share thy loneliness; I would the gods
Would send, however humble, a comrade for thee,
Comrade for thee, and helper for the child."
With large eyes she questioned him — "A stranger?"

II

All glamour, golden beauty arched with blue,
Eleusis, vale of peace, enchanted lay —
Meadows, and by the mountain road one house,
Dark trees, and 'neath their shadow a clear well,
And far away the immeasurable sea
Faint-sounding; drunk with autumn savors, earth
Rich harvest-scent was breathing, and burnt leaves —
When down the road a lonely wanderer came,
An aged form, that step by step between
Some place far back and some place far beyond
Measured the weariness. Grey was her hair,
Her eyes were grieving, her firm lips were proud;
Her body, tall and stately, mantle-wrapped,
Majestic swayed like wheat in summer wind,
As slowly to the wellside she drew near —
There darkly paused, with folded patient hands,
Fixed as a carven stone.
Over the world
The magic gleam shone brighter, the low sun,
Slanting, reached to the grass beneath the trees
And robbed the well of shadow, save where still
The woman stood. Suddenly from the house
A radiant boy came running with light foot,
Balancing on his shoulder a water-jar —
Then at the shadow waiting unawares,

Marble-like, with bowed and grieving head,
He curbed his dancing mood and walked sedate,
Shamefaced before a stranger. While he drew,
She watched in silence till the jar was full,
Then in low tones that thrilled with pleasure-pain
Like the delirious chill from autumn fields
Swift after sunset —

"Doth thy mother live,
A rich woman, that without envy looks
On strangers' children? Who of yon wide house
Is master?"

Brimming with joy to share, "Celeus,
Whose son I am, Triptolemus," he cried.
"Hark, dost thou hear my one brother weeping, born
This very day?"

He paused for sheer delight,
And she, kindling with sudden hope —"What woman
Ministers to thy mother and the child?
Where is thy father? Run to him — bid him say
If there be timely service I can do.
Service that wisdom asks and practised hands;
Tell him, brief is the shelter age desires,
But long the recompense of pity endures."

Eagerly on his errand sped the boy,
Tasting a new adventure; soon he brought
His father, walking slow, whose earnest words
Challenged her —

"Woman, what thing of grief art thou,
Shadowing these waters with unbidden gloom?
What thing of grief and age, that dost desire
To handle joy newborn?"

Her quiet voice
Like a soft rainfall sang —

"Bitter the bread
The stranger eats and earns not; gods nor men
Who suffer alms are free; let me but serve.

Only to abide a little, to be still,
To seek for nothing, to buy with quiet hands
A quiet heart"—
"Quietness and to spare,"
Celeus broke in, "room by the hearth enough,
And work enough; abide here, since thou wilt."
When he had spoke, the boy, as if to unfold
Kindness out of the scant and measured words,
Reached for her hand and slowly toward the home,
Silently to the doorway, brought her. There
With lifted arms of prophecy she prayed —
"To all this house the immortal gods be friends,
And chiefly to this lad, who gave me rest.
Master of field and meadow shall he be,
To plow, to plant, to reap — him and his sons
The earth obey forever!"
His boyhood felt
Exquisite shadowed beauty, earth under stars;
Her words startled like bird-notes in the dawn;
Suddenly for her presence the house seemed small.

III

Autumn to winter, winter drew to spring,
And comfortable became her ways, like all
Love-service wrought by customary hands.
Sap in the vein, soft-stirring with the year,
And kindling at her presence, human love;
Strange wants unrealized, hungers of heart,
Mystical poverties of soul, she filled;
Even as common field-flowers casually
Borrow the sun and use the earth and sky,
The household without reckoning dwelt with her.
But when to autumn the year turned again
And the old poignant beauty filled the world,
The mother Metaneira, spirit-quick
Felt the home troubled with awe wonderful.

She pondered long these motions of vague fear,
Still troubled more, till in a twilight mood
She broke them to her husband and the boy,
Under the spell of her strange insight rising
Maenad-mad,— wild eyes and haunted face;
With the intense flame of passionate thought
Her fragile body quivered as she spoke —
" Who is this phantom, this weird wayfarer,
Ye two brought in to aid me? Know ye not
The Shining Ones oft hide in human forms,
And darker spirits, brooding mischief, oft
Resemble to betray us? "
Celeus frowned;
" She is a quiet phantom, grant her that!
All that haunt us, the gods make old like her,
So quiet and so wise! Summer and winter
Has not her faithful toil prospered the year?
What strangeness has she done? "
Poised among fears,
Perplexed to choose, the mother hesitated,
Then answered not his question but her own thoughts —
" She loves the child, she loves, but not as we
Love it, not with a simple heart; secrets
We cannot guess at, her deep manner hides;
Her service steals upon us like a spell,
Yet something fugitive in all she does,
Some touch of marvel, some too perfect skill,
Makes helpless those she helps. Oft she escapes,
As though her mood were hampered by our eyes,
And strangely broods or dreams or works alone.
Now for two nights, with the first dusk, I saw her
Stealthily watch me,— then the cradled babe
She lifted to her breast and made pretense
To soothe, though it slept sound,— then to the hall
Yonder carried the child, and slyly drew

The bolts, I heard them creak, in the closed door."
Celeus, still unpersuaded, comforted her —
" The skill of old hands is another youth;
Youth is the earliest magic, and the last
Is practice, nothing more; this woman's skill
Came with her years, but sorrow makes her strange."
Instant upon the word, as at the return
Of half-forgotten fear, the mother cried —
" What is this sorrow, then, that shadows her?
A human grief with time unfolds to love,
And tears that are not shame are shared at last,
But all the kindness of our house melts not
The silence from her lips; — she may not will
Mischief, but power she has, she pilots fate —
Were not her words prophetic for the boy
That named him master of meadows and of fields,
Whom the earth should obey? Did not the grain
Ripen miraculous where she bade him sow?
Did not the grove she planted, the young trees,
Thrive beyond hope? Weird blessings fall on us,
Yet rather would I lose the alien gift
Than dread the lurking debt still to be paid."
Wondering at his mother, the young boy
Pleaded, suddenly eloquent out of love —
" All that she taught me, of earth and sun and showers,
Of seed and tilth and gathering of the grain,
To others I could teach — no weird secret,
But simple knowledge waiting to be used.
The things that beauty touches become strange,
I heard her say; the strangeness thou dost fear,
Is it not beauty? "
The mother, following her dread,
Hearing him not —" Only a little while,
A little while ago I found her gazing
On the bare fields as one looks on the dead,
And from her moving lips came soft, wild words:

'O loveliness (she whispered) rapt away!
Who now, thy face beholding, gathers joy?
Ay me, the joy that from eternal love
Up from my bosom flowing bloomed in thee!
The wheat, the poppy languish meadow-shorn,
The summer dies. O thou that canst not languish,
Maiden lost, Immortal One!' "—
The voice
Of Metaneira faltered and grew faint,
Uttering the remembered cry; but Celeus
With deeper pity reproved her perverse mood —
" Hast thou not heard of lost loves in the world,
Of hearths vacant, of hopes precious but vain?
She in her years is wounded with old sorrows;
This babe of ours, soft-breathing on her breast,
Brings back through tears the frail unburied ghost,
Some girl long dead, whom grief hath made divine.
Ah, Metaneira, that having lost no child
Knowest not the faithful pain, the abiding grief!"
" And wouldst thou lose him," Metaneira cried,
" The babe that helpless lies on her strange heart?
Have I not said, when the day ends she carries
To yonder room the sleeping child away,
Stealing with furtive glances, and with guile
Barring the door? Now hearken! Underneath
And over, by the hinges, through the latch,
Sharp gleams shoot out, long blades of eerie light,
That all but pierce the nailed and paneled wood.
After a space the light fades, stealthily
The latch withdraws, and with too perfect care
She enters crooning slumber-songs — O clear
The triumph in her face, the evil shining!
And when I take the child, dim meadow-scent,
Damp odors, flood etherial o'er my brain,
And the child's eyes, on more than infant depths
Brooding, grow wonderful with calm — Celeus!

See now," she cried, "the light streams through the door!"

Flinging her fragile body, she burst the latch,
And frenzied saw the woman holding outstretched
The child, and waves of weird light washing it,
Fire that from the hearth seemed not to flame,
But like a rolling sea filled the whole room.
One glimpse — and Metaneira, crazed with love,
Tore fiercely from those hands the flame-wrapped babe.
Then from the earth the woman rose, a queen
Celestial, young and fair; the glowing sea
Ebbed from the room into her burning heart,
As to its source, and beautiful was her wrath.
Light-giving. And Metaneira stood aghast.

IV

Slowly a sad, majestic voice began,
"Blind, like all mortals! Ye withhold the gods
From their unfinished blessings. Know ye me?
Demeter; from vain walking in this world
To find the lost Persephone, Pluto's bride,
Hither I came, and here for a little rest,
A little quietness to sorrow in,
I laid my godhood by, and hid myself
In human poverty and mortal years.
Could ye not guess, such blessings as I brought
Come only from the gods? First I bestowed
On yonder lad the mastery of earth.
The labors that men do beneath the sun
Shall be for him no burden but sheer joy;
He shall have knowledge of this world as it is,
He shall love what is kindred to his fate,
He shall know men, and he shall know his gods.
But for this other child, this dreaming babe
That stirred the memory of my ancient heart,

I would have furnished immortality.
So frail he seemed, so pitiful, so pure,
And time so stern a teacher, and the path
So rough, where he must stumble, fall by fall
Painfully fashioning his eternal soul —
To spare him, I desired,— to make his days
All of such moments as the happiest men
Dream only at their best. Here by the fire
I washed in deathless love the mortal mind,
And fast the god grew in him, till your fear
Ruined the heavenly will. Now he shall be
Master of nothing, but dreams shall master him.
A pilgrim of confusion shall he be;
Two worlds alternate shall be his, but rest
In neither; painfully shall his hand, his eye,
On the obdurate face of things lay hold,
The while his dreams look on what never was;
And for he cannot tell the twain apart,
Madness and ecstasy shall envelope him,
Out of the world he finds but will not see,
Building a world he sees but cannot find.
Yea, from his love the things he loves shall come,
And from his fear shall come the things he fears.
Nothing that is shall teach him what it is —
Pain of this world, still knocking at the door,
Nor grief that stabs, nor joy that comforts him;
He shall be strange to thee, for all thy love,
And for thy sake, for him all things be strange;
Whate'er he loves shall whisper him farewell,
And waft him on the exile of his dream —
A human face, a shining on the sea,
The cold moon, or the still march of stars,
If but the inexorable beauty call,
Eternity, rising in him like a tide,
Shall from their bases lift and set afloat
The stranded accidents of time."

She ceased,
The light died from the room, and she was gone.
But Metaneira heard, far-off, the voice
Of Celeus, like a sound breaking on sleep —
"The woman is not here. Thy fears were vain."

The Lyric *John Erskine*

ON A CERTAIN CRITIC

Well, John Keats,
I know how you felt when you swung out of the inn
And started up Box Hill after the moon.
Lord! How she twinkled in and out of the box bushes
Where they arched over the path.
How she peeked at you and tempted you,
And how you longed for the "naked waist" of her
You had put into your second canto.
You felt her silver running all over you,
And the shine of her flashed in your eyes,
So that you stumbled over roots and things.
Ah! How beautiful! How beautiful!
Lying out on the open hill
With her white radiance touching you
Lightly,
Flecking over you.
"My Lady of the Moon,
I flow out to your whiteness,
Brightness.
My hands cup themselves
About your disk of pearl and fire;
Lie upon my face,
Burn me with the cold of your hot white flame.
Diana,

High, distant Goddess,
I kiss the needles of this furze bush
Because your feet have trodden it.
Moon!
Moon!
I am prone before you.
Pity me,
And drench me in loveliness.
I have written you a poem;
I have made a girdle for you of words;
Like a shawl my words will cover you,
So that men may read of you and not be burnt as I
have been
Sere my heart until it is a crinkled leaf,
I have held you in it for a moment,
And exchanged my love with yours
On a high hill at midnight.
Was that your tear or mine, Bright Moon?
It was round and full of moonlight.
Don't go!
My God! Don't go!
You escape from me,
You slide through my hands.
Great Immortal Goddess,
Dearly Beloved,
Don't leave me.
My hands clutch at moon-beams,
And catch each other.
My Dear! My Dear!
My beautiful far-shining lady!
Oh! God!
I am tortured with this anguish of unbearable beauty."
Then you stumbled down the hill, John Keats.
Perhaps you fell once or twice;
It is a rough path,
And you weren't thinking of that.

Then you wrote
By a wavering candle,
And the moon frosted your window till it looked like
a sheet of blue ice.
And as you tumbled into bed, you said:
" It's a piece of luck I thought of coming out to Box
Hill."

Now comes a sprig little gentleman,
And turns over your manuscript with his mincing
fingers,
And tabulates places and dates.
He says your moon was a copy-book maxim,
And talks about the spirit of solitude,
And the salvation of genius through the social order.
I wish you were here to damn him
With a good, round, agreeable oath, John Keats.
But just snap your fingers;
You and the moon will still love
When he and his papers have slithered away
In the bodies of innumerable worms.

The Little Review *Amy Lowell*

OLD YOUTH

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay
About the rush of faces in the town by day,
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed. . . .
And the soft March wind, and the low March mist
Are better than kisses in the dark street kissed. . . .
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at dawn,
The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at play —

These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!
And I shan't stand waiting for love or scorn
When the feast is laid for a day new-born. . . .
Oh, better let the little things I loved when little
Return when the heart finds the great things brittle;
And better is a temple made of bark and thong
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too long.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Orrick Johns*

FROM "CHILDREN OF THE SUN"

XXI

across the heights the June winds racing, unhindered;
whistling through the ripening grasses, in whims,
and around the rambling wall of rounded rocks, at will,
and forever rumbling in my ears;
rushing over the summit-fields
and somewhere away
and away
and away
into the fearful space of the valley
and somewhere afar
and afar
and afar,
perhaps to join the winds of other summits —

XXIII

She was an old free woman, forsaken.
She walked along the highroad, humming, looking below upon the Sabbath-sleepy city which glimmered in the westward light of an afternoon of September
and she saw that the world had collapsed

and she looked upon the ruins of the world
and they were yellow
and white
and brown
and she turned from the highroad into a logging-road
and began to wander
and began to murmur
and she murmured, in a kind of song,
scattering white-plumed seeds as she wandered —

" There is peace in the woods this afternoon, dear!
There is peace in the woods this afternoon, my child!
'Tis quieted!
'Tis easier to die!

Where are you now, dear?
Where are you now, my child?
Child, I am alone!
Child, I am wandering — alone — alone — where the weeds and vines are broken down and entangled and tarnished!
Child, I am weeping!
Child, I am growing old!
Oh, the dead weeds rasp
and the dead vines rattle
and I love you!
Child, I love you!
Child, I am growing old!"

The afternoon light was as mellow as the glimmer of candles arranged around the faces of the dead and the winds were as low of sound as the music which is played when we pass before corpses, and were spiced with the odors of death
and she sank upon her knees
and the dead weeds rasped

and the dead vines rattled
and she wept.

XLI

To me, the heat was disgusting.

It was only when I sucked the fumes of my cigarette into me that I was conscious of breathing, so I pulled each drag to the bottom of my lungs where it struck with an ecstatic thud. Nothing else seemed to be either passing into my lungs or out of them.

It was depressingly hot.

For an hour or more, that noon, I lolled in the shaded door of the barn, smoking, sweating, gasping, desperate with the general depression, relieved only by feeling the tobacco-smoke pass into and out of my lungs, and I made a diversion of blowing whiffs at a caterpillar which clung to the tender leaves at the end of a long and low-hanging branch of woodbine.

Then came the little old woman from across the alley. She was bent and wrinkled but quick of step and glance. The step was firm. The glance was sharp. She had once been a grand dame and had commanded servants and her perfumery had cost six dollars an ounce. On this day she wore a percale dress which was greasy and which was shielded in front by a greasier apron. Her perfumery was the sweat of a laboring body. While passing the garden she picked a green string-bean from the vines and began to chew it. She saw me. Uttering a little squeak of delight, she came and sat near me, on a pile of old boards.

"Aint this a hell of a day?" she mumbled, munching the bean.

"Certainly is," I said, turning my head to blow the smoke away from her.

She watched the smoke vanish.

"Blow your cussed old smoke this way!" she commanded, mumbling, munching the bean. "You know very well how I like it. I haven't smoked since the time —" and the poppies caught her eye.

So, after that, I blew the smoke her way
and she munched the bean and said no more for a while
but sniffed the smoke
and trotted one foot
and gazed at the poppies.

Soon, I arose
and gathered some poppies —
nine scarlet poppies —
and gave them to her
and blew a whiff in her face
and she laughed and went home to warm over some soup.

LVII

What can be said?
What can be said
when the pericarps of the wayside rose
turn crimson, with leaves at the forest-edge?
when all of the leaves of the countryside
are coarse and their greens are dulled by dust?
when the seeds of the meadow-grasses are dried
and are bowed and hiss with the nervous winds?
when, at the last, comes the goldenrod —
head-dress of Autumn's steed whose gaudy caparison is gemmed with the fruits of things and the last low-trailing fringes of which drag, frayed, in the cold, gray mires
of what is dead —
when the shrunken river has broadened the marsh?
when the water-snakes bask long in the sun?
What can be said?

The Seven Arts *Wallace Gould*

FLYING-FISH: AN ODE

Low lies Bermuda on our starboard bow,
The morning's hue is misty like a pearl's.
As lightly through the severing swells we plough,
To right and left the widening foam-wedge curls.
I stand and watch alone:
No slanting sail, no black and stalwart hull,
Not even one stray gull
To fleck the languid ocean's monotone;
Nothing but sky and sea
And, vague with mystery,
Yon distant island, fairy-like, unknown.

But what is that? Scarce fifty yards away
A flock of birds where bird before was none,
Skimming across the smooth unlustrous gray
On wings that glint so oddly in the sun!
No sooner seen than lost,
Melted like scudding snow-flakes as they touch
The surface, not so much
As one black bobbing head of all that host.
Yet see! once more they rise
And, like strange dragonflies,
Along our bow-flung breakers deftly coast.

I know you now, ye birds that may not soar,
Ye flashers in two elements. Your flight
So low, so little veering, and the four
Short filmy wings that, quivering, catch the light,—
These told me what you were.
Audacious truants from your parent sea,
Half-fabulous are ye
Oh flying-fish, oh sylph-like beings rare,
That, heedless quite of earth,
Spring toward a nobler berth
From the dim waters to the radiant air!

How must it be to swim among your kind,
Dull with the cold and dreary with the dark,
Enclosed above, beneath, before, behind
In green uncertainty, from which a shark
At any time may dash
And doom you like some huge demonic fate
With lust insatiate? —
His fins and tail the swirling waters lash.
What use to dart aside?
Those great jaws, grinning wide,
Will close your frolic as the long teeth clash.

But have I then forgot? The bonds that hold
The others of your race are loosed for you,
For you alone. The silver dolphin bold
Curves like a spray-haired comet from the blue,
But may not poise or flit
As you do —. What if but a minute's space?
Hardly a longer grace
Has poet, saint or lover. Nor a whit
Less sure to sink are we;
Our wings of ecstasy
No loftier, no longer joy permit.

Yet joy it is! to scorn the dread of death,
To dwell for shining moments in the sun
Of Beauty and sweet Love, to drink one breath
Of a diviner element — though but one;
To reach a higher state
Of being, to explore a new domain;
To leap, and leap again,
Unheeding the dark Presence that doth wait
And follow till we fall:
For — fishes, men and all —
The grim old Shark will have us, soon or late.

Then tell me, comrades, does your little flight
Thrill with the foretaste of a life to be?
Is your ethereal revel in the light
The promise of some fair eternity;
Where you may roam at will,
Safe from the terror of the world you knew,
On wings of rainbow hue? —
How vain to question! I may ask my fill.
One life is all you wish;
You fly, and are but fish;
Your gift, a trick of blind instinctive skill.

And I who ask,— have I a certain sign
That these poor flights (which seemingly exalt
My soul into an element more fine)
Prove me immortal? Reason stops, at fault.
But still by hope I'm led;
And I'll but hope the more, if hope be all,
Nor shall e'en Death appall!

I start and look: the flying-fish have fled;
Have got them to their kind,
Or tamely dropped behind.
The ship drives on; Bermuda looms ahead.

The Poetry Journal *Charles Wharton Stork*

THE ASYLUM

I love my asylum,
My home in the skies,
Splashed with splendid color,
Drenched in dazzling dyes:
Clouds and winds and oceans,
Blue above — below.

I love my asylum. . . .
But the other inmates? *No!*

All in our asylum
Are mad as can be.
I stick my tongue at them.
They stick their tongues at me.
And purple authorities
And gilded bloody gods
All rule in our asylum
With black whips and rods.

And men cry "Alleluia"
To hop-toads with wings;
And women love poodles;
And all love breaking things,
Love swearing and peering,
Love reptiles and lice. . . .
Yes, in my asylum
It isn't very nice!

But sometimes the windows
Are burst by magic dawns,
And then we see far vistas
Of star-embroidered lawns
Where rational angels
Are laughing like fun.
But, of course, in our asylum
It *simply isn't done!*

So one wears a crown,
One piles his gold in rows,
One balances a feather
On the end of his nose.
One's a sword-swallower,
One mumbles "*One-two-three.*"

And all in our asylum
Are unhappy as can be.

For, you see, the whole trouble
(Though we're absolutely mad!)
Is, we fear a strange sensation
We have sometimes had.
So sometimes we huddle close
And clutch at heart and brain.
For I'll tell you what's the trouble:
We're afraid of going — sane!

Reedy's Mirror *William Rose Benét*

ARRAIGNMENT

What wage, what guerdon, Life, asked I of you?
Brooches; old houses; yellow trees in fall;
A gust of daffodils by a gray wall;
Books; small lads' laughter; song at drip of dew?
Or said I, "Make me April. I would go,
Night-long, day-long, down the gay little grass,
And therein see myself as in a glass;
There is none other weather I would know?"
Content was I to live like any flower,
Sweetly and humbly; dream each season round
The blossomy things that serve a girl for bread,
Inviolate against the bitter hour.
You poured my dreams like water on the ground:
I think it would be best if I were dead.

The Sonnet *Lizette Woodworth Reese*

TO A LOGICIAN

Cold man, in whom no animating ray
Warms the chill substance of the sculptor's clay;
Grim Reasoner, with problems in your eyes,
Professor, Sage — however do they call you?
Far-seeing Blindman, fame shall yet befall you;
Carve you in stone — that Winter of the wise! —
And set you up in some pale portico
To frown on heaven above, on earth below.

I shall make songs, and give them to the breeze,
And die amid a thousand ecstasies!
I shall be dust, and feel the joyous sting
Of that sweet arrow from the bow of Time
Which men call Spring.
And out of my dead mouth a rose shall come like
rhyme!
But you, in your eternal state of snows,
Shall thrill no more to life's resurgent flood,
Nor cast death's laughter into April's rose!
You shall be marble, who were never blood.

Harper's Magazine *Dana Burnet*

AGE INVADING

I shall not run upstairs again,
And oh, the foolish grief I feel!
I must go carefully, or pain
Will thrust me through with its bright steel.

I never thought that I should care
When the first shadow fell on me.
I planned lace caps for my white hair,
And hoped to grow old gracefully.

I thought that when Age came I'd stand
(If Age should really come at all!)
And greet him with extended hand
As my last partner at a ball.

But now, when you with easy grace
Run up ahead or wait for me,
Such bitterness is in my face
I turn my head lest you should see.

The Outlook — *Aline Kilmer*

THE GLASS OF TIME

I know a lake high up among the hills —
A pure tranquillity where shadows rest,
Accepting to its acquiescent breast
The silver-throated rills.

A solitary killdee, running fleet,
(The one unquiet thing that meets the sight)
Slips like a bead along the thread of light
Where land and water meet.

Silent around the forest ramparts press,
Walling with emerald its quietude,
Ere Evening and her mystery o'erbrood
That hush and holiness.

There secretly the large-eyed stag is found,
And there at dawn the stealing mist that finds
Upon its arras the delaying winds,
Too ghostly for a sound.

Lucid, serene, untroubled by a wind,
The noonday crystal slumbers, cool and deep,

Calm as the features of a nun asleep,
Whom not a dream shall find.

Elusively, a sense of things unheard
Awakes, and is forgotten as it dies.
The afternoon is great with peace. Then cries,
Far off, and once, a bird.

The slow-winged clouds pass in unhastening flight
To some far haven of Hesperian ease,
Paving that court of chill translucencies
With alabaster light.

Therein, as in her sky, the moon shall melt,
The stars find sanctuary for a space,
Till morning, uncompassionate, efface
The palace where they dwelt.

There if one come, he fills that placid glass
With azure glory of the mirrored sky.
Fading, the vision and the glory die
With him whose footsteps pass . . .

Lake of the spirit, even so shall cease
(A pale mirage in heavens deep and far)
The face of Beauty, passing like a star
From peace to vaster peace.

The Bellman *George Sterling*

THE RIVER

Down to the Stilldeep River
How many pathways run!
By each, from field and city
Come over, one by one,

Soldiers and priests and workmen,
Mothers and maids and wives,
Governors, thieves, and paupers,
To cool their burning lives;

Foreigners, black men, white men,
Christian and heathen come,
Some in their robes of office,
Some in their shame; and some,
Rising from anguished pillows,
Hither in darkness first
Stumble a briery pathway
To quench that ardent thirst.

And some would check the River
From running on so fleet,
For fear the wider water
Will prove no longer sweet.
Some dream their vessel only
Can catch the sparkle fine:
"My cup bears wholesome water,
But yours is filled with brine."

Some plunge into the current;
Some lean and taste from land;
Some dip a silver goblet,
And some a blood-stained hand;
Some dwell beside the River;
Some far and seldom come;
Some only thirst when wounded,
And but when dying, some.

But others, seeking inland
For folk with bruise or scar,
Look where the loud and shameless,
The dumb and hopeless, are;

And these they coax and comrade,
  And cheer them to the brink.
So was I once befriended,
  Who now full gladly drink.

And divers great explorers
  Have sought to trace its rills,
But none knows where it rises,
  Save only in the hills;
And many charts and soundings
  Have mapped its courses free,
But none knows where it empties,
  Save only in the sea.

Everybody's Magazine *Sarah N. Cleghorn*

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

Among the bumble-bees in red-top hay, a freckled field of brown-eyed Susans dripping yellow leaves in July,
I read your heart in a book.

And your mouth of blue pansy — I know somewhere I have seen it rain-shattered.

And I have seen a woman with her head flung between her naked knees, and her head held there listening to the sea, the great naked sea shouldering a load of salt.

And the blue pansy mouth sang to the sea:
Mother of God, I'm so little a thing,
Let me sing longer,
Only a little longer,

And the sea shouldered its salt in long gray combers
hauling new shapes on the beach sand.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Carl Sandburg*

THE LOOM

My brother, the god, and I grow sick
Of heaven's heights.
We plunge to the valley to hear the tick
Of days and nights.
We walk and loiter around the Loom
To see, if we may,
The Hand that smashes the beam in the gloom
To the shuttle's play;
Who grows the wool, who cards and spins,
Who clips and ties;
For the storied weave of the Gobelins,
Who draughts and dyes.

But whether you stand or walk around
You shall but hear
A murmuring life, as it were, the sound
Of bees or a sphere.
No Hand is seen, but still you may feel
A pulse in the thread,
And thought in every lever and wheel
Where the shuttle sped,
Dripping the colors, as crushed and urged —
Is it cochineal? —
Shot from the shuttle, woven and merged
A tale to reveal.
Woven and wound in a bolt and dried
As it were a plan.

Closer I looked at the thread and cried
The thread is man!

Then my brother curious, strong and bold,
Tugged hard at the bolt
Of the woven life; for a length unrolled
The cryptic cloth.
He gasped for labor, blind for the moult
Of the up-winged moth,
While I saw a growth and a mad crusade
That the Loom had made;
Land and water and living things,
Till I grew afraid
For mouths and claws and devil wings,
And fangs and stings,
And tiger faces with eyes of hell
In caves and holes.
And eyes in terror and terrible
For awakened souls.

I stood above my brother, the god
Unwinding the roll.
And a tale came forth of the woven slain
Sequent and whole,
Of flint and bronze, trowel and hod,
The wheel and the plane,
The carven stone and the graven clod
Painted and baked.
And cromlechs, proving the human heart
Has always ached;
Till it puffed with blood and gave to art
The dream of the dome;
Till it broke and the blood shot up like fire
In tower and spire.

And here was the Persian, Jew and Goth
In the weave of the cloth;

Greek and Roman, Ghibbeline, Guelph,
Angel and elf.
They were dyed in blood, tangled in dreams
Like a comet's streams.
And here were surfaces red and rough
In the finished stuff,
Where the knotted thread was proud and rebelled
As the shuttle proved
The fated warp and woof that held
When the shuttle moved;
And pressed the dye which ran to loss
In a deep maroon
Around an altar, oracle, cross
Or a crescent moon.
Around a face, a thought, a star
In a riot of war.

Then I said to my brother, the god, let be,
Though the thread be crushed,
And the living things in the tapestry
Be woven and hushed;
The Loom has a tale, you can see, to tell,
And a tale has told.
I love this Gobelin epical
Of scarlet and gold.
If the heart of a god may look in pride
At the wondrous weave
It is something better to Hands which guide —
I see and believe.

Reedy's Mirror *Edgar Lee Masters*

THE SECRET

They drew the blinds down, and the house was old
With shadows, and so cold,

Filled up with shuddery silence like held breath.
And when I grew quite bold
And asked them why, they said that this was death.

They walked tiptoe about the house that day
And turned their heads away
Each time I passed. I sat down in surprise
And quite forgot to play,
Seeing them pass with wonder in their eyes.

My mother came into my room that night
Holding a shaded light
Above my face till she was sure I slept;
But I lay still with fright,
Hearing her breath, and knowing that she wept.

And afterward, with not a one to see,
I got up quietly
And tried each step I made with my bare feet
Until it seemed to me
That all the air grew sorrowful and sweet.

So without breathing I went down the stair,
In the light chilly air,
Into the parlor, where the perfumes led.
I lit my candle there
And held it a long time above my head.

There was an oblong box, and at its base
Grew lilies in a vase
As white as they. I thought them very tall
In such a listening place,
And they threw fearful shadows on the wall.

I tiptoed to the box, then, silently,
To look what death could be;

And then I smiled, for it was father who
Was sleeping quietly.
He dreamed, I think, for he was smiling, too.

And all at once I knew death is a thing
That stoops down, whispering
A dear, forgotten secret in your ear
Such as the winds can sing.
And then you sleep and dream and have no fear.

Perhaps the winds have told the dream to flowers
On nights of lonely hours;
Perhaps we, too, could learn if we could seek
The wind in his watch-towers;
Perhaps the lilies knew, but could not speak.

The Century Magazine *Frederick Faust*

TO ONE IN HEAVEN

After you died, a few stray letters came,
Bearing your name.
A friend across the sea
Wrote with the old light laughter; tenderly
She wished that you were with her, never knowing
That now for you the winds of heaven were blowing;
That you were faring to a distant bourne,
Whence your white feet would nevermore return.

And then there came,
Like little bundles of flame,
Bright-colored ribbons — red, and yellow, and blue,
Samples from some gay shop, dainty as you.
A bit of lace, a bit of gossamer,
A rainbow sheaf, like dreams that never were.

And when I saw them, through my blinding tears,
I thought of your bright years,
Your love of all this filmy green and gold —
And your brief story told.

I hope the angels give you your desire,
O little heart of fire —
Give you the fairy garments that you crave
Even beyond the grave!
You would not be quite happy in your new place
Without your golden lace,
Without those little, trivial, tender things
The looms wove out of dim imaginings.
For you loved feathery textures, airy spinnings,
Like cobwebs from the world's remote beginnings;
Soft stuffs as fleecy as the clouds above,
That grew more lovely for your lovely love.

Who knows but now your wings may be of fleece,
Your robe of some fine fabric made of these:
Rainbows and star-dust and a lost moonbeam,
And a white thought from Lady Mary's dream
Of that first moment when she knew that One
Would live through her. . . . Is this your garment,
spun
From rapture at the living loom of heaven?
O little angel-maid, God's gifts are freely given!

Good Housekeeping *Charles Hanson Towne*

YELLOW CLOVER

Must I, who walk alone,
Come on it still,
This Puck of plants
The wise would do away with,

The sunshine slants
To play with,
Our wee, gold-dusty flower, the yellow clover,
Which once in parting for a time
That then seemed long,
Ere time for you was over,
We sealed our own?
Do you remember yet,
O Soul beyond the stars,
Beyond the uttermost dim bars
Of space,
Dear Soul, who found earth sweet,
Remember by love's grace,
In dreamy hushes of the heavenly song,
How suddenly we halted in our climb,
Lingering, reluctant, up that farthest hill,
Stooped for the blossoms closest to our feet,
And gave them as a token
Each to each,
In lieu of speech,
In lieu of words too grievous to be spoken,
Those little, gypsy, wondering blossoms wet
With a strange dew of tears?

So it began,
This vagabond, unvalued yellow clover,
To be our tenderest language. All the years
It lent a new zest to the summer hours,
As each of us went scheming to surprise
The other with our homely, laureate flowers,
Sonnets and odes
Fringing our daily roads.
Can amaranth and asphodel
Bring merrier laughter to your eyes?
Oh, if the Blest, in their serene abodes,
Keep any wistful consciousness of earth,

Not grandeurs, but the childish ways of love,
Simplicities of mirth,
Must follow them above
With touches of vague homesickness that pass
Like shadows of swift birds across the grass.
Beneath some foreign arch of sky,
How many a time the rover,
You or I,
For life oft sundered look from look,
And voice from voice, the transient dearth
Schooling my soul to brook
This distance that no messages may span,
Would chance
Upon our wilding by a lonely well,
Or drowsy watermill,
Or swaying to the chime of convent bell,
Or where the nightingales of old romance
With tragical contraltos fill
Dim solitudes of infinite desire;
And once I joyed to meet
Our peasant gadabout
A trespasser on trim, seigniorial seat,
Twinkling a saucy eye
As potentates paced by.

Our golden cord! our soft, pursuing flame
From friendship's altar fire!
How proudly we would pluck and tame
The dimpling clusters, mutinously gay!
How swiftly they were sent
Far, far away
On journeys wide,
By sea and continent,
Green miles and blue leagues over,
From each of us to each,
That so our hearts might reach

And touch within the yellow clover,
Love's letter to be glad about
Like sunshine when it came!

My sorrow asks no healing; it is love;
Let love then make me brave
To bear the keen hurts of
This careless summertide,
Ay, of our own poor flower,
Changed with our fatal hour,
For all its sunshine vanished when you died;
Only white clover blossoms on your grave.

Katherine Lee Bates
The Poetry Review of America

W. V. M.

1910

Dead — even he. They told me, and that day
Somehow my dreams went wailing, lost in space,
Finding the beggared earth a homeless place,
When, as death's violence to that vital clay
Slipped from my heart (as, heaven be thanked, it may),
I saw his passing had but served to trace
A subtler line in life's mysterious face:
He is more friendly since he went away.

Grief is the treasure of his own: but I
Who only touched his garment's hem, draw near
And find in him increasingly my part —
Fall into step, bespeak his company!
Living, the nearest claim them: but the dear
Great dead belong to any humble heart.

The Sonnet *Karle Wilson Baker*

EPITAPHS

I

Here lies a lady
Who smothered before she died —
Crushing every impulse of her soul
For prudence sake.
Only her body lived
To be buried.

II

Sacred to the memory
Of a genius who lied
From necessity, from pleasure, and from habit.
If this be his soul, this sturdy shade,
Perverse but virile even in death,
He will deny it.

III

Here sleeps
Earth's hungry child.

IV

Beautiful lady,
Even death is your courtly lover,
Bearing you in his arms to infinity
With tenderness.

V

Here lies a man
Who wasted in a hundred places
A bit of his soul.
Yet even now it has a certain life,
Like the vague sighing
Of a multitude of insects
Dancing in the twilight.

VI

Her spirit, a shining blade
Piercing her breast,
Pierced even the veil of death.
And we who knew her know
It never can lie sheathed
In eternal mist.

VII

A man lies here
Who took sport seriously,
Forgetting life.
His soul, like a lost ball,
Lies happy as a field mouse,
Or a cricket,
In the long grass.

VIII

Here lies one
Whose glowing faith,
Shouting hosannas through the dark,
Shall see its God
Even as the sprouting grain
The sun.

Marjorie Allen Seiffert
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

THE BRONCHO THAT WOULD NOT BE BROKEN OF DANCING

A little colt-broncho, loaned to the farm
To be broken in time without fury or harm.
Yet black crows flew past you, shouting alarm.
Calling " Beware," with lugubrious singing.
But the butterflies there in the bush were romancing,
The smell of the grass caught your soul in a trance,
So why be a-fearing the spurs and the traces,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing?

You were born with the pride of the lords great and olden
Who danced, through the ages, in corridors golden.
In all the wide farm-place the person most human.
You spoke out so plainly with squealing and capering,
With whinnying, snorting, contorting and prancing,
As you dodged your pursuers, looking askance,
With Greek-footed figures and Parthenon paces;
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The grasshoppers cheered. " Keep whirling," they said.
The insolent sparrows called from the shed
" If men will not laugh, make them wish they were dead."
But arch were your thoughts, all malice displacing.
Though the horse-killers came, with snake-whips advancing,
You bantered and cantered away your last chance.
And they scourged you, with Hell in their speech and their faces,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

"Nobody cares for you" rattled the crows,
As you dragged the whole reaper, next day, down the rows.
The three mules held back, yet you danced on your toes.
You pulled like a racer, and kept the mules chasing,
You tangled the harness, with bright eyes side-glancing,
While the drunk driver bled you, a pole for a lance,
And the giant mules bit at you, keeping their places,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

In that last afternoon, your boyish heart broke.
The hot wind came down, like a sledge-hammer stroke.
The blood-sucking flies to a rare feast awoke.
And they searched out your wounds, your death-warrant tracing;
And the merciful men, their religion enhancing,
Stopped the red reaper, to give you a chance.
Then you died on the prairie, and scorned all disgraces,
Oh, Broncho that would not be broken of dancing.

The Seven Arts — *Vachel Lindsay*

IN TALL GRASS

Bees and a honeycomb in the dried head of a horse in a pasture corner — a skull in the tall grass and a buzz and a buzz of the yellow honey-hunters.

And I ask no better a winding sheet
over the earth and under the sun.

Let the bees go honey-hunting with yellow blur of wings in the dome of my head, in the rumbling, singing arch of my skull.

Let there be wings and yellow dust and the drone of dreams of honey — who loses and remembers? — who keeps and forgets?

In a blue sheen of moon over the bones and under the hanging honeycomb the bees come home and the bees sleep.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Carl Sandburg*

EPITAPH

Here lies the flesh that tried
To follow the spirit's leading;
Fallen at last, it died,
Broken, bruised and bleeding,
Burned by the high fires
Of the spirit's desires.

It had no dream to sing
Of ultimate liberty;
Fashioned for suffering,
To endure transiently,
And conscious that it must
Return as dust to dust.

It blossomed a brief hour,
Was rosy, warm and strong;
It went like a wilted flower,
It ended like a song,
Some one closed a door —
And it was seen no more.

The grass is very kind;
(It knows so many dead!)
Those whom it covers find
Their wild hearts comforted;

Their pulses need not meet
The spirit's speed and heat.

Here lies the flesh that held
  The spirit prisoner —
A caged thing that rebelled,
  Forced to subminister;
Broken it had to be;
To set its captive free.

It is very glad to rest,
  It calls to roots and rain,
Safe in its mother's breast,
  Ready to bloom again.
After a day and an hour
'Twill greet the sun a flower.

The New York Times *Louise Driscoll*

COOL TOMBS

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a paw-paw in May, did she wonder, does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are

losers . . . tell me if any get more than lovers
. . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

The Craftsman *Carl Sandburg*

SLEEP

Where do I go
Down roads of sleep,
Behind the blue-brimmed day?
No more I know her silvered sweep
Nor colors clear nor gray,
Nor women's ways
Nor those of men,
Nor blame, nor praise.
Where am I, then?

Oh, fragrantly
The airs of earth arise
In waking hours of light,
While vagrantly
Sea symphonies
Of changing sound surprise;
Till for a space one goes
Beyond the salt and snows
And searching tides along the wide-stretched beach,
Beyond the last, faint reach
Of odor, sight and sound, far forth — far forth —
Where neither South nor North
Points down the roads unguessed,
Where East is not, nor West:
At night down roads of sleep,
Of dreamless sleep,
Past all the compassed ways the reason tells,
To unknown citadels.

Just as one turns, and while day's dusk-breathed blue
And music, many-dappled, merge in flight,
Half in a dream, one finds a tale is true
That down one's memory sings, still and light.
Just as the spirit turns,
Half-dreaming one discerns
Deeply the tale is true
That long ago one knew:
Of how a mermaid loved a mortal knight;
And how, unless she died, she still must change,
And leave his human ways, and go alone
At intervals, where seas unfathomed range
Through coral groves around the ocean's throne,
Where cool-armed mermaids dive through crystal hours,
And braid their streaming hair with pearls, and sing
Among the green and clear-lit water flowers,
The sea-changed splendors of their ocean king.

Like hers our ways on earth,
Who, from our day of birth,
Would die, unless we slept —
Must die, unless for hours,
Beyond our senses' powers,
Down soundless space we leapt.

Beyond the deepest roll
Of pain's and rapture's sweep,
Where goes the human soul
That vanishes in sleep?

Down dreamless paths unguessed, beyond the senses' powers,
Beyond the breath of fragrance, sound and light —
As once through crystal unremembered hours
The mermaid dived who loved a mortal knight:

Far forth — far forth —
Beyond the South or North,
Past all the compassed ways the day has shown,
To live divine and deep at night down roads of sleep,
In citadels unknown.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Edith Wyatt*

THE WINTER SCENE

I

The rutted roads are all like iron; skies
Are keen and brilliant; only the oak-leaves cling
In the bare woods, or hardy bitter-sweet;
Drivers have put their sheepskin jackets on;
And all the ponds are sealed with sheeted ice
That rings with stroke of skate and hockey-stick,
Or in the twilight cracks with running whoop.
Bring in the logs of oak and hickory,
And make an ample blaze on the wide hearth.
Now is the time, with winter o'er the world,
For books and friends and yellow candle-light,
And timeless lingering by the settling fire,
While all the shuddering stars are keen and cold.

II

Out of the silent portal of the hours,
When frosts are come and all the hosts put on
Their burnished gear to march across the night
And o'er a darkened earth in splendor shine,
Slowly above the world Orion wheels
His glittering square, while on the shadowy hill
And throbbing like a sea-light through the dusk,
Great Sirius rises in his flashing blue.
Lord of the winter night, august and pure,

Returning year on year untouched by time,
To kindle faith with thy immortal fire,
There are no hurts that beauty cannot ease.
No ills that love cannot at last repair,
In the courageous progress of the soul.

III

Russet and white and gray is the oak wood
In the great snow. Still from the North it comes,
Whispering, settling, sifting through the trees,
O'erloading branch and twig. The road is lost.
Clearing and meadow, stream and ice-bound pond
Are made once more a trackless wilderness
In the white hush where not a creature stirs;
And the pale sun is blotted from the sky.
In that strange twilight the lone traveller halts
To listen while the stealthy snowflakes fall.
And then far off toward the Stamford shore,
Where through the storm the coastwise liners go,
Faint and recurrent on the muffled air,
A foghorn booming through the smother,— hark!

IV

When the day changed and the mad wind died down,
The powdery drifts that all day long had blown
Across the meadows and the open fields,
Or whirled like diamond-dust in the bright sun,
Settled to rest, and for a tranquil hour
The lengthening bluish shadows on the snow
Stole down the orchard slope, and a rose light
Flooded the earth with glory and with peace.
Then in the west behind the cedars black
The sinking sun made red the winter dusk
With sullen flare along the snowy ridge,—
Like a rare masterpiece by Hokusai,

Where on a background gray, with flaming breath
The crimson dragon dies in dusky gold.

The Nation *Bliss Carman*

TO-MORROW IS MY BIRTHDAY

Well then, another drink. Ben Jonson knows,
So do you, Michael Drayton, that to-morrow
I reach my fifty-second year. But hark ye,
To-morrow lacks two days of being a month —
Here is a secret — since I made my will.
Heigh ho! that's done too! I wonder why I did it?
That I should make a will! Yet it may be
That then and jump at this most crescent hour
Heaven inspired the deed.

As a mad younker
I knew an aged man in Warwickshire
Who used to say, "Ah, mercy me," for sadness
Of change, or passing time, or secret thoughts.
If it was spring he sighed it, if 'twas fall,
With drifting leaves, he looked upon the rain
And with a doleful suspiration kept
This habit of his grief. And on a time
As he stood looking at the flying clouds,
I loitering near, expectant, heard him say it,
Inquired, "Why do you say 'Ah, mercy me,'
Now that it's April?" So he hobbled off
And left me empty there.

Now here am I!
Oh, it is strange to find myself this age,
And rustling like a peascod, though unshelled,
And, like this aged man of Warwickshire,

Slaved by a mood which must have breath —
" Tra-la ! "
That's what I say instead of " Ah, mercy me."
For look you, Ben, I catch myself with " Tra-la "
The moment I break sleep to see the day.
At work, alone, vexed, laughing, mad or glad
I say, " Tra-la," unknowing. Oft at table
I say, " Tra-la." And 'tother day, poor Anne
Looked long at me and said, " You say, ' Tra-la '
Sometimes when you're asleep; why do you so? "
Then I bethought me of that aged man
Who used to say, " Ah mercy me," but answered,
" Perhaps I am so happy when awake
The song crops out in slumber — who can say? "
And Anne arose, began to keel the pot,
But was she answered, Ben? Who knows a woman?

To-morrow is my birthday. If I die,
Slip out of this with Bacchus for a guide,
What soul would interdict the poppied way?
Heroes may look the Monster down, a child
Can wilt a lion, who is cowed to see
Such bland unreckoning of his strength — but I,
Having so greatly lived, would sink away
Unknowing my departure. I have died
A thousand times, and with a valiant soul
Have drunk the cup, but why? In such a death
To-morrow shines and there's a place to lean,
But in this death that has no bottom to it,
No bank beyond, no place to step, the soul
Grows sick, and like a falling dream we shrink
From that inane which gulfs us, without place
For us to stand and see it.

Yet, dear Ben,
This thing must be; that's what we live to know
Out of long dreaming, saying that we know it.

As yesty heroes in their braggant teens
Spout learnedly of war, who never saw
A cannon aimed. You drink too much to-day,
Or get a scratch while turning Lucy's stile,
And like a beast you sicken. Like a beast
They cart you off. What matter if your thought
Outsoared the Phœnix? Like a beast you rot.
Methinks that something wants our flesh, as we
Hunger for flesh of beasts. But still to-morrow,
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace — O, Michael Drayton,
Some end must be. But 'twixt the fear of ceasing
And weariness of going on we lie
Upon these thorns!

These several springs I find
No new birth in the Spring. And yet in London
I used to cry, " O, would I were in Stratford;
It's April and the larks are singing now.
The flags are green along the Avon river;
O, would I were a rambler in the fields.
This poor machine is racing to its wreck.
This grist of thought is endless, this old sorrow
Sprouts, winds and crawls in London's darkness.
Come
Back to your landscape! Peradventure waits
Some woman there who will make new the earth,
And crown the spring with fire."
So back I come.
And the springs march before me, say, " Behold
Here are we, and what would you, can you use us? "
What good is air if lungs are out, or springs
When the mind's flown so far away no spring
Nor loveliness of earth can call it back?
I tell you what it is: in early youth
The life is in the loins; by thirty years
It travels through the stomach to the lungs

And then we strut and crow. By forty years
The fruit is swelling while the leaves are fresh.
By fifty years you're ripe, begin to rot.
At fifty-two, or fifty-five or sixty
The life is in the seed — what's spring to you?
Puff! puff! you are so winged and light you fly
For every passing zephyr, are blown off
And drifting, God knows where, cry out "Tra-la,"
"Ah, mercy me," as it may happen you.
Puff! puff, away you go!
Another drink?
Why, you may drown the earth with ale and I
Will drain it like a sea. The more I drink
The better I see that this is April time. . . .

Ben! There is one Voice which says to everything:
"Dream what you will, I'll make you bear your seed"
And, having borne, the sickle comes among ye
And takes your stalk. The rich and sappy greens
Of spring or June show life within the loins
And all the world is fair, for now the plant
Can drink the level cup of flame where heaven
Is poured full by the sun. But when the blossom
Flutters its colors, then it takes the cup
And waves the stalk aside. And having drunk
The stalk to penury, then slumber comes
With dreams of spring stored in the imprisoned germ,
An old life and a new life all in one,
A thing of memory and of prophecy,
Of reminiscence, longing, hope and fear.
What has been ours is taken, what was ours
Becomes entailed on our seed in the spring,
Fees in possession and enjoyment too. . . .

The thing is sex, Ben. It is that which lives
And dies in us, makes April and unmakes,
And leaves a man like me at fifty-two,

Finished but living, on the pinnacle
Betwixt a death and birth, the earth consumed
And heaven rolled up to eyes whose troubled glances
Would shape again to something better — what?
Give me a woman, Ben, and I will pick
Out of this April, by this larger art
Of fifty-two, such songs as we have heard,
Both you and I, when weltering in the clouds
Of that eternity which comes in sleep,
Or in the viewless spinning of the soul
When most intense. The woman is somewhere,
And that's what tortures, when I think this field
So often gleaned could blossom once again
If I could find her.

Well, as to my plays:
I have not written out what I would write.
They have a thousand buds of finer flowering,
And over "Hamlet" hangs a teasing spirit
As fine to that as sense is fine to flesh.
Good friends, my soul beats up its prisoned wings
Against the ceiling of a vaster whorl
And would break through and enter. But, fair friends,
What strength in place of sex shall steady me?
What is the motive of this higher mount?
What process in the making of myself —
The very fire, as it were, of my growth —
Shall furnish forth these writings by the way,
As incident, expression of the nature
Relumed for adding branches, twigs and leaves? . . .

Suppose I'd make a tragedy of this,
Focus my fancied "Dante" to this theme,
And leave my half-writ "Sappho," which at best
Is just another delving in the mine
That gave me "Cleopatra" and the Sonnets?

If you have genius, write my tragedy,
And call it " Shakespeare, Gentleman of Stratford,"
Who lost his soul amid a thousand souls,
And had to live without it, yet live with it
As wretched as the souls whose lives he lived.
Here is a play for you: Poor William Shakespeare,
This moment growing drunk, the famous author
Of certain sugared sonnets and some plays,
With this machine too much to him, which started
Some years ago, now cries him nay and runs
Even when the house shakes and complains, " I fall,
You shake me down, my timbers break apart.
Why, if an engine must go on like this
The building should be stronger."

Or to mix,
And by the mixing unmix, metaphors,
No mortal man has blood enough for brains
And stomach too, when the brain is never done
With thinking and creating.

For you see,
I pluck a flower, cut off a dragon's head —
Choose twixt these figures — lo, a dozen buds,
A dozen heads out-crop. For every fancy,
Play, sonnet, what you will, I write me out
With thinking " Now I'm done," a hundred others
Crowd up for voices, and, like twins unborn
Kick and turn o'er for entrance to the world.
And I, poor fecund creature, who would rest,
As 'twere from an importunate husband, fly
To money-lending, farming, mulberry trees,
Enclosing Welcombe fields, or idling hours
In common talk with people like the Combes.
All this to get a heartiness, a hold
On earth again, lest Heaven Hercules,

Finding me strayed to mid-air, kicking heels
Above the mountain tops, seize on my scruff
And bear me off or strangle.

Good, my friends,
The " Tempest " is as nothing to the voice
That calls me to performance — what I know not.
I've planned an epic of the Asian wash
Which slopped the star of Athens and put out,
Which should all history analyze, and present
A thousand notables in the guise of life,
And show the ancient world and worlds to come
To the last blade of thought and tiniest seed
Of growth to be. With visions such as these
My spirit turns in restless ecstacy,
And this enslavéd brain is master sponge
And sucks the blood of body, hands and feet,
While my poor spirit, like a butterfly
Gummed in its shell, beats its bedraggled wings,
And cannot rise.

I'm cold, both hands and feet.
These three days past I have been cold, this hour
I am warm in three days. God bless the ale.
God did do well to give us anodynes. . . .
So now you know why I am much alone
And cannot fellow with Augustine Phillips,
John Heminge, Richard Burbage, Henry Condell,
And do not have them here, dear ancient friends,
Who grieve, no doubt, and wonder for changed love.
Love is not love which alters when it finds
A change of heart, but mine has changed not, only
I cannot be my old self. I blaspheme:
I hunger for broiled fish, but fly the touch
Of hands of flesh.

I am most passionate
And long am used perplexities of love
To bemoan and to bewail. And do you wonder,
Seeing what I am, what my fate has been?
Well, hark you; Anne is sixty now, and I
A crater which erupts, look where she stands
In lava wrinkles, eight years older than I am,
As years go, but I am a youth afire
While she is lean and slippered. It's a Fury
Which takes me sometimes, makes my hands clutch out
For virgins in their teens. O sullen fancy!
I want them not, I want the love which springs
Like flame which blots the sun, where fuel of body
Is piled in reckless generosity. . . .
You are most learned, Ben, Greek and Latin know,
And think me nature's child, scarce understand
How much of physic, law, and ancient annals
I have stored up by means of studious zeal.
But pass this by, and for the braggart breath
Ensuing now say, "Will was in his cups,
Potvaliant, boozed, corned, squiffy, obfuscated
Crapulous, *inter pocula,* or so forth.
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country, on my honor, Shakespeare
At Stratford, on the twenty-second of April,
Year sixteen-sixteen of our Lord was merry —
Videlicet, was drunk." Well, where was I? —
Oh yes, at braggart breath, and now to say it:
I believe and say it as I would lightly speak
Of the most common thing to sense, outside
Myself to touch or analyze, this mind
Which has been used by Something, as I use
A quill for writing, never in this world
In the most high and palmy days of Greece
Or in this roaring age, has known its peer.

No soul as mine has lived, felt, suffered, dreamed
Broke open spirit secrets, followed trails
Of passions curious, countless lives explored
As I have done. And what are Greek and Latin,
The lore of Aristotle, Plato to this?
Since I knew them by what I am, the essence
From which their utterance came, myself a flower
Of every graft and being in myself
The recapitulation and the complex
Of all the great. Were not brains before books?
And even geometrics in some brain
Before old Gutenberg? O fie, Ben Jonson,
If I am nature's child am I not all?
Howe'er it be, ascribe this to the ale,
And say that reason in me was a fume.
But if you honor me, as you have said,
As much as any, this side idolatry,
Think, Ben, of this: That I, whate'er I be
In your regard, have come to fifty-two,
Defeated in my love, who knew too well
That poets through the love of women turn
To satyrs or to gods, even as women
By the first touch of passion bloom or rot
As angels or as bawds.

Bethink you also
How I have felt, seen, known the mystic process
Working in man's soul from the woman soul
As part thereof in essence, spirit and flesh
Even as a malady may be, while this thing
Is health and growth, and growing draws all life,
All goodness, wisdom for its nutriment
Till it become a vision paradisic
And a ladder of fire for climbing, from its topmost
Rung a place for stepping into heaven. . . .

This I have known, but had not. Nor have I
Stood coolly off and seen the woman, used
Her blood upon my palette. No, but heaven
Commanded my strength's use to abort and slay
What grew within me, while I saw the blood
Of love untimely ripped, as 'twere a child
Killed i' the womb, a harpy or an angel
With my own blood stained.

As a virgin shamed
By the swelling life unlicensed needles it,
But empties not her womb of some last shred
Of flesh which fouls the alleys of her body,
And fills her wholesome nerves with poisoned sleep
And weakness to the last of life, so I
For some shame not unlike, some need of life
To rid me of this life I had conceived
Did up and choke it too, and thence begot
A fever and a fixed debility
For killing that begot.

Now you see that I
Have not grown from a central dream, but grown
Despite a wound, and over the wound and used
My flesh to heal my flesh. My love's a fever
Which longed for that which nursed the malady,
And fed on that which still preserved the ill,
The uncertain, sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept
Has left me. And as reason is past care
I am past cure, with ever more unrest
Made frantic-mad, my thoughts as madmen's are,
And my discourse at random from the truth,
Not knowing what she is, who swore her fair
And thought her bright, who is as black as hell
And dark as night.

But list, good gentlemen,
This love I speak of is not as a cloak
Which one may put away to wear a coat,
And doff that for a jacket, like the loves
We men are wont to have as loves or wives.
She is the very one, the soul of souls,
And when you put her on you put on light,
Or wear the robe of Nessus, poisonous fire,
Which if you tear away you tear your life,
And if you wear you fall to ashes. So
'Tis not her bed-vow broke, I have broke mine,
That ruins me; 'tis honest faith quite lost,
And broken hope that we could find each other,
And that mean more to me and less to her.
'Tis that she could take all of me and leave me
Without a sense of loss, without a tear
And make me fool and perjured for the oath
That swore her fair and true. I feel myself
As like a virgin who her body gives
For love of one whose love she dreams is hers,
But wakes to find herself a toy of blood
And dupe of prodigal breath, abandoned quite
For other conquests. For I gave myself,
And shrink for thought thereof, and for the loss
Of myself never to myself restored.
The urtication of this shame made plays
And sonnets, as you'll find behind all deeds
That mount to greatness, anger, hate, disgust,
But, better, love.

To hell with punks and wenches
Drabs, mopsies, doxies, minxes, trulls and queans,
Rips, harridans and strumpets, pieces, jades.
And likewise to the eternal bonfire lechers,
All rakehells, satyrs, goats and placket fumblers,
Gibs, breakers-in-at-catch-doors, thunder tubes.
I think I have a fever — hell and furies!

Or else this ale grows hotter i' the mouth.
Ben, if I die before you, let me waste
Richly and freely in the good brown earth
Untrumpeted and by no bust marked out.
What good, Ben Jonson, if the world could see
What face was mine, who wrote these plays and sonnets?
Life, you have hurt me. Since Death has a veil
I take the veil and hide, and like great Cæsar
Who drew his toga round him, I depart.

Good friends, let's to the fields — I have a fever.
After a little walk, and by your pardon,
I think I'll sleep. There is no sweeter thing
Nor fate more blessed than to sleep. Here, world,
I pass you like an orange to a child:
I can no more with you. Do what you will.
What should my care be when I have no power
To save, guide, mould you? Naughty world you need me
As little as I need you; go your way!
Tyrants shall rise and slaughter fill the earth,
But I shall sleep. In wars and wars and wars
The ever-replenished youth of earth shall shriek
And clap their gushing wounds — but I shall sleep,
Nor earthy thunder wake me when the cannon
Shall shake the throne of Tartarus. Orators
Shall fulmine over London or America
Of rights eternal, parchments, sacred charters
And cut each others' throats when reason fails —
But I shall sleep. This globe may last and breed
The race of men till Time cries out "How long?"
But I shall sleep ten thousand thousand years.
I am a dream, Ben, out of a blessed sleep.—
Let's walk and hear the lark.

Reedy's Mirror *Edgar Lee Masters*

We need you now, strong guardians of our hearts,
Now, when a darkness lies on sea and land,
When we of weakening faith forget our parts
And bow before the falling of the sand.
Be with us now or we betray our trust
And say, "There is no wisdom but in death"—
Remembering lovely eyes now closed with dust—
"There is no beauty that outlasts the breath."
For we are growing blind and cannot see,
Beyond the clouds that stand like prison bars,
The changeless regions of our empery,
Where once we moved in friendship with the stars.
O children of the light, now in our grief
Give us again the solace of belief.

Contemporary Verse — *Scudder Middleton*

THE YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY 1917

INDEX OF POETS AND POEMS

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The asterisks before the titles indicate the poems of distinction which appeared in the publications of the year. The ratings are through three grades, those with one the lowest, those with three the highest in merit.

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Baldwin, Faith. False Dawn, *The Minaret,* June; The Novice,* *The Minaret,* May.

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The Lyric, August; Suffering Poland, *The Masses,* March; The Asylum,** *Reedy's Mirror,* May 4; The Case of Jaques Ribaut, *The Poetry Review of America,* January; The Golden Gull, *The Smart Set,* May; The Race,** *The Seven Arts,* March; The Silver Wind,* *The Madrigal, A Magazine of Love Lyrics,* August.

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Chater, Melville. The Willful Torpedo,* *The Youth's Companion,* June 28.

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IS MY BIRTHDAY, *Reedy's Mirror,* Sept. 14; WIDOW LA RUE,*** *Reedy's Mirror,* Jan. 19.

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McMullen, Dysart. THE CHALLENGE,* *The Outlook,* May 30.

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Farmer was a Boy,* *The Youth's Companion,* Aug. 23; The Frogville Picnic, *The Youth's Companion,* May 10; The Day of Washington, *The Youth's Companion,* Feb. 15; The Mousermobile,* *The Youth's Companion,* Sept. 13; The Three Porpoises, *The Youth's Companion,* July 12; Why the Eskimo Boys are Afraid of Santa Claus, *The Youth's Companion,* Dec. 21, 1916.

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Parsons, Mary Catherine. My Valentine, *The Youth's Companion,* Feb. 8.

Pattee, Florence M. Merry May, *The Youth's Companion,* May 3.

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Phillips, Charles Francis. An Old Masterpiece,* *The Catholic World,* Sept.; Music,* *The Catholic World,* July; The Crimson Snow (Bethlehem, 1916),** *The Catholic World,* December, 1916; The Soldier's Mother (From a letter from the Trenches),* *The Catholic World,* May; Uncas Island Revery, *The Lyric,* July.

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Piper, Edwin Ford. Annie,*** *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* March; Barbed Wire,** *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* January; The Boy on the Prairie,*** *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* March; Breaking Sod,** *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* February; By the Road, *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* January; Dry Bones,* *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* January; Meanwhile,*** *The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West,* April; Once on

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Price, C. A. Ubique, *Scribner's Magazine,* February; When School Begins Again, *The Youth's Companion,* Sept. 13.

Price, N. O. A July Jingle, *The Youth's Companion,* June 28.

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August; Silence, *The Poetry Journal,* January; The Ghostly Galley, *The Poetry Journal,* January; Words,** *The Lyric,* July.

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This list is not confined to articles on American poets or poetry, but includes articles and reviews dealing with all aspects of poetry published in American publications. While the list is extensive it is not claimed to be complete. It provides, however, a valuable working source of reference for any who wish to make a critical study of contemporary poetry either American or European.

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A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY

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SOME IMPORTANT VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1916–1917

These notes intend to give some interpretative idea of the books under review. Books are dealt with up to the September publications as far as I was enabled to examine them in advanced proofs. In my treatment I have tried to keep in mind a statement of Max Eastman's,— that, "The fundamental act of life is not judgment but choice. It is not what people have decided but what people want, that is of original and divine importance."

In the Red Years. A Book of Verse. By Gerve Baronti. (The Four Seas Co.) The first volume of a young poet who is timorous when she dreams and arrogantly bold when observing life. I like her best as a dreamer for she touches reality deeper; she is familiar with beauty, and nature confides secrets to her. In the section called "Sketches" she is as a child on the mother-breast of Nature, and the sustenance of reverence, delight, and mystery she drinks, makes of her an adorable innocent. But she becomes a wild, untamable spirit in the world of war and cities and men, as the sardonic menace of "The Red Laugh," the irony of "Worshippers," and the mocking arraignment of "The Searcher" show. She is a luminous child with the veil of perversity about her imagination; the day Miss Baronti drops this veil a radiance of song will burst forth.

Garlands and Wayfarings. By William Aspenwall Bradley. (Thomas Bird Mosher.) With other themes Mr. Bradley shows the versatility of his poetic gifts. In these poems the fruits of a ripe culture, a love of beauty and art for its own sake, are combined with an idyllic sensibility to nature and a classic sympathy with the spirit of life. The art here is exquisitely finished, and it is chiefly concerned with those rare and delightful interests which attract by their elusive substance. Charm is the quality which characterizes these poems: from such subjects as these — the tribute to the dead French poet, Moréas, lovely children, European scenes, gardens, the seasons, the "sweet syllables" of Spenser's and Sidney's English speech — Mr. Bradley extracts this enduring essence. This is a quality to cherish in a contemporary verse, for in spite of its other virtues, this indefinable gift is not in abundance.

Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse. By William Aspenwall Bradley. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) This ought to prove one of the most popular books of verse of the year. The material has been treated in fiction but not illuminatingly, and now for the first time treated with the visual and imaginative power of the poet. It is a rich field of primitive life, fiery with the passions of love and hate, fearless and reckless in danger, tender in its sentiments, fierce in its pride, and with all the legendary and superstitious elements of a folk lineage. Mr. Bradley tells a number of tales in verse of these people of the Kentucky Cumberlands, the raciest and most picturesque in contemporary verse. They are too inimitable to be described, they must be read for their humor, pathos, character of the folk, vivid interest, and narrative power. From the mystical hallucination of the childless woman in "Old Christmas" to the tender surrender of Mally to her dream in "The New Life" they flow with thrilling, absorbing and exciting interest. They are as American in background and feeling as Mr. Frost's New England idyls, Mr. Masters' inscriptions of Spoon River, and Mr. Neihardt's epic of pioneer fur-trading days in the Northwest.

The Road to Castaly and Later Poems. By Alice Brown. (The Macmillan Co.) Twenty years ago Miss Brown published a volume of poems with the alluring title *The Road to Castaly.* The poems were of a rare and exquisite beauty. The volume has been almost forgotten, yet by that collection of seventy slender pages Alice Brown won a high place among modern American poets. Even in those days Miss Brown was passionately self-critical. Nothing went into that volume but what was pure gold. Miss Brown has a poetic imagination that is vibrantly luminous. Every dream and mood possesses a quickening sense of beauty. Yet the most appealing note in her work is a clarity so vivid, that for the subtlety of thought and rich simplicity of language, life and nature are imaged with a clean-textured reality. In reprinting these earlier poems with later ones, Miss Brown is sure to revive that admiration which her poetry deserves. Few poets of our time have given to the phrase such golden finalities, streaking it with the very essence of spontaneous emotion. In "Sunrise on Mansfield Mountain," Alice Brown has written a poem which makes American poetry glorious by its existence. The alchemy of poetry is in every word of the poem. "A West

Country Lover," "Hora Christi," "Morning in Camp," and "The Unseen Fellowship," all have the incomparable glow of loveliness. In the later poems freshness, vitality, music, show none of time's wearing.

The Greek Anthology (Palatine MS.). The Amatory Epigrams. Completely Rendered into English for the First Time. By Mitchell S. Buck. (Privately Printed.) Seven hundred and fifty copies of this edition of the amatory epigrams have been printed for private circulation, but the importance and beauty of Mr. Buck's work demands to be recorded for the benefit of bibliophiles and students of the Greek Anthology. "The epigrams here given," he states in his introduction, "are translated from the 'Anthologie Greque.' Traduite sur le texte publie d'apres le manuscrit palatin par Fr. Jacobs, a translation of the entire Anthology of Cephalas into French, except for certain epigrams rendered in Latin. The entire first main section — the Amatory Epigrams, covering a period from 400 B. C. to 550 A. D. — is given in English for the first time, being translated from the French text without expurgation, several epigrams obviously belonging, by right of subject, in other sections, being retained, as well as a few others whose exact meaning seems hopelessly obscured. Those epigrams also over which the modest, and anonymous, French translator cast 'le voile discret et pudique de la phrase latine' have been duly rendered in English, for the sake of completeness, although the few epigrams so treated are by no means the most characteristic." These "souvenirs of the lighter moments of the Greek and Byzantine poets," is another evidence of Mr. Buck's triumphant preoccupation with Greek beauty.

The Songs of Phryne. By Mitchell S. Buck. (Nicholas L. Brown.) Mr. Buck is quite alone among American poets in the rendering of Greek life and nature, both in original creation, and translations from Greek authors. In this slim little volume he has most delicately and exquisitely, in a series of prose poems, pieced together a biography of Phryne the famous Greek courtesan and mistress of Praxiteles, from her letters. She writes to Archias, of her famous offer to rebuild Thebes: "I, Phryne, once a Boeotian, offered to rebuild with Athenian gold those walls of Thebes, famous in song; to restore the seven gates of the city of Cadmus. All I asked, as a memorial, was that, upon the new walls, there be inscribed these words: What the great Alexander destroyed, Phryne restores." The citizens re-

fused her offer, but the memory of her beauty is more durable than stone, and in this and the form of Praxiteles' Venus she lives. Mr. Buck in his beautiful poems has made her articulate.

Poems of Earth's Meaning. By Richard Burton. (Henry Holt & Co.) After a long silence a new volume of poems comes to the welcoming devotion of Richard Burton's many admirers. Ever since the wild fragrance of the early collection *Dumb in June,* this poet has been constantly interested in the spiritual mystery of earth. He possesses no obscure philosophy about the earth's meaning such as Meredith had, nor the oracular self-dedication of Wordsworth; he is simpler than the former and less austere than the latter in his relationship, and thus becomes an interpreter in terms of experience rather than symbols. This is due to the poet's human sympathies, for his feeling for the great mystery of nature is the out-flowing ideal of his brotherly affections. This faith is summed up in such a poem as "The Earth Mother," and many another song and lyric gives eloquent testimony of his creed. With passionate ecstasy Dr. Burton adheres to the virtuous tradition of English verse, and that the tradition has vitality and beauty his elegy on that fine poet and rare man, Arthur Upson, "A Midsummer Memory," shows with bounteous fullness.

Grenstone Poems. A Sequence. By Witter Bynner. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) Since Mr. Bynner's first book, *An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems,* published nearly ten years ago, he has not given us a book of lyrics; vivid, intense dramatic pieces like "The Little King" and "Tiger," and that superb democratic chant "The New World," have served to mark the growth and beauty of his poetic powers, but there was no definite performance upon which we could seize, to look through and around, to estimate his purely lyrical gifts. But here it comes at last like a golden galleon loaded with a precious store of music and mystery. *Grenstone Poems,* is the supreme achievement of this poet who has never lacked a subtle and affecting muse. I will not offend Mr. Bynner, nor should I be rebuked, when I fall back upon an "invidious comparison," in attempting to compass the general quality of this volume in a statement; *Grenstone Poems is* an elaborate fulfillment of Housman's "A Shropshire Lad." It is well-known that Mr. Bynner was one of the earliest and most

passionate admirers of Housman's book, but it will not be known until this volume of *Grenstone Poems* falls into the reader's hands, that Mr. Bynner has out-mastered his master. Grenstone is a reality tucked up under the shadows of Mt. Monadnock, and the little village held the Beatrice whose life and whose love throws so much beauty of light and mystery upon these lyrics. "Is there such a place as Grenstone? Celia, hear them ask!" Yes, there is, from whose streets the poet sends his dreams and moods out in the world, calling them back again when the shadow of Celia's presence upon the earth vanishes to become a spiritual substance, recognised through reality, in the mystery of death. "Grenstone," "Away from Grenstone" and "Grenstone Again," are the three general divisions of the volume within which are grouped the sequence of lyrics. There are eighteen of these inner groups of poems, flowing into one another like one note of music into another, and like the abstraction behind the notes of music, behind these lyrics is a continuous symbolism. Not the least inexplicable in meaning, it is best understood when felt rather than explained, as it weaves its emotional spell through the moods and themes of the book. It is a magical book — of feeling, of music, of pure and exquisitely lyric embodiments.

From the Heart of a Folk. By Waverley Turner Carmichael. With an Introduction by James Holly Hanford. (The Cornhill Co.) Professor Hanford tells us in his introduction to these appealing poems that the author is a "full-blooded Southern Negro, that until last summer he has never been away from his native Alabama, that he has had but the most limited advantages of education, and that he has shared the portion of his race in hardship, poverty, and toil. He does not know why he wrote these poems." And he adds, "It is an amazing thing that he should have done so — a freak, we may call it, of the wind of genius, which bloweth where it listeth and singles out one in ten thousand to find a fitting speech for the dumb thought and feeling of the rest. . . . We are reminded of no poet so strongly as of Burns." Many have claimed the mantle of Paul Laurence Dunbar, but only upon the shoulders of Waverley Turner Carmichael has it fallen, and he wears it with becoming grace and fitness. For this poet, a veritable child of the Negro folk, gives expression to its spirit in mood and language more akin to the ante-bellum "spir-

ituel" than any writer I know. Like those "black and unknown bards" he sings because he must, with all their fervid imaginativeness, symbolizations, poignant strains of pathos, and philosophic humor.

Out Where the West Begins and Other Western Verse. By Arthur Chapman. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Where the "West begins" is a state of being rather than a geographical locality, for does not Mr. Chapman tell us so in the titular poem to this volume? And to have a new poet, all that state of being has to do is to flash a new disposition and new moods. Mr. Chapman has caught these, and with the same materials familiar to readers of "western" verse, excites new interests. About these verses though, is a clarity, a wholesomeness that has a perfume of its own. It is plain fare, but the poet has a way of serving it, which imparts dignity and eloquence to the subject.

Portraits and Protests. By Sarah N. Cleghorn. (Henry Holt & Co.) This is Miss Cleghorn's first volume of poems, and will be welcomed by the great number of admirers who became acquainted with her art some years ago when she published a poem "Emilia" over a pseudonym in the *Atlantic Monthly.* Her art has a magic shimmering with the hardy and stately features of the Vermont landscape. Its touch of quaintness is alluring. Her feeling for the freshness of youth and the mellowness of age is curiously, but attractively, blended. In strange conjunction with this note is the fiery idealism of the poet, whose passion for social justice burns all the brighter for a sturdy spiritual conscience. She has the lyrical intensity of Meredithian verse, with its subtle rhythms and sparkling rhymes.

Poems. Collected Edition in Two Volumes. By Florence Earle Coates. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) To read into Mrs. Coates' collected *Poems* is to become reacquainted with many poems already a part of our surviving possessions, and to meet with a sheaf of new ones through which are expressed the poet's manifold emotions on the war. Not all the storm and stress, surging around the advanced moods and forms of the radicals, can sweep this idealistic and melodious poetry from devoted attention. It stands too solidly upon human principles for that, and has a way of honouring spiritual virtues too reverently to fail of the deepest appreciation. Always aiming at the universal,

Mrs. Coates gives expression to our common hopes and aspirations, our common joys and sorrows, to ideals and sentiments of lofty appeal. Hers is the refreshing sanity of the old-fashioned, voicing the eternal message of life.

The Shadowed Hour. By John Erskine. (The Lyric Publishing Co.) The four poems by Mr. Erskine which compose this little book are full of poise and dignity and thoughtfulness. "Youth Dying" strikes a note of noble sacrifice of youth in this war, for the eternal good that is to come after when "life will be free to follow deathless wars, Ardent for love, still striving for the stars"; "Satan," shows the Evil One mocking, questioning and challenging God in the last hour when the "universe had long since gone to wrack"; it is a terrific and dramatic speculation; "Ash-Wednesday," is a poetic discussion of religious origins, the search of a dreamer rather than a philosopher for a conviction of truth from the sources of human love and brotherhood; and "The Sons of Metaneira," tells of the vain fears concerning Demeter, transformed into an old woman through her grief over the loss of Persephone, mothering the sons of Metaneira at Eleusis. Mr. Erskine's blank verse has a rich and varied texture and gives expression to imaginative impulses of the highest.

An April Elegy. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (Mitchell Kennerley.) The long poem which gives this volume its title is a dramatic rhapsody of love killed at the core by the worm of disillusion. One wild day and night of ecstasy — parting and a year's absence — meeting, and the brief, bitter struggle to relight a dead ember. The note of passion Mr. Ficke pitches and keeps in a high key, with a wealth of variations echoing off in melancholy cries of pain, longings, unsatisfied ecstasies. Apart from its human story, the poem is beautiful for its sustained poetic quality, its simple but swift rhythmic movement, its environmental accompaniments to the moods of the lovers. The group of lyrics included in the volume have Mr. Ficke's characteristic completeness of touch, especially the interpretation of the "Seven Japanese Paintings," the series of "Eight Sonnets," and the realistic, unrhymed rhythms of the "Café Sketches."

Chinese Lyrics by Pai Ta-shun (Dr. Frederick Peterson). (Kelly and Walsh, Yokohama.) The most extraordinary poetic revelation of the year is this volume of Chinese lyrics written by Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York, over the

signature of Pai Ta-shun. The dual personality of the author becomes one of those unexplainable mysteries which seems to entirely transform the power and insight of the individual; the case of Dr. Peterson is even more extraordinary than that of William Sharp. As was remarked, "The eminent New York physician becomes, when he writes poetry, Pai Ta-shun, a serene philolsopher of the mysterious Orient of a day lost in the centuries." The lyrics are very beautiful.

The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker. With an Introduction by J. C. Squire. (Doubleday, Page and Co.) The poems of James Elroy Flecker have scarcely created the interest in America which they deserve. Among the younger English poets he was perhaps the most finished artist of them all. He died at Davos, Switzerland, Jan. 3, 1915, of tuberculosis, after a short career in the English consular service through which he became acquainted with the East. Flecker wrought purely and solely for beauty; he was very much out of tune with the inheritance of English poetry, and served the influence of the French Parnassians. In his best known volume published before his death, *The Golden Journey to Samarkand,* he has a preface, dated at Beyreuth, Syria, in which he sets forth his poetic aims. From it I quote his query, "English criticism, can it not learn from the Parnassian or any tolerable theory of poetic art to examine the beauty and not the 'message' of poetry?" And, "This importunity of the 'message,' this 'old puritan spirit' has corrupted nearly all our artists, from William Wordsworth down to the latest writers of manly tales in verse. If we have preaching to do, ih heaven's name let us call it a sermon and write it in prose. It is not the poet's business to save man's soul but to make it worth saving. It is not his business to make wise reflections about the social and moral problems of the day, but, whether inspired by a slum window in Camden Town or by an old volume picked up for a soldo in the streets of Florence, to make beautiful the tragedy and tragic beauty of man's life. Many of our great English poets have preached moral theories, or expounded in verse their philosophies of life; but it is to be remembered that what endures of their work is that portion where, despite themselves, they wrote like poets." And so in his own work Flecker wrote with the "single intention of creating beauty."

Sonnets. A First Series. By Mahlon Leonard Fisher.

(Published by the Author at 201 East Twelfth Street, New York.) Here is a treasury of sonnets. Mr. Fisher is unapproached as a sonneteer in contemporary American verse. His austerity, his elaborately carven phrases, his "organ tones," are Shakespeare's, Milton's, Wordsworth's, Keats' gifts to this American poet. They have given him the form, he has his own substance. For this book America ought to be generous with her praise.

Livelihood. Dramatic Reveries. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (The Macmillan Co.) When Mr. Gibson writes about labor, he is one of the men who labor; and so we get something besides truth, we get truth in her raiments of charm and grace; and we also get something besides the beauty of art, we get an art whose substance is reality. Thus one can say of this poet, that he is truly a poet of the people. Now, that is a common thing to say about a poet who writes about humanity in the mass. The term is so common that few take the trouble to discover how easily it may be misapplied. To be a poet of the people today is quite a different thing from being a poet of the people a generation, or a century, ago. To be a poet of the people, the people must understand you; they must have another conviction, they must know you understand them. It is easy to experience their feelings, any number of poets have done that, but it is difficult to express those feelings in their right and proper forms. Mr. Gibson is a poet of the people because he has somehow got into the consciousness of a class; and that consciousness is recognized by the workingman of the world. His social vision, then, is perfect; it is the unveiling of a soul, and it is that upon which the reader looks when reading Mr. Gibson's poems.

The Divine Image. A Book of Lyrics. By Caroline Giltinan. (The Cornhill Co.) Now and then there comes into the world a soul who discovers the experience that lay in its path upon earth, are so many shattered crystals, and life becomes a piecing and fitting together of those crystals into the Divine Image. Such a poet was Crashaw, and Blake, and Francis Thompson. These were the supreme children who made their toys out of dreams, building them into mysteries, making them forget such trivial things as kings and wars, trade and inventions, all the ambitions and desires limited by the rims of the world. These supreme children have sisters and brothers with lesser powers who seek out of their experiences to create

images, and the adorable sanctities from dreams. Miss Giltinan is one of these, and this little book is a testimony of her spiritual quests. Brief, flashing fragments of experience, they hold each one, a part of that image which makes the Divine Presence felt in the world. And they do this not by being in the common sense of the word, religious, but by being mystical, by giving to life its tone of fulness, its quality of earth-sense. It is a bondage, that is all, from which the soul seeks escape, and the escape is made through that perpetual desire for acceptance into the Divine Will. Such an art as this is joyous, praising ecstatically, reverent for the while when joy is shadowed by pain or sorrow. And so these lyrics, shining with simple words and phrases, flutter like doves against the sunlight, dream against dream in the mystery of the Great Dream.

Poems. By Ralph Hodgson. (The Macmillan Co.) Mr. Hodgson, whose reputation was sustained in England through the publication of his poems in broadsides and pamphlets, was recently awarded the Edward de Polignac prize, and in this slim volume is for the first time made accessible to American readers. His poetry is the kind about which clings the oldest traditions of the art. There is the emotional impulse of Keats, and the imaginative strangeness of Beddoes, in Hodgson. The epical atmosphere in the brief compass of the story of "The Bull," the glories which bless the achievement of man's life in "The Song of Honour," the fascinating, subtly cadenced record of the temptation and sin of woman in "Eva," are extraordinary poems. In these and the shorter pieces lyrical simplicity is fragrant, like a flower which gives with its odor a poignant essence, indefinably clinging to the sense and memory. Mr. Hodgson is very little interested in the concrete world about him. There is at once too grave and too gay a speculation about, not what the things in themselves may be, but what they suggest to his spiritual curiosity. Somewhat like Blake and Christopher Smart he has been careless with his treasures, but in this volume they are preserved for the delight of those who admire a sensitive artist with an intuitive vision.

Divinations and Creation. By Horace Holley. (Mitchell Kennerley.) There is a beauty in these poems that gives one a sense of moods well-defined, and yet with a mystical substance. Modernity has a little different mean-

ing for Mr. Holley than for most contemporary poets; there is something primitive and oracular, something almost mythical for him in the impulse of experience. Perhaps it is because he is ever conscious of the chronicle of time which he sees richly inscribed in the nature of the earth sustaining the existence of man. Whatever it is, it creates a vague, awesome note in these poems full of visional qualities, often rendered brilliant by a fine artistic completeness of expression.

One Who Dreamed. Songs and Lyrics. By Arthur Crew Inman. (The Four Seas Co.) The dreamer is youth in these verses in whose eyes are visions — memory belongs to age — looking out upon nature and life, now with a tinge of sadness, and often with that desire in which curiosity is alive with surprise and delight at the beauty of the world. To this young poet the world is less a "number of things" than it is a spirit expressing itself in color. Dreams, eternity, nature, perpetually furnish a background for his moods, which are melodiously evoked. The little sketch, with an incident of the French Revolution as its theme, which closes the volume, shows considerable dramatic ability, and promises notable experiments in the poetic drama.

The Heart of a Woman and Other Poems. By Georgia Douglas Johnson. (The Cornhill Co.) Well wrought songs voicing the dreams of a woman's heart — in her love, home, ambitions, joys; in her sympathetic and intuitional response to nature and the world. Brief for the most part, these songs leave an echoing strain of a heart brimming with passion for life. Often a rhyme, a phrase, an epithet, leaves the singer breathless before the sudden fulfilment of desire, before self reflected in the mirror of the poet's own yearning. There is the lyric gift here that leads to a shining goal.

Fifty Years and Other Poems. By James Weldon Johnson. (The Cornhill Co.) Four years ago there appeared in the New York *Times* a poem called "Fifty Years," written to celebrate the semi-centennial of Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves, and immediately attracted widespread interest and admiration. The poem was written by a man who was at the time in the consular service of the nation, and the anonymous author of a novel *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man,* which had created much speculation among the critics. Though Mr.

Johnson has written the words for many popular songs, and translated the libretto of "Goyescas" from the Spanish produced two years ago at the Metropolitan, his chief literary interest has been in serious verse. In this the note in the more important pieces is severe; he gives an intellectual virility to the treatment of racial problems and subjects hitherto unapproached. These themes, however — including some humorous dialect pieces and songs — are but a portion of the contents of this book. He finds in humanity a kindred response to the common moods of experience, and the soul behind it breaks forth in many a finished bit of song. And always with him song is eloquent, even though it may be touched, as it sometimes is, with a note of subtle irony. Mr. Johnson has rendered the life and scenery of the Caribbean shores in a group of exquisite poems; and his translations from the Spanish show his sympathy with and understanding of Latin art and nature.

Asphalt and Other Poems. By Orrick Johns. (Alfred A. Knopf.) Taking the most commonplace aspects of things and extracting a full measure of loveliness, not by making the object in itself of greater virtue but by evoking a finer significance of it, is a merit in Mr. Johns that is unusual. Mr. Johns, as a poet, has passed through many transformations, but his best transformation is in being himself. It is conceivable that a number of poets could have written the group of poems in this volume called *Asphalt,* even though the gusto or the swagger may not be quite so peculiarly fetching, but in the group of "Country Rhymes" and "Old Youth," it would be difficult to find another poet capturing just Mr. Johns' quality of magic. There are poems in these groups that fairly bewitch one; they are so simple, so incisive with tender feeling, so saturated with spell. Mr. Johns' Lyric Year Prize poem, "Second Avenue," here included, strikes a fine poetic attitude but is a little too conscious and detached. But there is no questioning his spontaneity, his fine lyric quality, when he weaves his verse out of the circumstantial substance of his bearing.

The Voice in the Silence. By Thomas S. Jones, Jr. With an Introduction by James Lane Allen. (Thomas Bird Mosher.) "Thus this poet's song: native to the woods from which it never wanders; intent upon a theme which it never relinquishes — the forest and the pilgrims.

And thus while his pipe has no rift in it, his song has one — the never to be mended rift between nature and humanity," writes Mr. Allen in his introduction to this collection of poems. Here are shy and reticent songs, busy about fragrant things and elusive moods, the very words that speak them, settling to music like a flock of birds among leafy trees. Beautiful things like silences, and lilac-time, and the spirit of dreams in books and pictures and music, and the beauty of admiration and praise for friendship, these give a grace and charm to this book.

Main Street and Other Poems. By Joyce Kilmer. (George H. Doran Co.) Transfiguring the homely, the commonplace, the familiar, and yet no modern realist in the sense of glorifying the ugly or celebrating virtue in soiled garments, Mr. Kilmer's poems are admirable for their persuasive qualities. As in his former book he made the reader love "The House With Nobody in It," because of its undeserved neglect, and "The Twelve-Forty-Five" suburban train, because of the human freight it carried, each man with his cares and hopes, his joys and sorrows, so in this new book you see a new significance in "Main Street" under the poet's illuminating affection for its life and scenes; and this same illumination of sympathy and understanding lights up "Roofs," "Houses," and other objects of familiar associations. To these subjects of the "homespun" poet of a generation ago Mr. Kilmer brings a perfectly endowed art, which proves that poetry is in the man and that the theme becomes beautiful when imbued with the spirit of the poet. The poet's religious faith is given beautiful expression in a number of poems burning with a devotion which only Catholic poets know.

The Great Valley. By Edgar Lee Masters. (The Macmillan Co.) With each succeeding book Mr. Masters' position grows more secure as the most typical American poet of to-day. He put such a wealth of emotion, along with other unusual qualities, into the "Spoon River Anthology," that, until he catches his inspirational breath again, he has had to rely upon ideas for the main substance of his poems. This is not to say that the poems in *The Great Valley* are lacking in emotional substance, but the book has its vitality, and even most of its beauty, from clear-visioned thought. Mr. Masters describes this book of his in his dedication better than any critic has done; it is dedicated to the memory of Squire

Davis and Lucinda Masters, in "admiration of their great strength, mastery of life, hopefulness, clear and beautiful democracy." That is a description of *The Great Valley,* and if it lacks a certain poetic fulfillment it makes up as far as it is possible with intellectual zest and an individual power of expression.

Streets and Faces. By Scudder Middleton. (The Little Book Publisher.) The distress of life is revealed to this poet in his casual observation of the city and its people. For some aspects he has pity, for others, indignation. He scans the street to detect its realities of good and evil; he scans human faces to discover the light of love and brotherhood. Scarcely realizing the intention, Mr. Middleton makes love the moral issue in his art; for its necessity is the correction for evils. The quiet and restrained manner of the poet's approach to life gives an unusual sincerity to his work. The mood blossoms slowly but surely, and in its full flowering gives the permanence of truth. He handles his themes, whose glamor is at the core and not on the surface of his mood, with a flexibility of metre that shows an excellent command of technique.

By Bendemeer's Stream: Lyrics. By Thomas Moore. (Thomas Bird Mosher.) Not all the poetry that is given the glamor of the prefix "new" is written today. Most of it was written yesterday, and among yesterday's poets there is a great deal in Tom Moore that has neither faded nor grown discordant. Mr. Mosher, with his customary instinct for loveliness wherever it abides, has selected about thirty of Tom Moore's best lyrics and brought them together in this exquisite volume. All the brightness and music, the delicate responsiveness of mood, clear flashes of sentiment, and variable fancies, are as fresh as ever in this Irish poet whose charm has stood the test of a century.

White Fountains. Odes and Lyrics. By Edward J. O'Brien. (Small, Maynard & Co.) The long odes which open Mr. O'Brien's volume, are based on the metrical form of the rhythms of the Gregorian plain chant. In substance they symbolize through "Flesh" and "Flower," the temple of materiality through which the Light shines and the Word speaks. These odes are highly mystical and visionary, and must be read only in anticipation of the three odes to come which complete the poet's conception of the divine origin and progression of life. The beauty of Mr. O'Brien's verse in these odes is undeniable. In the

songs and lyrics which make up the latter half of the book, the poet gives us those wistful, haunting moods and strains of Celtic visions. Intensity is the notable quality in these lyrics rather than range and variety of substance. But the sense of beauty is complete.

A Cabinet of Jade. By David O'Neil. (The Four Seas Co.) These brief snatches of verse in the Japanese spirit, suggestive, suspensive, intuitive, are very lovely. As the poet declares in his poem "Criticism," he will not have his song "circumscribed," within the "circle of tradition," but sing as "the sun sings" and so bring forth all the moods of his spirit. Overflowing with life as he is there are innumerable moods and moments, just those crises of which Pater spoke so eloquently in the Conclusion to the Renaissance studies, which Mr. O'Neil has seized and embodied in his verse. In the opening poem "Quo Vadis?" the poet represents life as a thicket through which the "soul-driven eyes" search for the meaning of existence, and he believes, as testified, that the spirit of man has the "path-finding instinct," which will save him from being lost "in the wilderness and the dark." On what faith is this reliance based? Upon no abstractions I am sure, nor upon some immeasurable mystery of a super-will. The prompting and the faith is in the known impulses of human nature; so throughout these poems, with rare and delicate intuition, it is the many-faceted gem of the human spirit that shines. Even when the poet deals with natural objects, with trees and flowers, mountains and streams, and the denizens that inhabit them, he invests them with an underlying symbolism which makes them but analogues to the human spirit. Let me particularize such bits of verse as "A Modern Orchard," and "Solitude," which the reader will be convinced, I think, proves the point. But the distinction of Mr. O'Neil's volume will be readily acknowledged, and I trust the book will be widely read.

The Book of Self. By James Oppenheim. (Alfred A. Knopf.) James Oppenheim is the most prophetical of our contemporary American poets. His evolution from the social propagandist of that splendid early volume, *Monday Morning and Other Poems*, through *Songs For a New Age* to *The Book of Self*, has been a steady progress through spiritual insight to revelation. "The growth of Old Man," the poet remarks in a preface to this

collection, "was a growth through intuition and accidental experience: Wisdom came subjectively and was clouded with dream and myth, the genius of the race was greater in what it was, than in its knowledge. But the growth of New Man is also a growth through conscious vision and experimental experience; it is a growth through Science. The flashlight of intuition is supplemented by the searchlight of intellect. And so Science which began humbly with the chemical facts now turns again to the ancient task, takes up the burden again, resumes the labour of Old Man, by turning its steady and probing light on the psychic, the vast subjective real. . . . Psychology is the name of that science which has the inner life for its kingdom; and it is through analytic psychology that the surface of the modern is again connected with the ancient roots." This "vast subjective realm" of self the poet connects in these poems with "accidental experience" in the roots of primary man. He sings of "Self," "The Song of Life," and in a symbolical drama of the life of man called "Creation," synthesizes his philosophy. It is a book of idealistic wisdom, expressed in those free rhythms full of rich color and deep fervor which has come to be associated with the poet's name.

Merlin. A Poem. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. (The Macmillan Co.) Mr. Robinson's treatment of the Arthurian legend has displeased some of his most ardent admirers. The criticism has been chiefly against the construction of his narrative and the ineffectual rendering of Merlin's character. To me the method of retrospection and memory in which Merlin's dalliance with Vivian in Brittany is chronicled, filling the gap between the narration of Arthur's torture from Lancelot's crime and the doom that falls on Camelot and the Round Table, is not a weakness; it is not precisely in its narrative effects that the poem has its chief purpose or merit. It is in the meaning of Merlin's waywardness and indecision of character; he is not the "tottering old man," the magic of his wisdom, the clairvoyance of his prophecy, lost, which matters so much, as some critics seem to think, but that they are true to the obscurities of a Will of which Merlin is but the embodiment. Like many another great poet Mr. Robinson finds in an old legend the pattern into which to work modern ideas and purposes. This poem of his reflects more profoundly than any work yet produced the

holocaust of the European War. The tumbling, confusing wreckage of time and humanity, and the inability of the highest forces, symbolized in Merlin, to cope with the disaster. The helplessness of Merlin is the helplessness of our most cherished ideals to enforce truth and righteousness. Note the answer of Merlin to the King in his tortured bewilderment in the beginning of the poem, and also the words of the stricken wizard to Dagonet at the conclusion of the poem. Never was a poem more clearly the mirror to the mental and spiritual forces of an age. In another sense the theme has had its effect upon Mr. Robinson's art. The astringent quality of his verse is softened. The poem is mellowed to an extent one would not suspect of Mr. Robinson. The most beautiful and most lyrical passages of Mr. Robinson's work are in this poem. A poet whom I have admired intensely for his intellectual qualities, in this poem allows his heart to keep pace with thought, sometimes to run ahead of it, splashing his lines with emotional and descriptive color; time and again bringing one up breathless against lines of pure beauty. *Merlin* is a further confirmation of Mr. Robinson's position as the foremost American poet of his time.

Lyrics from a Library. By Clinton Scollard. (Thomas Bird Mosher.) The lyrical transmutation of literary subjects was never more neatly accomplished than in these poems by Mr. Scollard's practised hand. Poets from the Elizabethan days to the present are celebrated, but always with a decorative sentiment; and the passion for books is a refinement on reality. Always with an exquisite and subtle turn of rhythm, and fragrance of rhyme, Mr. Scollard presents these bookish lyrics which to adequately praise one should command the essence of his own lyric gift.

Poems by Alan Seeger. With an Introduction by William Archer. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Alan Seeger is an episode in American literature. All there is to know about his relation to the Great War is too well known to need a word of comment here. The best of his poems are those that came out of his experience of war. The earlier verse which he chose to gather under the caption *Juvenilia,* are often beautiful, and always of technical excellence, but generally lacking in the instinctive, spontaneous spirit of poetry. In these early verses he is an obstinate classicist; the war brought him into relation with modernity

and freed his spirit and glorified it with the essential power of poetry. If he had written nothing else but that final oblation to democracy "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," he would still remain one of the bravest and most beautiful figures in our poetic history.

A Lonely Flute. By Odell Shepard. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Aptly in his "Proem" to this collection Mr. Shepherd speaks of his "low lyric whispers" making "answer wistfully" to the "eternal visions" beyond the "pearly portal" of life and nature. Thus the poet takes his art as a consecration, humbly waiting for the visitation of beauty's messengers, and exalting the message, rather than assaulting the barriers of reality for the capture of truth. "I've been wandering, listening for a song," Mr. Shepard declares in "The Singer's Quest," and the confession may be taken literally as his own spiritual and poetic attitude. He is "The Adventurer" who is "Earth-Born," but with memories and aspirations which take him out into the open to search and commune with nature, where the eternal visions are to be followed. And there he pipes his lonely flute, but with so charming and perfect a fingering that the listener is delighted.

The Land We Love. Poems Chiefly Patriotic. By Wendell Phillips Stafford. (Arthur F. Stone, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.) The protective spirit of Judge Stafford's patriotism has significant timeliness. The poems make one realise by their inspired earnestness and sober love of duty, the sacred traditions of our national existence. And never once does the poet lose his artistic balance in giving voice to his patriotic fervours. His art is as admirable as his sentiment is genuine. In this time of conflict, when America has joined in the battle for the ideals of democracy, such a poem as "Invocation," which opens this volume, should be cherished and sung by every American.

Love Songs. By Sara Teasdale. (The Macmillan Co.) Love is illuminated in these songs by Sara Teasdale as it has not been illuminated before in American poetry. Every mood is pure whether it is of joy or sorrow, yearning or denial, and the purity of emotion is fully matched by a golden simplicity of expression. The volume represents the exquisite harvesting of the best love songs from Miss Teasdale's books, and its infectious loveliness places her beyond challenge from any contemporary poet as a writer

of love songs. Her instrument is perfect and there is no tune touching the sentiment of the heart which she does not know how to play with bewitching and felicitous power.

Profiles From China. Sketches in Verse of People and Things Seen in the Interior. By Eunice Tietjens. (Ralph Fletcher Seymour.) The most unique volume of verse of the year. We have had in prose the East and the West contrasted; we have had the poetry of China and Japan translated, paraphrased, and imitated, but we have not had before an American poet come in contact with Chinese life and reflect it, interpret it, and embody it with the compelling fidelity of this volume. You can see in certain of these poems just how and why the Western mind and sensibility recoils from Chinese life; you can see with equal certainty how it doubts the wisdom of China adopting the methods and industries of Western commercialism; you can also see the Western mind discounting and disdaining Chinese superstitions, but appropriating the eternal philosophy of the spirit which underlies them. You see China untouched by modernity, and you see the Chinese exploiting Western ideas in dress and speech and manner; and you see the American and Englishman adapting themselves to Eastern ways, whether in vices or virtues, but safeguarding their character by an innate sense of superiority. This volume is the record of Mrs. Tietjens' recent visit to China, and is a surprisingly informative one. And it is preserved by an artistic power of expression in free verse of extraordinary cadence and imagery. It is an achievement to be applauded and crowned.

War Flames. By John Curtis Underwood. (The Macmillan Co.) This volume is a poetic record of the nations at war, set down with all the vigorous and descriptive power of the poet who indited the "Iron Muse" a few years ago. The pages fairly rush with rhythm upon which toss and writhe the horrors, the pities, the passions, scenes and actions of the war in Europe.

Poems of Heinrich Heine. Three Hundred and Twenty-Five Poems Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. (Henry Holt and Co.) Mr. Untermeyer has rendered a distinguished service to both a great poet and to literature in translating these poems of Heine into English. What he presents is an "Anthology" of the poet's works, preserving his original metres and rhyme-schemes, and all the

variable expressions of his spirit as nearly as English words can capture the sense and suggest the magic. "It is only the hope," Mr. Untermeyer declares in his informative and interpretative introductory essay, "of bringing the English reader closer to the source that these translations have been prepared. They furnish the key to the paradox of Heine; they are the words, if not the music to some of his immortal *opera*. And to instil in the listener an understanding of the masterpiece is the aim and hope of a libretto. It is a high purpose; and I will be proud if this version fulfils a part of it." Mr. Untermeyer ought certainly to be proud of his accomplishment in giving us the clearest insight into Heine we have yet had; there is scarcely any doubt that it is being accepted as "*the* translation of Heine."

These Times. By Louis Untermeyer. (Henry Holt & Co.) There are just two great levellers in the world,—poetry and death. Let us recall that solemn Elizabethan lyric by James Shirley, in which we are told that "Sceptre and Crown Must tumble down, And in the dust be equal made With the poor crooked scythe and spade." Well, there is an analogy in poetry; every experience, every gospel of life, every subject, is levelled — or rather raised to the star-shine of Beauty. This reflection is apropos of Mr. Untermeyer, who early in his poetic career began battling for social justice — and he helped to give the cause a fine impetus — and will surely end by "battling for Beauty — that exalted fight Which has no end," as he puts it himself in one of his poems. The ultimate message of life is in Beauty itself: it holds all the other messages, and when these latter, the particular results of particular causes, are forgotten, this eternal message of Beauty remains the hope of man. Whatever are the outer garments of Mr. Untermeyer's subjects, whatever moves him to sing, the sinister injustices of industrialism, the idiocy and crime of militarism, the hypocrisy and sentimentality of human nature, the inner essence of the evoking mood — the inspiration, to be precise — is beauty. The passions, exaltation, even the prophetic quality, and all these are in his verse, are touched to expression by his vivid sense of beauty, and this I declare against any conviction that his poetic zeal has more practical motives. There could be nothing more practical, for it brings, as it does in Mr. Untermeyer's case, the reader to a keen recognition of realities. Rebellion is this poet's philosophic concept of life, and

this concept he expresses in the two splendid poems "Eve Speaks" and "Moses on Sinai"; but does he suspect that the standard beneath which he fights is Beauty, the most permanent symbol of his art?

Glad of Earth. By Clement Wood. (Laurence J. Gomme.) A close student of Walt Whitman it was Mr. Wood who evolved from that master's style the polyrhythmic verse of today, and which has a different basic principle than current free verse. This art carries an ecstasy, too often lacking in other radicals, which strikes down deep into the roots of emotional inspiration. Though social influence gives its complexion to Mr. Wood's substance he has the merit of being natural in all his responses to life and nature. He is an idealist whose love for humanity is tempered with a passion for the glory of earth.

Ideal Passion. Sonnets. By George Edward Woodberry. (Printed for the Woodberry Society.) The "ideal passion" of Mr. Woodberry's sonnets is love, love both sacred and profane, and through this "passion cometh purity." Through forty-two sonnets the poet celebrates the mystery and perfection of these twin loves. In substance and workmanship Mr. Woodberry's name is a sufficient declaration of the loveliness of these poems.

IMPORTANT VOLUMES DEALING WITH POETRY

Tendencies in Modern American Poetry. By Amy Lowell. (The Macmillan Co.) This is the first attempt to deal with contemporary American poetry in what one may call a scientific spirit. It consists of six essays interpreting the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg, the Imagists, "H. D." and John Gould Fletcher. "The so-called 'new movement' in American poetry," writes Miss Lowell, "is evidence of the rise of a native school." Her endeavor is to follow the evolution of a national literature, "in the movement as a whole, and also in the work of the particular poets who compose it. I have tried to show what has led each of these men to adopt the habit of mind which now characterizes him, why he was forced out of one order into another. How his ideas gradually took form in his mind, and in what way he expresses this form

in his work. I have pointed out his ancestry, physical as well as mental, and have noted where atavism has held him back, where pushed him forward." With her usual incisive critical insight Miss Lowell analyses the art of these six poets, and through her study of the history of each individual lays bare to view the causes and motives behind the work. These essays will provoke both approbation and criticism, mainly in criticism that one or two of the poets can scarcely support by their achievement the attention that Miss Lowell has bestowed upon them; but no one can dispute the interest and stimulation these studies arouse. It is an admirable companion volume to the author's *Six French Poets.*

The Young Idea. An Anthology of Opinion on the Aims and Tendencies of the American Literature of Today and Tomorrow. Compiled with an Introductory and Concluding Essay by Lloyd R. Morris. (Duffield & Co.) This is both an interesting and valuable collection of opinions on the temper of American literature today and its promise for tomorrow. To thirty contemporary authors Mr. Morris addressed a questionnaire, taking their answers to produce a "collective statement of the ideals and ideas upon which rests the work of contemporary American writers." He has been able to synthesize these answers under five captions: "The Empiricists: The Renascence of Common Experience," "The Romanticists," "The Idealists: The Renascence of Spirituality," "The Pessimists," and "The Traditionalists." What is interesting about these answers is, that out of the thirty, twenty-six are by poets dealing with poetry, which shows that the most authentic voice in American literature today is the poetic. It is an indispensable volume for the readers and students of contemporary poetry.

The Poetry of George Edward Woodberry. With a Bibliography. By Louis V. Ledeux. (The Poetry Review Co.) An interpretative study of Mr. Woodberry's poetry is here presented by Mr. Ledeux with sympathy and understanding. The international position which Mr. Woodberry holds both as a poet and critic, and regarded as he is by many students as the foremost of our living poets, gives an essential value to this work. The bibliography which is attached is the result of a long and patient research on the part of Mr. Ledeux, and is an important item of Americana. Companion volumes in the *Contem-*

porary American Poets Series, of which Mr. Ledeux's book is the initial issue, on "Bliss Carman," by Odell Shepard, "James Oppenheim," by Edward J. O'Brien, "Richard Le Gallienne," by Benjamin Brawley, "Amy Lowell," by William Aspenwall Bradley, and "Edwin Arlington Robinson," by the editor, will appear during this autumn.

ANTHOLOGIES

A Stanford Book of Verse. 1912–1916. (Printed for the English Club.) A surprisingly good amount of poetry is in this collection, written by students at Stanford University, gathered and printed by members of the English Club. The volume is a credit to the inspiring influence of Professor William H. Carruth, to whom it is dedicated. There is not a poem in the book that has not a fine quality of music, and in most there is the directness and simplicity of the ballad note. It is one of the most accomplished collections of verse written by undergraduates I have read.

Anthology of Swedish Lyrics. From 1750 to 1915. Translated in the Original Metres. By Charles Wharton Stork. Scandinavian Classics Vol. IX. (The American Scandinavian Foundation.) A volume of great value and interest is Mr. Stork's translations of Swedish lyric poetry from 1750 to 1915. Here is represented the work of forty-five poets, among whom are Bellman, Tegnér, Runeberg, Levertin, Fröding, Heidenstam, Karlfeldt, Rydberg, Snoilsky, Fallström, Stjerne, Topelius, Geijer, Osterling, Wirsen, Malmström, Strindberg, and Ossian-Nilsson. "The accent," Mr. Stork remarks in his preface, "has purposely been laid on later rather than on earlier lyrists. This was done because the genius of Swedish poetry became more marked as the national character began to develop under freer, more modern, conditions. Further, it seemed advisable to subordinate historic to absolute interest in an initial volume. Consequently, the eighteenth century poets, except Bellman, have been passed over hurriedly, and attention has been concentrated on the period from 1870 to the present time. Fourteen living poets are included, chiefly, it is believed, on their merits, but also partly to bring Swedish poetry near to the present generation of American and English readers." This volume

will come as a surprise to many readers, and all lovers of poetry will ever be indebted to Mr. Stork for making known to them a wealth of lyric poetry worthy of a place among the highest achievements of modern European literature. A valuable introduction by Mr. Stork gives an account of the periods his selections cover, tracing the various impulses attending the growth of Swedish lyrical poetry.

Fifes and Drums. A Collection of Poems of America at War. The Vigilantes Books. (George H. Doran Co.) The exhortation of Mr. Hagedorn in the preluding sonnet to this patriotic collection that, "Surely the time for making songs has come," has borne good fruit among the poets of America. For here are poems giving voice to every mood and sentiment — from a scathing denunciation of the Kaiser and autocracy to the urgent call to arms of the nation, to the potential contribution of the hoe, and the celebration of democratic ideals — to arouse the nation to the task before it. Nor is it all solemn and declamatory verse; humor and wit help to lighten the burden of a serious undertaking. If one detects the note of propaganda, it is propaganda to which some of the best poetic talent of the nation has become engaged. Surely the spirit of a nation cannot speak so earnestly through its poets without bearing good fruit.

Some Imagist Poets, 1917. An Annual Anthology. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) With the third annual issue of "Some Imagist Poets" for 1917, the movement comes into the port of acceptance. The movement has crossed stormy seas; it has been tossed about on ridicule and depreciation; it has had to throw out ballast; but it rides now safely at anchor, with the other sails of poetic forms and dictions. Neither form nor diction, however, has made it triumph. The art of poetry manifests itself through various and changing expressions, from one age to another; what alone preserves the spirit of poetry is the power by which that spirit illumines and vitalizes substance. The survival and growth of Imagism is due mainly, then, to the individual talents of the poets who have chosen it as the particular theory through which to express their feelings and ideas about life, man and nature. The six poets, by banding together in the publication of this annual volume, exploit naturally, the theories to which their art conforms; but the appearance of this third volume warns us,

that the time has come when we should think less of their theories than of the substance which gives to each poet his individual character. The Imagists, themselves, must have had some such conviction, for they have been content to let this collection speak for itself, thus presenting it without an introduction. The association of Richard Aldington, "H. D.," John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell, with Imagism, and particularly in the collaboration of this Imagist anthology, is now well fastened upon the public mind. It has been fortunate for the movement, that six poets of such individual ability are associated. In each case, except two, the poems in this year's anthology, are notably in excess of distinction over the 1916 annual. D. H. Lawrence's "Terra Nueva" has all of his firm substance, but none of the brilliance which his poems in the previous collections possess. "H. D."'s four poems have the same noteworthy texture of symbolic mood, a severe, impersonal connotation of magic, but a little of the spontaneity which gives to her substance a strange and alluring influence, has vanished. But the other four poets are as complete as ever with their special gifts.

Sunflowers. A Book of Kansas Poems. Selected by Willard Wattles. (A. C. McClurg.) "Believing that provincialism is as much of an essential in literature as it is a bane in morality," writes Mr. Wattles in his preface, "I have chosen those poems that smack unmistakably of our Kansas soil and are close to the grass-roots." The contributors to this volume are not confined to Kansas authors, but are all those who have served in expressing the significance and virtues of the State and its people. Kansas is to the idealist a symbol of fertility and democracy, and these are reflected in verse; her prairie life and her wide sweeping plains have given dreams of magnificence to travellers. The poetry of the Kansan is a folk poetry, somewhat rude and homely in expression, but sweet and natural at the core, intensely full of pride and affection for the native soil. The service that Mr. Wattles has performed in gathering these Kansas poems has a value beyond the mere literary; it is precursory for, to quote Harry Kemp, if "other countries glory in their Past," Kansas "glories in her days to be." And to those coming days this collection of poems is a prelude, and not without its vision and prophecy and music.

The Answering Voice. One Hundred Love Lyrics by

Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Miss Teasdale has done her work exceedingly well in selecting the poems which make this volume. Herself the most perfect singer of love songs in our day, her judgment and taste of other love poetry is beyond question. Added to this a diligent industry in searching for the best among the less known writers, fulfils her intention of bringing "together in this book the most beautiful love-lyrics written in English by women since the middle of the last century." From Christina Rossetti, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Jean Ingelow, to Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Wickham, and Margaret Widdemer, the selections make a "golden treasury of lyrics by women." Only one fault can I find with the book, and that is it contains none of Miss Teasdale's own love songs; in a new edition I hope she will overcome this defect. The arrangement of the poems is excellent.

The New Poetry. An Anthology. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, Editors of Poetry. (The Macmillan Co.) This is a very welcome collection of poems even though the title is fundamentally unexplainable. There is no such thing as a "new" poetry. In her introduction Miss Monroe attempts to explain it in this paragraph: "The new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life; it would discard the theory, the abstraction, the remoteness, found in all classics not of the first order. It is less vague, less verbose, less eloquent, than most poetry of the Victorian period and much work of earlier periods. It has set itself an ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity — an ideal which implies an individual, unstereotyped diction; and an individual unstereotyped rhythm. Thus inspired, it becomes intensive rather than diffuse. It looks out more eagerly than in; it becomes objective. The term 'exteriority' has been applied to it, but this is incomplete. In presenting the concrete object or the concrete environment, whether these be beautiful or ugly, it seeks to give more precisely the emotions arising from them, and thus widens immeasurably the scope of art." Something very like this could have been written at every period of development of the art, but at no time could it claim then, nor can this explanation claim now, that the *poetry is new.* Every one of these virtues claimed for this contemporaneous work, has been practiced before, the "concrete and immediate

realization of life," the "ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity," "unstereotyped diction" and "unstereotyped rhythm," "intensive" emotionalism, "objective" interests, and the presentation of "concrete object or concrete environment, whether these be beautiful or ugly"— all this has nothing to do with poetry, but with the changing fashions of art and the shifting manifestations of life. But the "fundamental integrities" of life are ever eternal and the same; and you cannot shake them with a term or phrase. And the proof of this is, that what the editors regard as "new" and what the public regards as traditional, are so hopelessly confused by the poets represented, and by the poems also, that the contention falls to the ground. Apart from the dogma presented and disproportionate representation of certain authors, the book is a valuable record of poetic activities since 1900.

Adams, Katharine. Was born in Elmira, N. Y., educated at Neuilly, France, and Columbia University. She has lived in France, Sweden and Ireland, and is the daughter of Edward Le Grand Adams, the present American consul at Dublin, Ireland. *Light and Mist,* her second book of poems, was published this autumn. She lives in New York City.

"Wistfulness" 41

Aiken, Conrad. Was born in Savannah, Georgia, in 1889, educated at Harvard University. Devotes himself entirely to the writing of poetry, having published four volumes of verse, *Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse, Turns and Movies, The Jig of Forslin,* and *Nocturne of Remembered Spring,* the latter appearing this autumn. He lives in Boston.

Variations 68

Baker, Karle Wilson. Was born at Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 13, 1878, and educated at Little Rock Academy and University of Chicago. Her home is at Nacogdoches, Texas.

A Clear Night 196
W. V. M., 1910 238

Baronti, Gerve. Was born in Rome, Italy, Apr. 21, 1893, educated at the Court d'Wight, in Paris, and under private tutors. She is a lecturer and reader, and is interested in painting, music and Egyptology. A volume of her verse, *In the Red Years,* was published this autumn. She lives in West Newton, Mass.

Sahara 196
Seasons 119

Bates, Katharine Lee. Was born at Falmouth, Mass., Aug. 12, 1859, and educated at Wellesley College. Member of the faculty at Wellesley, and author of *The English Religious Drama, Spanish Highways and Byways, In Sunny Spain, From Gretna Green to Land's End, America the Beautiful* and *Fairy Gold.* Her home is at Wellesley, Mass.

Yellow Clover 235
This Tattered Catechism 8

Benét, Stephen Vincent. Was born at Bethlehem, Pa., July 22, 1898, and entered Yale College, where he is at

present a student, from Summerville Academy, Augusta, Ga. He is the author of two books of verse, *Five Men and Pompey* (1915), and *The Drug Shop,* Yale University prize poem (1917). He lives at The Arsenal, Augusta, Ga.

Rain After a Vaudeville Show 195

Benét, William Rose. Was born at Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, July 2, 1886, educated at the Albany Academy and Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University. He is the assistant editor of the *Century Magazine,* and his interests are "reading and swimming — a wife and three children." He is the author of *Merchants from Cathay, The Falconer of God, The Great White Wall, The Burglar of the Zodiac* (1917), and with his wife translated Paul Claudel's *The East I Know.* He gave up his home at Port Washington, Long Island, recently to go to France in "some helpful capacity."

The Asylum *222*

Bradley, William Aspenwall. Was born at Hartford, Conn., Feb. 8, 1878, educated in the New York Public Schools, Columbia Grammar School, and Columbia University, A.B., '99, A.M., '00. He is author, editor, writer on art topics, and designer of printed matter; at present is connected with the Yale University Press. His prose works are *William Cullen Bryant* (English Men of Letters Series), *French Etchers of the Second Empire,* an anthology of garden verse, *The Garden Muse,* and has brought out this autumn two books of verse, *Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse,* and *Garlands and Wayfarings.* His home is in New Canaan, Conn.

Autumn 200
Sancta Ursula (after Carpaccio) . . . 39
Summer 117

Bridgman, Amy Sherman. Was born at Amherst, Mass., Nov. 13, 1865, educated in the schools of Amherst and under private masters in this country and abroad. She is Associate Principal of the Hillbrow School, Newton, Mass., and takes a special interest in child study, literature and music. A volume of her poems is soon to be published. Her home is in Newton, Mass.

The Christening *22*

Bullard, Harold. Was born in Dedham, Mass., May 15, 1879, educated at St. Paul's School, the Noble and Greenough School, and Harvard, 1902. He was captain of the Harvard crew in 1901 and 1902. He was on the staff of

the New York *Evening Sun,* but the last three years has devoted himself entirely to the writing of verse. In modelling and sculpture, public affairs, and the drama he takes a deep interest. He resides at Dedham, Mass., and New York City.

The Tree 12

Burnet, Dana. Was born at Cincinnati, O., July 3, 1888, educated at the Avondale Public School and Woodward High School of Cincinnati, and Cornell University. He is a journalist and author of *The Shining Adventure,* a novel (1916), and a volume of *Poems.* He lives in New York City.

To a Logician 225

Burt, Maxwell Struthers. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 18, 1882, educated at Princeton, 1904, and Merton College, Oxford, Eng. He is a ranchman. The author of a book of poems, *In the High Hills,* he has also published a good many short stories, but they have not yet been collected in book form. He lives on Bar B C Ranch, Teton P. O., Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

The Land 5

Burr, Amelia Josephine. Was born in New York in 1878, educated at Hunter College. Pursues literature as a profession. Has published two volumes of plays, *The Point of Life* and *Plays in the Market-Place,* four volumes of verse, *Afterglow, The Roadside Fire, In Deep Places,* and *Life and Living;* a novel, *A Dealer in Empire,* and has edited *Sylvander and Clarinda, The Love Letters of Robert Burns and Agnes Mc. Lehose,* published this autumn. She lives at Englewood, N. J.

Artemis on Latmos 44
Fall In! 132

Bynner, Witter. Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 12, 1881, educated at Harvard College, 1902. He became an editor after leaving college, and has since lectured occasionally, but has always been "persistently a poet and playwright." *An Ode to Harvard and Other Poems* was his first volume, followed by *Tiger, The Little King, The New World, Iphigenia;* the Ode re-issued as *Young Harvard,* and *Grenstone Poems,* published this autumn. His home is "Barberry House," Cornish, N. H. (P. O. Windsor, Vt.).

Grenstone 57
The Golden Heart 37

Carman, Bliss. Was born at Fredericton, New Bruns-

wick, Apr. 15, 1861, educated at University of New Brunswick, University of Edinburgh, and Harvard, where he studied law. Was early engaged in editorial work, but since 1894 devoted entirely to literature. Is the author of many volumes in prose and verse. His home is in New Canaan, Conn.

The Winter Scene 247

Cleghorn, Sarah N. Was born at Norfolk, Va., Feb. 4, 1876, educated at the Burr and Burton Seminary, Manchester, Vt., and at Radcliffe College, where she remained a year. She is a novelist and poet, "socialist, pacifist, and anti-vivisectionist." She has published jointly with Dorothy Canfield Fisher *A Turnpike Lady* and *Fellow-Captains;* her novel, *The Spinster,* appeared early this year; *Portraits and Protests,* a volume of verse, appeared this autumn. She lives at Manchester, Vt.

The River 227

Coates, Florence Earle. Was born at Philadelphia, and educated at Boston, Brussels, Belgium, and in France. She devotes herself to literature, and has a deep interest in music. She wrote the *Ode* to celebrate the liberation of Cuba at the request of the city of Philadelphia, and her published volumes of verse are *Poems, Mine and Thine, Lyrics of Life, The Unconquered Air,* and has gathered recently in two volumes her *Collected Poems.* Her home is in Philadelphia.

The Smile of Reims 136

Dargan, Olive Tilford. Was born in Grayson County, Ky., educated at the University of Nashville and Radcliffe College. Next to writing poems and dramas her chief interest is in farming. She has published *Semiramis and Other Plays, Lords and Lovers, The Mortal Gods, Path Flower, The Welsh Pony,* and *The Cycle's Rim.* Her home is in Almond, N. C., and in the winters at 508 W. 112th Street, New York City.

Fatherland 12

Davies, Mary Carolyn. Was born in the State of Washington, received her early training at Kasle, British Columbia, and Portland, Ore., and was a student at the University of California and New York University. "I make my living by writing verse alone," she says, "therefore my occupation is dodging creditors. My interests are chiefly broncho-riding, canoeing, and basket-ball; and in the East, where I cannot have these, free verse." At present Miss

Davies is preparing the manuscript for her first volume of verse, after having appeared in all the leading American magazines and recent anthologies. Her winters are passed in New York and summers in California and Oregon.

After All and After All 39
A Girl's Songs 36
Feet 100

Dodd, Lee Wilson. Was born at Franklin, Pa., July 11, 1879, educated at Yale University, '99 S. As a playwright he has produced *Speed, His Majesty Bunker Bean, Pals First, The Jack-Knife Man* and other plays. He has published two volumes of verse, *A Modern Alchemist and Other Poems,* and *The Middle Years.* His home is at Whitneyville, Conn. (mail address, "Route 58," New Haven).

To a Neo-Pagan 9

Driscoll, Louise. Was born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 15, 1875, educated at schools in the Catskill and by private tutors. She won the prize offered by *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse,* for the best war poem, with *Metal Checks,* in 1914. Her home is in Catskill, N. Y.

Epitaph 243
The Child of God 103

Eastman, Max. Was born at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1883, educated at Mercersburg Academy, Williams College and Columbia University. He is author, lecturer, and editor of *The Masses.* He is the author of several prose works: *The Enjoyment of Poetry, Journalism Versus Art, Understanding Germany, The Only Way to End War,* and *Other Essays,* and a volume of verse, *Child of the Amazons.* His home is The Manor, Creton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

A Dune Sonnet 10

Erskine, John. Was born in New York City, Oct. 5, 1879, educated at Columbia University. He is Professor of English at Columbia University, and writer of poems and studies of poetry. He has published in prose a study of *The Elizabethan Lyric, Leading American Novelists, Written English* (with Helen Erskine), *Great American Writers* (with W. P. Trent), *The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent,* is the editor of Lafcadio Hearn's lectures, 4 vols., 1915–1917, co-editor of *The Cambridge History of American Literature.* His books of poems are, *Actæon and Other Poems, A Pageant of the 13th Century in Honor of*

Roger Bacon, and *The Shadowed Hour,* published this autumn. His home is in New York City.

The Sons of Metaneira 201

FAUST, FREDERICK. Lives in New York City, writes but "never reads verse." His verse is remarkable for its lack of sophistication.

The Secret 232

FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON. Was born at Davenport, Ia., Nov. 10, 1883, educated at Harvard University. By profession a lawyer, he is poet and Japanese Print expert. He has published a volume, *Chats on Japanese Prints,* and in verse, *From the Isles, The Happy Princess, The Earth Passion, The Breaking of Bonds, Sonnets of a Portrait Painter, Mr. Faust, The Man on the Hilltop, An April Elegy,* and *Twelve Japanese Painters.* He lives in Davenport, Ia.

The Headland 58

FROST, ROBERT. Was born in San Francisco in 1875, attended Dartmouth and Harvard Universities. Taught at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., and has engaged in farming. His first two books, *A Boy's Will* and *North of Boston,* were originally published in England, where he lived, 1913–15. They were published in America, 1915, followed by *Mountain Interval,* 1916. He lives at Franconia, N. H.

The Bonfire 133
Not to Keep 163

GARRISON, THEODOSIA. Was born in Newark, N. J., Nov. 26, 1874, educated at private schools in Newark. She is engaged in war-work, and takes a deep interest in outdoor sports, housewifery and verse-writing. She has published three volumes of verse, *The Joy o' Life, The Earth Cry,* and *The Dreamers,* the latter issued this autumn. She lives in Elizabeth, N. J.

April 2nd 131

GILTINAN, CAROLINE. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Apr. 19, 1884, educated at the public schools there, and the University of Pennsylvania. She is at present in France as secretary to Base Hospital 38. A volume of her poems, *The Divine Image, A Book of Lyrics,* appeared this autumn. Her home is in West Philadelphia, Pa.

The Coward 100

GOULD, WALLACE. Was born in Lewiston, Me., in 1883,

educated in the public schools. He is a musician. His first volume of poems, *Children of the Sun,* will soon be published. He makes his home in Lewiston.

From "The Children of the Sun" . . . 216

HAGEDORN, HERMANN. Was born in New York City, July 18, 1882, educated at Bedford Academy, Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, The Hill School, and Harvard University. He is engaged in writing and farming, but at present in propaganda work in connection with the war, and on the Executive Committee, The Vigilantes. In fiction he has published *Faces in the Dawn,* a novel; *You Are the Hope of the World, An Appeal to the Boys and Girls of America,* and his poems and plays are, *The Silver Blade, The Woman of Corinth, Poems and Ballads, The Horse Thieves, A Troop of the Guard, and Other Poems, Makers of Madness, The Great Maze,* and *The Heart of Youth.* Late in the summer he edited *Fifes and Drums,* a collection of war poems, for The Vigilantes. His home is Sunnytop Farm, Fairfield, Conn.

An Ode of Dedication, Verses written to be read before the Harvard Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa, June 18, 1917 126
"A Traveler from a Distant Land" . . 22
To the Makers of Song 1

HARRISON, KENDALL. Was born in St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 28, 1894, educated at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. He is in the army attached to the aerial corps, and "books, pipes, motors, verse, and flying" command his interests. He expects shortly to publish a book of poems. His home is in Granite City, Ill.

His Share 164

INMAN, ARTHUR CREW. Was born in Atlanta, Ga., May 11, 1895, and attended Haverford College. His first volume of poems, *One Who Dreamed, Songs and Lyrics,* was published this autumn. His home is in Atlanta, Ga.

A Picture 11

JAMISON, ROSCOE C. Was born in Winchester, Tenn., Feb. 9, 1888, educated at Fiske University. Is the editor of a weekly paper. His first volume of poems, *Race Poems and Other Verse,* will be published early in the new year. He lives in St. Joseph, Mo.

Negro Soldiers 173

JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON. Lives in California. During

the past year or two his poems have been appearing in many of the leading Eastern magazines.

Highways 4

JOHNS, ORRICK. Was born at St. Louis, Mo., June 2, 1887, educated at the University of Missouri and Washington University. His vocation is writing advertisements. He is active in Little Theatre work, with the Little Theatre of the St. Louis Artists' Guild, and a director of the Players' Club of St. Louis. Mr. Johns won the Lyric Year Prize a few years ago with his poem "Second Avenue." His first book of poems, *Asphalt and Other Poems,* was published this year. His home is in St. Louis, Mo.

Dilemma 10
Old Youth 215
The Interpreter 38

JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS. Was born in Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 10, 1886, educated at the Atlanta High School and Oberlin College. Between writing and housekeeping her energies and interests are divided. A volume of her poems, *The Heart of a Woman, and Other Poems,* appeared this autumn. She lives in Washington, D. C.

To the Mantled 172

KILMER, ALINE. Was born at Norfolk, Va., in 1888, educated at the Vaile Deane School, Elizabeth, N. J. She is the wife of Joyce Kilmer, the poet and essayist, and has herself recently published a volume of poems, *The Garden Child.* She lives at Larchmont, N. Y.

Age Invading 225
Ambition 21

KILMER, JOYCE. Was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1886, educated at Columbia University. Engaged in journalism, his higher vocation as a poet and essayist is well-known. In prose he has published *The Circus and Other Essays,* and *Literature in the Making;* in verse, *Trees and Other Poems* and *Main Street and Other Poems* (1917), and has edited a recent volume, *Dreams and Images, An Anthology of Catholic Verse.* He is a member of the Seventh New York Infantry Regiment. His home is at Larchmont, N. Y.

A Blue Valentine 42

LEE, AGNES (MRS. OTTO FREER). Was born in Chicago, educated in Switzerland and America. Is an author and poet, and has published the following original volumes,

Verses for Children, The Border of the Lake, and *The Sharing,* all verse; she has translated from the French Theophile Gautier's *Émaux et Camées,* and Fernand Gregh's *La Maison de l'Enfance.* She lives in Chicago.

The Doll 19

Lewis, Charlton M. Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., educated at Yale University. He is Professor of English Literature at Yale. He has published in prose, *The Principles of English Verse, The Genesis of Hamlet,* and various other volumes of a technical nature; in verse he is the author of *Gawayne and the Green Knight.* He lives in New Haven, Conn.

Pro Patria 120

Lindsay, Vachel. Was born at Springfield, Ill., Nov. 10, 1879, educated at the Springfield High School, Hiram College, Chicago Art Institute and the New York School of Art. Mainly a writer of verse, though he spent ten years as an art student, and lectured three winters at the Metropolitan Museum; now Moving Picture critic for the *New Republic;* gives recitals of his verse in the winter, but lives eight or nine months of the year in the house in which he was born, giving, as he says, "ninety per cent. of energy to the writing of verse." In prose he has published (and they should be read in order given to fully grasp Mr. Lindsay's democratic art theories), *A Handy Guide for Beggars, Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty,* and *The Art of the Moving Picture* (in which a democratic æsthetic system is applied to a special art; in verse his volumes are, *General William Booth Enters Heaven and Other Poems, The Congo and Other Poems,* and *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems,* published this autumn. His home is in Springfield, Ill.

The Broncho That Would not Be Broken
of Dancing 241

Low, Benjamin R. C. Was born at Fair Haven, Mass., June 22, 1880, educated at Yale, B.A., 1902, Harvard, LL.B., 1905. Follows the profession of law in peace times, at present Captain, Ordnance, U. S. R., in charge of Contract Section, Equipment Division, Ordnance Department, Washington, D. C. He has published three volumes of verse, *The Sailor Who Has Sailed, and Other Poems, A Wand, and Strings, and Other Poems,* and *The House That Was, and Other Poems.* His home is in Brooklyn, N. Y.

These United States 122

Lowell, Amy. Was born in Brookline, Mass., Feb. 9, 1874, educated at private schools. Her occupation is literature, but is interested in breeding Old English Sheepdogs under the name of "Hylowe Kennels." She has published two prose volumes, *Six French Poets,* and *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry,* the latter issued this autumn; her volumes of verse are, *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass, Sword Blades and Poppy Seed,* and *Men, Women and Ghosts.* Her home is "Sevenels," Brookline, Mass.

A Bather 16
Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings 137
On a Certain Critic 213

Masters, Edgar Lee. Was born at Garnet, Kan., Aug. 23, 1869, attended the Lewiston, Ill., High School, later studying law. He is a lawyer and writer. Mr. Masters has published the following books, two of which are in prose: *A Book of Verse,* 1898; *Maximilian, A Drama,* 1902; *The New Star Chamber,* 1904; *Blood of the Prophets,* 1905; *The Trifler,* 1907; *Songs and Sonnets,* 1910; *Songs and Sonnets, Second Series,* 1912; *Spoon River Anthology,* 1915; *Songs and Satires,* 1916, and *The Great Valley,* 1916. His home is in Chicago.

Boyhood Friends 29
My Light with Yours 116
The Letter 88
The Loom 230
To-morrow Is My Birthday 249

Middleton, Scudder. Was born in New York City, Sept. 9, 1888, educated at Columbia University. He is connected with the publishing business. His first volume, *Streets and Faces,* was published this year. He lives in New York City.

The Poets 261

Morton, David. Was born at Elkton, Ky., Feb. 21, 1886, educated at Vanderbilt University. He is on the staff of the Louisville *Herald,* and on the faculty of the Louisville Boys' High School. Has not yet published a book. His home is in Louisville, Ky.

An Old Woman: In War-Time . . . 163

O'Brien, Edward J. Was born in Boston, Mass., Dec. 10, 1893, educated at Boston College and Harvard University. Has devoted himself entirely to literature. Has edited *The Man Forbid and Other Essays,* by John Davidson, *The Renegade Poet and Other Essays,* by Francis

Thompson, *Essays in Criticism: Third Series,* by Matthew Arnold, *The Best Short Stories for 1915, The Best Short Stories for 1916,* and will issue subsequent annual volumes in the same series. His first volume of verse, *White Fountains: Odes and Lyrics,* was published early this year. His home is at South Yarmouth, Mass.

The Shepherd Boy 29

O'Conor, Norreys Jephson. Was born in New York City, Dec. 31, 1885, educated at Harvard University, A.B., 1907; A.M., 1911. He devotes himself to writing and lecturing. Is the author of *The Child's Hansel and Gretel, Celtic Memories and Other Poems, Beside the Blackwater, The Fairy Bride,* and *Songs of the Celtic Past,* published this autumn. He lives in Cambridge, Mass.

Good-bye 84

Oppenheim, James. Was born in St. Paul, Minn., May 24, 1882, and did special work at Columbia University. He is editor of *The Seven Arts* magazine. His novels and stories are *The Beloved, Wild Oats, The Nine-Tenths, The Olympian, Idle Wives, Dr. Rast, Pay Envelopes,* and a play, *The Pioneers;* in verse he has published *Monday Morning and Other Poems, Songs for the New Age, War and Laughter* and *The Book of Self.* He lives in New York City.

Memories of Whitman and Lincoln . . . 191
The Song of the Uprising 176

Percy, William Alexander. Was born at Greenville, Miss., May 4, 1885, educated at the University of the South and the Harvard Law School. By profession a lawyer. Has published a book of poems, *Sappho in Leukas and Other Poems.* He lives at Greenville, Miss.

Overtones 4
In Our Yard 8

Piper, Edwin Ford. Was born at Auburn, Neb., Feb. 8, 1871, educated at the University of Nebraska and Harvard. Teaches English, has a vital interest in collecting ballads, farms, and is a lover of outdoor sports. Published his first volume of verse this autumn, *Barbed Wire and Other Poems,* including *The Neighborhood Series.* He lives in Iowa City, Ia.

Annie 25
Meanwhile 197
The Boy on the Prairie 27

Reese, Lizette Woodworth. Was born in Baltimore

County, Md., in 1856, educated in Baltimore. She is a teacher by profession. She has published four books of verse much beloved and admired by discriminating lovers of poetry: *A Branch of May, A Handful of Lavender, A Quiet Road* and *A Wayside Lute.* Her home is in Baltimore.

Arraignment 224

Richardson, James E. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 20, 1875, education irregular, but with some scientific training. Is journalist and contributor to scientific and literary periodicals; an honorary member Mineralogical Society of Philadelphia. His home is in Philadelphia.

The Bunty Shoe (New Jersey Pine Barrens) 49

Robinson, Corinne Roosevelt. Was born in New York City in 1861, educated at home. Interested in literary, civic and philanthropic affairs. Has published two volumes of verse, *The Call of Brotherhood and Other Poems* and *One Woman to Another and Other Poems.* Her home is in New York City.

Uriel (II Edras 4th) 101

Robinson, Eloise. Was born at Amelia, O., in 1889, educated at Western College, Oxford, O., Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley College. Her occupation is writing, interests, "everything," she says. Edited *The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont,* and will soon publish a volume of her own poems. She lives in Cincinnati, O.

War 188

Sandburg, Carl. Was born in Galesburg, Ill., in 1879, educated at Lombard College. Is a reporter on the Chicago *Daily News.* He is a man who has inspired a great deal of affection among his friends and admirers. His first book, *Chicago Poems,* appeared last year. His home is at Maywood, Ill.

In Tall Grass 242
Cool Tombs 244
Adelaide Crapsey 229

Seiffert, Marjorie Allen. Was born at Moline, Ill., in 1885, educated at Smith College. Devoted to the writing of poetry, she finds time to be interested in "men, women and children, food conservation, books, music, motoring, and Red Cross work." The future holds her first volume of verse. She lives at Moline, Ill.

Epitaphs 239

Shaw, Mrs. Frances. Was born in Chicago in 1872, educated at Dearborn Seminary, Chicago, and Farmington, Conn. Her family occupies the largest place in her life, and she has a devoted interest in drama and poetry. She has published three books of verse, *Songs of a Baby's Day, Ragdale Book of Verse* and *A Garden Drama.* She lives at Lake Forest, Ill.

Little Lonesome Soul 18

Shepherd, Odell. Was born at Rock Falls, Ill., July 22, 1884, educated at Northwestern, Chicago, and Harvard Universities (degrees, A.M. and Ph.D.). He is Goodwin Professor and Head of the Department of English, Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. His chief interests are poetry, literary criticism, and music. He is the author of a prose volume of *Shakespeare Questions,* and a volume of verse, *A Lonely Flute,* published this year. He lives in Hartford, Conn.

A Nun 57

Sterling, George. Was born at Sag Harbor, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1869, educated at St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md. Author by profession. His books of verse are, *The Testimony of the Suns, A Wine of Wizardry, The House of Orchids, Beyond the Breakers, The Caged Eagle* and *Yosemite, An Ode.* He makes his home at the Bohemian Club, San Francisco.

The Glass of Time 226

Stork, Charles Wharton. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa.,. Feb. 12, 1881, educated at Haverford College, Harvard, University of Pennsylvania, and abroad. Is writer and editor, interested in original poetry and translation of German and Swedish verse, and in literary criticism. Editor, *Two Plays of William Rowley,* University of Pennsylvania Publications, author of three volumes of verse, *Day Dreams of Greece, The Queen of Orplede* and *Sea and Bay.* Contributed a poetic play and fifty-five lyrics to *German Classics,* translated the *Selected Poems of Gustaf Froding,* and this autumn published an *Anthology of Swedish Lyrics from 1750–1915,* an important volume of translations.

Flying-Fish: An Ode 220

Teasdale, Sara. Was born in St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 8, 1884, educated at private schools in St. Louis. Her chief interest is poetry and her chief occupation in writing it. In private life she is Mrs. Ernest Filsinger, wife of the author of *Trading in South America.* She has published

Helen of Troy and Other Poems, Rivers to the Sea, and *Love Songs,* the latter this autumn, and edited *The Answering Voice: One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women.* She lives in New York City.

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TIETJENS, EUNICE. Was born in Chicago in 1884, educated in Paris, Dresden and Geneva. She is associate editor of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse,* and a lecturer; "Janet Tietjens, born 1907," crowns her interests. She has published but one volume of verse, *Profiles from China* (1917), a fine achievement. Her home is in Chicago.

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TORRENCE, RIDGELY. Was born in Xenia, O., educated at Princeton University. Writer and dramatist. Published this autumn *Granny Maumee and Other Plays.* Lives in New York City.

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TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON. Was born in Louisville, Ky., Feb. 2, 1877, educated in the public schools, privately, and the College of the City of New York. Magazine editor. Has published *The Quiet Singer, Manhattan, Youth, Beyond the Stars, Today and Tomorrow,* all verse; has edited *The Balfour Visit,* and written *Autumn Loiterers,* a volume of prose and verse, published this autumn. He lives in New York City.

To One in Heaven 234

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS. Was born in New York City, Oct. 1, 1886, educated in the New York Grammar Schools. Declares himself as "Jeweler, Designer, Husband, Factory Superintendent, Reviewer — sometimes a poet," and that his favorite pursuits are, "Swimming, Socialism, Playing Tennis and the Piano." He has published the following books of verse, *First Love, Challenge,— And Other Poets, These Times,* was one of the contributors to *The Younger Quire,* and translated *Heinrich Heine — 325 Poems.* His home is in New York City.

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Van Dyke, Henry. Was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 10, 1852, educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, Princeton University, and the University of Berlin. Is author and diplomat. Has written a long list of volumes in prose and verse. To his long list of honorary degrees, the University of Oxford (Eng.) bestowed upon him her highest academic honor, the degree of D.C.L. His home is "Avolon," Princeton, N. J.

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Wattles, Willard. Was born at Baynesville, Kan., June 8, 1888, educated at the University of Kansas, A.B., A.M. He is an University Instructor, harvest-hand, critic, hobo, poet, and interested in practical Christianity, but not in creeds. Co-author with Harry Kemp of a volume of verse, *Songs from the Hill,* and editor of *Sunflowers, A Book of Kansas Poems;* has contributed to the leading magazines, and will publish a book of poems in the Spring of 1918. He lives in Lawrence, Kan.

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Wheelock, John Hall. Was born at Far Rockaway, Long Island, N. Y., in 1886, educated at Harvard University, 1908. He is manager of the Library Department, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. He has contributed poems to all the leading magazines, and has published three books, *The Human Fantasy, The Beloved Adventure* and *Love and Liberation.* His home is in New York City.

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Widdemer, Margaret. Was born in Doylestown, Pa., and educated at home. Literature is her profession. Her novels are, *The Rose Garden Husband, Why Not?* and *The Wishing-Ring Man;* two juveniles, *Winona of the Camp Fire* and *Winona at Camp Karenya,* and a volume of verse, *The Factories and Other Poems,* a new edition of which, with additional poems, was published this autumn. She lives in New York City.

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Wood, Clement. Was born in Tuscaloosa, Ala., Sept. 1, 1888, educated at the University of Alabama, A.B., '09; Yale, LL.B., '11. A writer and teacher, his interests are in "poetry, tennis, and life." His first volume of verse, *Glad*

of Earth, was published early this year. He lives in New York City.

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WOODBERRY, GEORGE EDWARD. Was born at Beverly, Mass., May 12, 1855, and graduated from Harvard College in 1877. A retired professor who has had a distinguished and influential career. The author of numerous books in prose and verse, essays, literary interpretation, and biography; his important volumes of verse are *Poems, The Wild Flight and Other Poems,* and *Ideal Passions: Sonnets.* A study of Mr. Woodberry's poetry by Louis V. Ledoux was published early this year, and includes a bibliography of great value to the students of this distinguished writer. His home is at Beverly, Mass.

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WYATT, EDITH. Was born at Tomah, Wis., educated at Miss Rice's Collegiate School and Bryn Mawr College. A writer by profession. She is the author of *Every One His Own Way,* short stories, *True Love, A Comedy of the Affections,* a novel, *Making Both Ends Meet — Working Girls' Budget,* and *Great Companions,* the latter a volume of distinguished essays. Her home is in Chicago.

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